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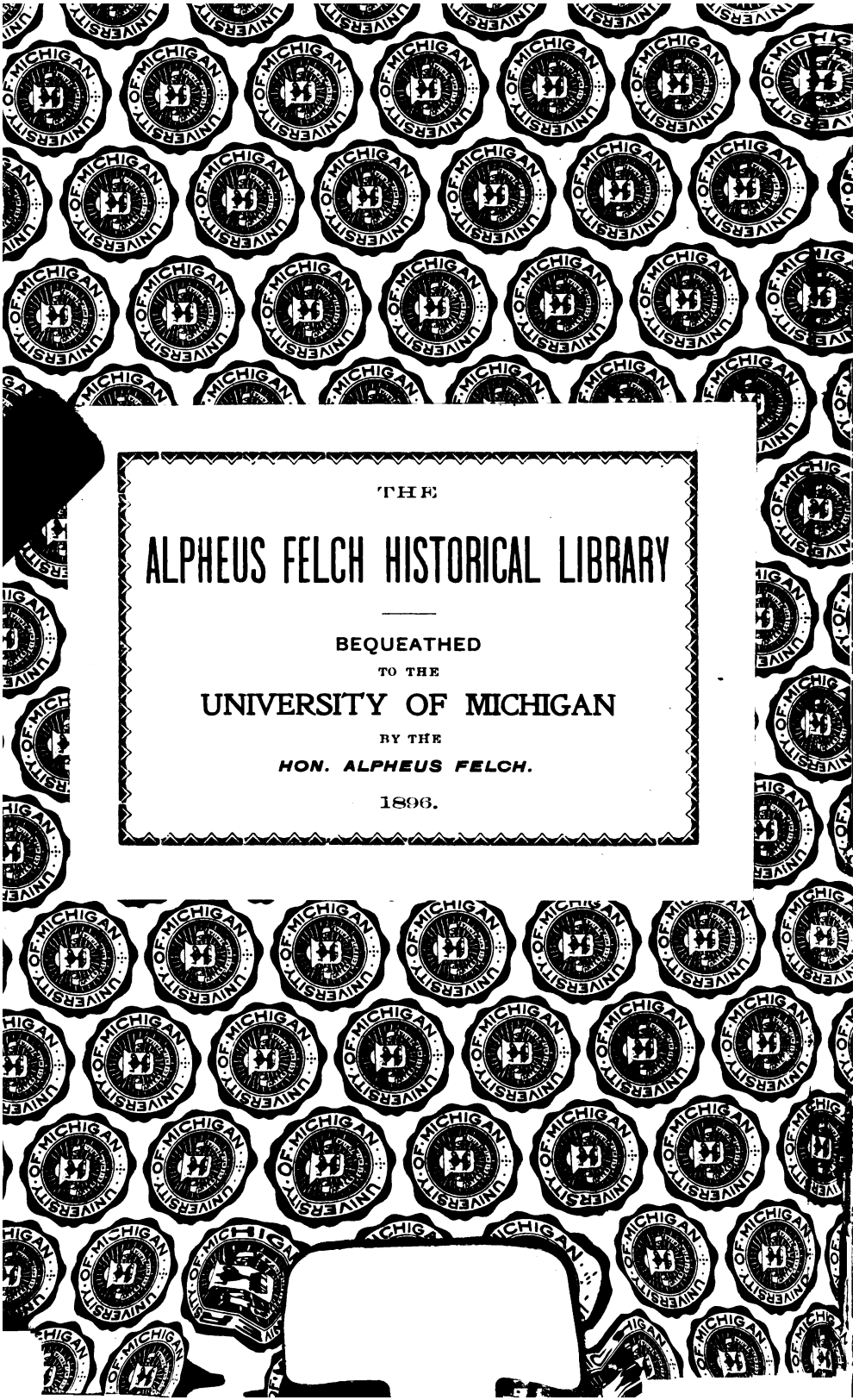
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HUDIBRAS,

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A POEM,

BY SAMUEL BUTLER:

WITH HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, AND EXPLANATORY

NOTES,

SELECTED FROM GREY & OTHER AUTHORS.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

AND

A PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE ON THE CIVIL WAR.

A New Edition.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR AKERMAN, STRAND; WALKER AND CO. PATERNOSTER-ROW; REID, CHARING-CROSS; BIGG, PARLIAMENT-STREET; SHARPE, KING-STREET; CLARKE, ROYAL-EXCHANGE; CHAPPELL, PALL-MALL; ANDREWS, NEW-BOND-STREET; BELL, OXFORD-STREET; AND JOHN BUMPUS, HOLBORN.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

RAPIN (in his Reflections) speaking of the necessary qualities of a poet, tells us, he must have a genius extraordinary; great natural gifts; a wit just, fruitful, piercing, solid, and universal; an understanding clear and distinct; an imagination neat and pleasant; an elevation of soul, that depends not on art or study, but is purely the gift of heaven, which must be sustained by a lively sense and vivacity; judgment to consider wisely of things, and vivacity for the beautiful expression of them, &c.

How justly this character is due to our Author —we leave it to the impartial and intelligent reader to decide.

Dr. Johnson, speaking of this incomparable poem, says, "If inexhaustible wit could give perpetual pleasure, no eye would ever leave half-read the work of Butler; for what poet has ever

brought so many remote images so happily together? It is scarcely possible to peruse a page without finding some association of images that was never found before. By the first paragraph the reader is amused, by the next he is delighted, and by a few more strained to astonishment. If the French boast the learning of Rabelais, we need not be afraid of confronting them with Butler."

Voltaire, also, in his Letters concerning the English Nation, says, "There is one English Poem, the title whereof is Hudibras;—it is Don Quixote, it is our Satire Merippée blended together. I never met with so much wit in one single book as in this."

To say more of this admirable Poem would be superfluous, if not impertinent. We shall therefore only observe, in regard to the advantages which the present edition of our humorous English Classic possesses over preceding ones, that the notes and illustrations comprehend not merely the best notes and explanations of Dr. Grey and former editors, but a very large accession of new matter has been made, the result of months' careful researches at the library of the British Museum, and a diligent perusal of all the modern writers whose labours have thrown

any light on the history of the times of which Butler treats. Among the modern works which have been consulted with the greatest advantage, may be mentioned, particularly, Hume's and Smollett's Histories of England, the Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, Cobbett's Parliamentary Debates, and Mr. Fox's Introductory Chapter to his History of the Reign of James the Second.

The Preliminary Discourse on the Civil War and Usurpation, compiled for the most part from sources of authority which were not in existence when Dr. Grey published his edition of our poet, will, it is confidently hoped, not only be found extremely useful to facilitate the understanding of our author, by freeing his work at the threshold from many of its obscurities, but will likewise be considered valuable as conveying a new and interesting picture of the most remarkable era in our history.

To conclude, there are at this time many editions of Hudibras on sale; but Hudibras without copious, explanatory Notes, must be in a great measure lost to a reader of the present day, for, as Dr. Johnson says, "Much of that humour which transported the 17th century is lost to us, who do not know the sour solemnity—the sullen superstition—the gloomy moroseness—and the

stubborn scruples of the ancient Puritans. We have never been witnesses of animosities excited by the use of mince-pies and plumb-porridge; nor seen with abhorrence those who could eat them at all times of the year, shrink from them in December. An old Puritan who was alive in my childhood, being at one of the feasts of the church invited by a neighbour to partake his cheer, told him, that if he would treat him at an alehouse with beer brewed at all times and seasons, he should accept his kindness, but would have none of his superstitious meats and drinks."

LIFE

OF

SAMUEL BUTLER,

AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

SAMUEL BUTLER was born in the parish of Strensham, in Worcestershire, in the year 1612. His father, a reputable country farmer, perceiving in his son an early inclination to learning, sent him for education to the grammar-school at Worcester, under the care of Mr. Henry Bright, where having laid in a good foundation of scholastic learning, he was sent to the university of Cambridge, but for want of money was never made a member of any college. On quitting the university our author returned to his native county, and became clerk to one Mr. Jeffries, of Earl's-Coom, a justice of the peace, with whom he lived some years in an easy and reputable service. Here he had sufficient leisure to apply himself to the cultivation of his mind; and his inclination led him chiefly to the study of poetry and history, to which, for his amusement, he joined music and painting. "I have seen," says Dr. Grey, "some pictures, said to be of his drawing, which I mention not for the excellence of them, but to satisfy the reader of his early inclinations to that

noble art; for which also he was afterwards entirely beloved by Mr. Samuel Cooper, one of the most eminent painters of his time."

From the family of Mr. Jeffries, Butler removed to that of Elizabeth, Countess of Kent, a situation highly favourable for a young man desirous of acquiring knowledge, and where he had not only the use of an excellent library, but the farther advantage of being introduced to the great Mr. Selden, who probably gave him some useful instructions for the prosecution of his less studies.

His next employment was in the service of Sir Samuel Luke, a gentleman of an ancient family in Bedfordshire, and a justice of the peace, and colonel in the Parliamentary army. The period that Butler lived with this Knight formed the most remarkable era in his life. Sir Samuel was in principles a Presbyterian; and distinguished himself by the outrageousness of his zeal against church and kingly government. It has been generally thought that the person and politics of Sir Samuel Luke suggested to Butler the idea of Hudibras, and this indeed is confirmed by what he makes Hudibras say of himself towards the conclusion of the first Canto:

"——— there is a valiant Mamaluke
In foreign land y'clep'd ———
To whom we have been oft compar'd
For person, parts, address, and beard;
Both equally reputed stout,
And in the same cause both have fought."

But though the poem of Hudibras may have been suggested by the hypocrisy and fanaticism of an individual, it appears clear that Butler in writing it had a far more material object in view than merely to expose an individual character to ridicule. His situation in the

family of Sir Samuel Luke must have afforded him many opportunities of gaining a right insight into the true principles of the Presbyterian party, and he probably saw so much of the selfishness, intolerance, and wickedness of that sect, as to cause him to hold them in abhorrence ever afterwards. The design of his poem was to expose the hypocrisy and wickedness of those who began and carried on the rebellion, under a pretence of promoting religion and godliness, at the same time that they acted against all the precepts of religion and morality; and to show how different the real motives of those who acted the principal parts in the civil war were from their ostensible motives.

How well he executed this design, the applause of his contemporaries, and the admiration of posterity, amply prove. Hudibras was no sooner published, than it was in the hands of every one at court. Charles II. who was no mean judge of wit and humour, was delighted with it, and frequently quoted it in conversation; but, with his usual inattention to his friends, neglected to reward the author. The King's excessive fondness for the poem, and his surprising disregard and neglect of the author, is fully and movingly related by Butler himself, in his poem entitled "Hudibras at Court," where he speaks of himself in the following lines:

"Now you must know, Sir Hudibras
With such perfections gifted was,
And so peculiar in his manner,
That all that saw him did him honor;
Among the rest this prince was one
Admir'd his conversation;
This prince, whose ready wit and parts
Conquer'd both men and women's hearts,
Was so o'ercome with Knight and Ralph,
That he could never claw it off:

He never eat, nor drank, nor slept,
But Hudibras still near him kept;
Never would go to church or so,
But Hudibras must with him go;
Nor yet to visit concubine,
Or at a city feast to dine,
But Hudibras must still be there,
Or all the fat was in the fire.
Now, after all, was it not hard
That he should meet with no reward,
That fitted out this Knight and Squire,
This monarch did so much admire?
That he should never reimburse
The man for th' equipage or horse,
Is sure a strange, ungrateful thing,
In any body but a King.
But this good King, it seems, was told,
By some that were with him too bold,
If e'er you hope to gain your ends,
Caress your foes, and trust your friends.
Such were the doctrines that were taught,
Till this unthinking King was brought
To leave his friends to starve and die,
A poor reward for loyalty."

We are, indeed, informed, that Butler was once in a fair way of obtaining a royal gratuity, as the following account will show. "Mr. Wycherly had always laid hold of any opportunity which offered, to represent to his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, how well Mr. Butler had deserved of the royal family, by writing his inimitable Hudibras; and, that it was a reproach to the court that a person of his loyalty and wit should suffer in obscurity, and under the wants he did. The Duke seemed always to hearken to him with attention enough, and, after some time, undertook to recommend his pretensions to his Majesty. Mr. Wycherly, in hopes to keep

him steady to his word, obtained of his Grace to name a day when he might introduce the modest and unfortunate poet to his new patron: at last an appointment was made, and the place of meeting was appointed to be the Roebuck. Mr. Butler and his friend attended accordingly, and the Duke joined them, but by an unlucky incident this interview was broke off; and it will always be remembered, to the reproach of the age, that this great and inimitable poet was suffered to live and die in want and obscurity."

It would, however, be unfair not to mention, that Butler at one time received from King Charles II. a gratuity of three hundred pounds; and this honorable circumstance attended the grant, that it passed through all the offices without a fee. Butler, on this occasion, showed himself a man of honesty and integrity, as well as of genius, for calling to mind that he owed to different persons more than the amount of the royal donation, he generously directed the whole sum to be paid towards the satisfaction of his creditors.

If Butler was disappointed of royal, he does not appear to have been altogether destitute of private patronage. Soon after the restoration, he became secretary to Richard, Earl of Carbury, Lord President of the Principality of Wales, who made him steward of Ludlow Castle, when the court there was revived. About this time he married one Mrs. Herbert, a gentlewoman of a very good family, and a competent fortune, but the greater part of it unfortunately lost, by being put out on ill securities, so that it was little advantage to him.

Wood, the Oxford antiquary, reports Butler to have been secretary to George, Duke of Buckingham, when he was Chancellor to the University of Cambridge; but this is not confirmed by any other authority, and the pro-

bability is, that he was only an occasional partaker of the Duke's bounty. His most generous friend was Charles, Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, who, being an excellent poet himself, knew how to set a just value on the genius and talents of others, and often privately relieved those necessities of our poet which his modesty would have led him to conceal.

That he had other generous friends, to whom the integrity of his life, the acuteness of his wit, and the easiness of his conversation, endeared him, may readily be conceived; yet no fact comes to us more strongly established than that Butler, if he did not absolutely perish of want, terminated his day in the utmost indigence and misery, and was indebted for a decent interment to the charity of a friend*. This melancholy circumstance in the history of this great man, comes to us so well authenticated by contemporaries who must have known the truth of what they related, that not a

* Butler died in the year 1680, and was buried at the charge of his friend, Mr. Longueville, of the Temple, in the yard belonging to the church of St. Paul, Covent Garden, at the west end of the said yard, on the north side, under the wall which parts the yard from the common highway. The Editors of the "General Historical Dictionary," say, that Mr. Longueville would fain have buried Butler in Westminster Abbey; and spoke in that view to some of those wealthy persons who had admired him so much in his lifetime, offering to pay his part; but none of them would contribute; upon which Mr. Longueville buried him with the greatest privacy (but at the same time very decently) in Covent Garden Churchyard, at his own expense, himself and seven or eight persons more following the corpse to the grave." Dr. Grey adds, "That the burial service was read over him by the learned and pious Dr. Patrick, afterwards Lord Bishop of Ely, then minister of the parish."

doubt can be entertained on the subject. Oldham, in his "Satire against Poetry," introduces the ghost of Spenser dissuading him from it, upon experience and example, that poverty and contempt were its inseparable attendants. After Spenser has gone over his own lamentable case, and mentioned Homer and Cowley in the same view, he thus movingly bewails the great and unhappy Butler:

"On Butler who can think without just rage,
The glory and the scandal of the age?
Fair stood his hopes when first he came to town,
Met every where with welcomes of renown;
Courted and lov'd by all, with wonder read,
And promises of princely favour fed:
But what reward for all had he at last?
After a life in dull expectance past.
The wretch, at summing up his mispent days,
Found nothing left but poverty and praise;
Of all his gains by verse he could not save
Enough to purchase flannel and a grave:
Reduc'd to want, he in due time fell sick,
Was fain to die, and be interr'd on tick:
And well might bless the fever, that was sent
To rid him hence, and his worse fate prevent."

Otway, who, if tradition speaks truly of him, perished as miserably as our poet himself, has the following lines on the same subject, in his prologue to Constantine the Great:

"All you who have male issue, born
Under the starving sign of Capricorn,
Prevent the malice of their stars in time,
And warn them early from the sin of rhyme:
Tell them how Spenser starv'd, how Cowley mourn'd,
How Butler's faith and service were return'd;
And if such warning they refuse to take,
This last experiment, O parents! make:

With hands behind him, see the offender ty'd,
The parish whip and beadle by his side;
Then lead him to some stall that does expose
The authors he loves most, there rub his nose,
'Till, like a spaniel lash'd to know command,
He by the due correction understand
To keep his brains clean, and not foul the land;
'Till he against his nature learn to strive,
And get the knack of dulness how to thrive."

In 1721, a handsome monument was erected to the memory of Butler, in Westminster Abbey, at the expense of Alderman Barber, a printer of great eminence, who was much distinguished by Dean Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Pope, and the other wits of the Tory party in Queen Anne's reign. The following inscription, which sums up the character of Butler, both justly and eloquently, was probably the composition of Dr. Arbuthnot, with some touches from the pen of Swift.

M. S.

SAMUELIS BUTLERI,

Qui Strenshamiæ, in agro Vigorn. Nat. 1612, *Obiit Lond.* 1680.

Vir doctus imprimis, acer, integer;
Operibus ingenii, non item præmiis felix;
Satyrici apud nos carminis artifex egregius;
Qui simulatæ religionis larvam detraxit,
Et perduellium scelera liberrime exagitavit:
Scriptorum in suo genere, primus et postremus.

Ne, cui vivo deerant fere omnia,
Deesset etiam mortuo tumulus,
Hoc tandem posito marmore, curavit
Johannes Barber, Cives Londinensis, 1721.

Sacred to the Memory of
SAMUEL BUTLER,
Who was born at Strensham, in Worcestershire,
1612,
And died at London, 1680.
A man of extraordinary learning, wit, and integrity.
Perfectly happy in his writings,
Not so in the encouragement of them:
The inventor of a curious kind of satire among us,
By which he plucked the mask from pious hypocrisy,
And plentifully exposed the villany of rebels.
The first and last of writers in his way.
Lest he, who (when alive,) was destitute of all things, should (when dead) want likewise a monument, *John Barber*, Citizen of London, hath taken care, by placing this stone. 1721*.

Of the character of Butler, as an author, it is not easy to speak in terms adequate to his merits. Possessed of a copious original fund of wit and invention, he had improved his talents by the most assiduous cultivation, and was equally skilled in books and in the knowledge of human life. Hume observes of his Hudibras, that there is not a more learned book to be found in the compass of any language than that poem; and Voltaire, a critic not much disposed to speak favourably of English literature, says, "There is one English poem, the title whereof is Hudi-

* The following epigram, by the celebrated Samuel Wesley, on the setting up of Butler's monument in Westminster Abbey, has been much admired for the neatness and ingenious turn of its point:

"While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give:
See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
He ask'd for bread, and he received a stone."

bras; it is Don Quixote, it is our Satyre Menisse blended together. I never met with so much wit in one single book as in this; which at the same time is the most difficult to be translated. Who could believe that a work which paints in such lively colours the several foibles and follies of mankind, and where we meet with more sentiments than words, should baffle the endeavours of the ablest translator? But the reason is this; almost every part of it alludes to particular incidents;" and Voltaire might have added, that the ludicrous connexions of ideas, which Butler so highly delights in, and which render him so acceptable to his countrymen, are, like puns, rarely transfusible into a foreign tongue, or much of their spirit is lost in the attempt*.

* Another French critic, *Dissertation sur la Poesie Angloise*, speaking of Butler, says, "The English have a poet whose reputation is equal to that of Scarron in French, I mean the author of Hudibras, a comical history in verse, written in the time of Oliver Cromwell: it is said to be a delicate satire on that kind of interregnum; and that it is particularly levelled at the conduct of the Presbyterians, whom our author represents as a senseless set of people, promoters of anarchy, and complete hypocrites. Hudibras, the hero of this poem, is a holy Don Quixote of that sect, and the redresser of the imaginary wrongs that are done to his Dulcinea. The Knight has his Rosinante, his burlesque adventures, and his Sancho: but the Squire of the English poet is of an opposite character to that of the Spanish Sancho; for whereas the latter is a plain, unaffected peasant, the English Squire is a tailor by trade, a Tartuff, or finished hypocrite by birth, and so deep a dogmatic divine, that

'He could deep mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a needle,'

as is said in the poem. The author of Hudibras is preferrable to Scarron, because he has one fixed mark or object; and that by a surprising effort of imagination, he has found the art of leading his readers to it by diverting them."

Addison objects to Butler for the use of burlesque verse. "If Hudibras (says he, Spectator, No. 249,) had been set out with as much wit and humour in heroic verse as he is in doggerel, he would have made a much more agreeable figure than he does; though the generality of his readers are so much pleased with his double rhymes, that I don't expect many will be of my opinion in this particular." Dryden's opinion may fairly be set in opposition to that of Addison. That great man, in his Dedication to Juvenal, speaking of Butler's Hudibras, says, "The worth of his poem is too well known to need my commendation; and he is above my censure: the choice of his numbers is suitable enough to his design, as he has managed it; but in any other hand, the shortness of his verse, and the quick returns of rhyme, had debased the dignity of style. His good sense is perpetually shining through all he writes; it affords us not the time of finding faults; we pass through the levity of his rhyme, and one is immediately carried into some admirable useful thought. After all, he has chosen this kind of verse, and has written the best in it."

"To this let me add," says Dr. Grey, "that the shortness of verse, and quick returns of rhyme, have been some of the principal means of raising and perpetuating the fame which this poem has acquired; for the turns of wit and satirical sayings being short and pithy, are therefore more tenable by the memory, and this is the reason why Hudibras is more frequently quoted in conversation than the finest pieces of wit in heroic poetry."

As to the double rhymes, we have Dryden's authority that they are necessary companions to burlesque writing. Besides, were they really faults, they are neither so many as to cast a blemish upon the known excellencies of

this poem; nor yet solely to captivate the affections of the generality of its readers. Their admiration is moved by a higher pleasure than the mere jingle of words; the sublimity of wit and pungency of satire claim our regard, and merit our highest applause. In short, the poet has surprisingly displayed the noblest thoughts in a dress so humorous and ludicrous, that it was no wonder it soon became the chief amusement of the King and Court after its publication, was highly esteemed by all the great wits in that reign, and still continues to be an entertainment to all who have a taste for the most refined ridicule and satire.

Another merit which may with confidence be ascribed to Butler, is that of originality. Hudibras is an indisputable original; for the poet trod in a path wherein he had no guide, nor has he had many followers. Without any pattern to copy, he had the art to erect himself into a standard elegant and lofty, to which no one yet, in the same walk of poetry, has been able to make more than a distant approach.

The seeming easiness of Butler's method and verse have tempted some to imitate his style, but "such wretched imitations," says Dr. Grey, "have augmented the fame of the original, and evidenced the chiefest excellency in writing to be in Butler, which is the being easy and natural, yet inimitable."

This has been long the distinguishing characteristic of Hudibras, grounded upon an undeniable truth, that all imitations have hitherto proved unsuccessful; and when we consider the subject matter of the poem, the remarkable era that produced it, and the extraordinary endowments of the author, we may safely venture to pronounce it one of the most wonderful compositions of the human mind.

To the English reader Hudibras will always afford more pleasure than it possibly can to a foreigner, because it touches upon national habits and manners at one of the most interesting and extraordinary periods in our annals; and no one can perfectly relish its beauties who is not possessed of some acquaintance with the times and transactions to which it refers. No opinion can be more erroneous than that, because Butler describes a state of society and manners which now no longer exist, and ridicules follies and absurdities which now are happily exploded, that he ought to be regarded as an obsolete writer, unworthy of perusal. The truth is, that there are very few writers from whom more benefit may be derived than Butler. The soundness of his political principles, his attachment to the church of England, and his abhorrence of every species of fanaticism and bigotry, have deservedly endeared his memory to all who are attached to the British constitution in church and state; and the picture he draws of the agitation, calamities, and disorder of revolutionary times, cannot fail to attach every one who reads him more closely to the mild, beneficent, and liberal, yet firm and energetic, system of government which we now, and, it is to be hoped, we may long enjoy.

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE

ON THE

CIVIL WAR AND USURPATION.

THERE is no portion of British History which has so often exercised the pens of our most eminent writers, as that period which is comprehended between the accession of James I. to the throne of England on the death of the glorious Elizabeth, in 1603, and the expulsion of his grandson James II. in 1688. It was an era fruitful in great men and great events; and to the noble exertions of our ancestors in those times, particularly at the revolution, we are indebted for that well-poised constitution which we enjoy at the present day, and which may safely be pronounced, if not the best system of government, at least the most entire system of liberty that was ever known amongst mankind.

The object of this preliminary discourse is, to present the reader with such a picture of the civil war and usurpation, as will enable him to judge more accurately of the value of the poem which follows. "Human works," Dr. Johnson observes in his critique on Butler, "are not easily found without a perishable part. Of the ancient poets every reader feels the mythology tedious and oppressive. Of Hudibras, the manners being founded on opinion, are temporary and local, and therefore become every day less intelligible and less striking. What Cicero says of philosophy is true likewise of wit and humour, that time effaces the fictions of opinion, and confirms the determinations of Nature. Such manners as depend upon standing regulations and general passions are co-extended with the race of man; but those modifications of life, and peculi-

arities of practice, which are the progeny of error and perverseness, or, at best, of some accidental influence or transient persuasion, must perish with their parents.

"Much, therefore, of that humour which transported the last century with merriment, is lost to us, who do not know the sour solemnity, the sullen superstition, the gloomy moroseness, and the stubborn scruples of the ancient Puritans; or if we knew them, derive our information only from books or from tradition, have never had them before our eyes, and cannot but by recollection and study understand the lines in which they are satirized. It is scarcely possible, in the regularity and composure of the present time, to image the tumult of absurdity, and clamour of contradiction, that perplexed and disturbed both public and private quiet, in that age when subordination was broken, and awe was hissed away: when any unsettled innovator, who could hatch a half-formed notion, produced it to the public; when every man might become a preacher, and almost every preacher could collect a congregation."

To furnish the reader with an image of those times, and to enable him to enter with a truer relish into those scenes of extravagance of fanaticism, which Butler so inimitably describes, it is necessary for us to take a cursory view of the state of England at the period when the first prince of the house of Stuart mounted its throne. Elizabeth, during the long course of her reign, had carried the glory of the English name to the highest pitch of renown. Firm, politic, and sagacious, reigning in the hearts of her people, and commanding them rather through the influence of their affections than the dread of her authority, she was equally the delight of her subjects and the terror of her enemies. Of a very different character was her successor. Ungracious, reserved, and prodigal, full of high notions of the kingly power, and impatient of the least restraint on his prerogative, he soon became odious to his subjects at home, and the timidity of his disposition ren-

dered him contemptible to his enemies abroad. James, at his very first meeting with Parliament, disgusted his new subjects. He made a long harangue, expatiating upon the happiness of the nation in his accession to the throne; explaining his sentiments of religion, and enforcing his maxims of government. "It was a cold, tedious, diffuse oration, (says Smollett,) stuffed with pedantic conceits, culled and studied for the occasion; and formed a natural picture of his own disposition and character, the strongest features of which were his sublime notion of the prerogative, his aversion to the Puritans, his tenderness towards the Roman Catholics, and his vanity and self-importance. Instead of that admiration with which he hoped to inspire his audience, he met with little else than disapprobation and contempt. The members were offended at the expressions he used in favour of the Roman Catholics, whom he promised to meet half-way in the road of reformation; the Puritans were incensed to find themselves represented by the king as a sect of republicans, that ought not to be tolerated in a monarchical government; and the nation in general were disgusted at his comparing Scotland with England, as one equal half of the island, which he wished to see united under the same religion, laws, and government."

Mrs. Hutchinson, an accurate observer, and faithful recorder of the civil war, in her excellent Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, speaking of the government of James, says, "The honor, wealth, and glory of the nation, wherein Queen Elizabeth left it, were soon prodigally wasted by this thriftless heir: the nobility of the land utterly debased by setting honors to public sale*, and conferring them on persons that

* Sir Anthony, in his Court and Character of King James, gives us the following instance of the baseness of the courtiers at the accession of James. "Sir Roger Aston (the King's barber) presenting himself before the council, being but a plain untutored man, being asked how he did, and courted by all the Lords, lighted upon this happy reply: 'Even my Lords, like a poor man, wandering above

had neither blood nor merit fit to wear, nor estates to bear up their titles, but were fain to invent projects to pillage the people, and pick their pockets, for the maintenance of vice and lewdness."

But the grand cause of difference between James and his subjects, and that which, in the reign of his son, led to the subversion of the monarchy, was the difference of their religious principles. The King was suspected of a secret attachment to popery, which, while he had not the courage to avow, led him to be a strenuous supporter of the discipline and ceremonies of the church of England. There was no class of people whom James detested so much as the Puritans. The Scotch Presbyterians had thwarted him on many occasions; they had treated his person with indecent familiarity, and his power with disrespect; and the republican spirit by which they were animated could not but be extremely odious to a prince who prided himself in cherishing the most arbitrary maxims of absolute monarchy.

Soon after his accession to the English throne, a conference was held at Hampton Court, between the churchmen and dissenters, where the King appeared in person, not as a judge, but with all the zeal of a warm partisan, and mingled in the debates with great eagerness. His chancellor exclaimed that he had often heard the priesthood was united to royalty, but he was now convinced of that truth by the learned arguments of his majesty. Archbishop Whitgift carried his flattery still higher, in declaring, he was persuaded that the King spoke from the immediate inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

forty years in a wilderness and barren soil, am now arrived at the land of promise.' This man was afterwards made gentleman of the bedchamber, master of the wardrobe, and invested with such honors and offices as he was capable of; but had you seen how the Lords did vie courtesies to this poor gentleman, striving who should engross that commodity by the largest bounty, you could not but have condemned them of much baseness."

"And now," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "the King had upon his heart the dealings both of England and Scotland with his mother, and harboured a secret desire of revenge upon the godly of both nations, yet had not the courage to assert his resentment like a prince, but employed a wicked cunning he was master of, and called kingcraft, to undermine what he durst not openly oppose, the true religion. This was fenced with the liberty of the people, and so linked together, that it was impossible to make them slaves till they were brought to be idolaters of royalty and glorious lust, and as impossible to make them adore these gods while they continued loyal to the government of Jesus Christ. The payment of civil obedience to the King and the laws of the realm satisfied not; if any durst dispute his impositions in the worship of God, he was presently reckoned among the seditious and disturbers of the public peace, and accordingly persecuted; if any were grieved at the dishonour of the kingdom, or the griping of the poor, or the unjust oppressions of the subject, by a thousand ways invented to maintain the riots of the courtiers, and the swarms of needy Scots the King had brought in to devour, like locusts, the plenty of this land, he was a Puritan: if any, out of mere morality and civil honesty, discountenanced the abominations of those days, he was a Puritan, however he conformed to their superstitious worship; if any shewed favor to any godly, honest person, kept them company, relieved them in want, or protected them against violent or unjust oppression, he was a Puritan; if any gentleman in the country maintained the good laws of the land, or stood up for any public interest for good order or government, he was a Puritan: in short, all that crossed the views of the needy courtiers, the proud encroaching priests, the lewd nobility and gentry, whoever was zealous for God's glory and worship, could not endure blasphemous oaths, ribald conversation, profane scoffs, sabbath breach, derision of the word of God, and the like; whoever could endure a sermon, modest

habit or conversation, or any thing good, all these were Puritans; and, if Puritans, then enemies to the King and his government, seditious, fractious hypocrites, ambitious disturbers of the public peace, and finally, the pest of the kingdom.

"The Puritan party (continues the same well-informed and judicious writer,) being weak and oppressed, had not faith enough to disown all that adhered to them for wordly interests, and indeed it required more than human wisdom to discern at the least all of them; wherefore they in their low condition, gladly accepted any that would come over to them, or incline towards them; and their enemies, through envy at them, augmented much their party, while with injuries and reproaches they drove many, that never intended it, to take that party which in the end got nothing but confusion by those additions. While these parties were thus counterworking, the treasure of the kingdom being wasted by court-caterpillars, and Parliament called to supply the royal coffers, therein there wanted not some, that retained so much of the English spirit, as to represent the public grievances, and desired to call the corrupt ministers of state to account; but the King, grudging that his people should dare to gainsay his pleasure, and correct his misgovernmeut in his favourites, broke up Parliaments, violated their privileges, imprisoned their members for things spoken in the House, and grew disaffected to them, and entertained other projects of supply by other grievances of the people. The prelates, in the mean time, finding they lost ground, meditated reunion with the popish faction, who began to be at a pretty agreement with them; and now there was no more endeavour, in their public sermons, to confute the errors of that church, but to reduce our doctrines and theirs to an accommodation. The king, to bring it about, was deluded into the treaty of a match for his son with the Infanta of Spain; and the Prince, with the Duke of Buckingham, were privately sent into Spain, from whence

he with difficulty came back, but to the great rejoicing of the whole people in general, who were much afflicted at his going thither. During this treaty the Papists got many advantages of the King, to the prejudice of the Protestant interest at home and abroad, and the hearts of all but the Papists were very much saddened, and the people, loth to lay the miscarriage at the King's own door, began to entertain an universal hatred of the Duke of Buckingham, raised from a knight's fourth son to that pitch of glory, and enjoying great possessions acquired by the favor of the King, upon no merit but that of his beauty and prostitution. The Parliament had drawn up a charge against him, and though the King seemed to protect him, yet, knowing the fearfulness of his nature, and doubting his constancy, it was believed he added some help to an ague that killed the King: however, King James died, the Duke continued as high in the favour of the next succeeding as of the deceased prince; whereupon one, not unaptly, says of him, "he seemed as an unhappy exhalation, drawn up from the earth, not only to cloud the setting but the rising sun."

Such is the portraiture which a most observing and penetrating writer draws of the government of James I. The seeds of civil dissension were deeply sown in his reign, but it was reserved for his son and successor, a prince of far greater virtue than his father, yet alloyed with many faults, to reap the bitter harvest of them. "The face of the court (observes Mrs. Hutchinson) was much changed in the change of the King; for King Charles was chaste, temperate, and serious; so that the fools and bawds, mimicks and catamites, of the former court, grew out of fashion; and the nobility and courtiers, who did not quite abandon their debaucheries, had yet that reverence to the King to retire into corners to practise them: men of learning and ingenuity in all arts were in esteem, and received encouragement from the King, who was a most excellent judge and a great lover of paintings, carvings, grav-

ings, and many other ingenuities, less offensive than the bawdry and profane abusive wit, which was the only exercise of the other court. But as, in the primitive times, it is observed, that the best emperors were some of them stirred by Satan to be the bitterest persecutors of the church, so this King was a worse encroacher upon the civil and spiritual liberties of the people by far than his father. He married a Papist, a French lady, of a haughty spirit, and a great wit and beauty, to whom he became a most uxorious husband. By this means the court was replenished with Papists, and many who hoped to advance themselves by the change, turned to that religion: all the Papists in the kingdom were favoured, and by the King's example matched into the best families: the Puritans were more than ever discountenanced and persecuted, insomuch that many of them chose rather to abandon their native country, and leave their dearest relations, and retire into any foreign soil and plantation, where they might, amidst all outward inconveniences, enjoy the free exercise of God's worship. Such as could not flee were tormented in the bishops' courts, fined, whipped, pilloried, imprisoned, and suffered to enjoy no rest, so that death was better than life to them; and, notwithstanding their patient sufferance of all these things, yet was not the King satisfied till the whole land was reduced to perfect slavery. The example of the French King was propounded to him, and he thought himself no monarch so long as his will was confined to the bounds of any law; but knowing that the people of England were not pliable to an arbitrary rule, he plotted to subdue them to his yoke by a foreign foe, and till he could effect it, made no conscience of granting any thing to the people, which he resolved should not oblige him longer than it served his turn; he was a prince that had nothing of faith or truth, justice or generosity, in him: he was the most obstinate person in his self-will that ever was, and so bent upon being an absolute, uncontroulable sovereign, that he was resolved either to be such a king or none. His

firm adherence to prelacy was not for conscience of one religion more than another, for it was his principle that an honest man might be saved in any profession; but he had a mistaken principle, that kingly government in the state could not stand without episcopal government in the church, and therefore as the bishops flattered him by preaching up his soyereign prerogative, and inveighing against the Puritans as factious and disloyal, so he protected them in all their pomp and pride, and insolent practices, against all the godly and sober people of the land."

The character of Charles may be thought here to be too hardly drawn, particularly when it is remembered that it comes from one who was a rigid Puritan herself, and moreover the wife of one the judges who sentenced him to death. Yet, making due allowance for partiality for her own party, it will scarcely be found that she is guilty of any exaggeration. It is admitted, we believe on all hands, that Charles came to the throne with very high notions of the regal authority; and as the prelates flattered him in that opinion, he thought himself bound both in conscience and honor to support them in their privileges. He lived at a period when the spirit of the people became too mighty for those restraints which the regal power derived from the constitution; and when the tide of fanaticism began to overbear the religion of his country, to which he was conscientiously devoted, he suffered himself to be guided by counsellors who were not only inferior to himself in knowledge and judgment, but generally proud, partial, and inflexible: and from an excess of conjugal affection that bordered upon weakness, he paid too much deference to the advice and desires of his consort, who was superstitiously attached to the errors of popery, and importuned him incessantly in favor of the Roman Catholics.

But the misfortunes of Charles's reign were neither imputable altogether to the episcopal predilections of the King, nor to his ready compliance with the wishes of the Queen. As a

private individual, his character was in the highest degree amiable and praiseworthy; but as a monarch, in a turbulent period, he was utterly unfit for the station he occupied. He wanted resolution and vigour. The sacrifice of the Earl of Strafford, an event which he exceedingly lamented, and to which no extremity should have induced him to submit, rendered him contemptible in the eyes both of his enemies and his friends. The giving up of Strafford was mean and cowardly; and far from the letter which that unfortunate nobleman is said to have sent him, urging the King not to let his life stand as an obstacle to an agreement between him and his Parliament upon that occasion, being an excuse for him, it only aggravates the King's treachery and pusillanimity.

Dissimulation, one of the worst vices with which a monarch can be tinctured, seems to have been a prevailing feature in the character of this prince, and ultimately to have led him to the scaffold, if the following relation from Hume can be relied on.

"There prevails a story, that Cromwell intercepted a letter wrote to the Queen, where the King said, that he would first raise and then destroy Cromwell. It is first told by Roger Coke, a very passionate historian, who wrote so late as the revolution, and who mentions it only as a rumour. In the Memoirs of Lord Broghill, we meet with another story of an intercepted letter, which deserves some more attention, and is thus related by Mr. Maurice, chaplain to Roger, Earl of Orrery. "Lord Orrery, (says he,) in the time of his greatness with Cromwell, just after he had so seasonably relieved him in his great distress at Clonmell, riding out to Youghall one day with him and Ireton, they fell into discourse about the King's death. Cromwell thereupon said more than once, that if the King had followed his own judgment, and had been attended by none but trusty servants, he had fooled them all; and that once they had a mind to have closed with him, but, upon something that happened, fell off from that design. Orrery finding them in good

humour, and being alone with them, asked, if he might presume to desire to know, why they would once have closed with his majesty, and why they did not? Cromwell very freely told him, he would satisfy him in both his queries. The reason, (says he) why we would have closed with the King was this: we found that the Scotch Presbyterians began to be more powerful than we, and were likely to agree with him, and leave us in the lurch. For this reason we thought it best to prevent them by offering first to come in on reasonable conditions. But whilst our thoughts were taken up with this subject, there came a letter to us from one of our spies, who was of the King's bed-chamber, acquainting us that our final doom was decreed that very day; that he could not possibly learn what it was, but we might discover it, if we could but intercept a letter sent from the King to the Queen, wherein he informed her of his resolution; that this letter was sown up in the skirts of a saddle, and the bearer of it would come with the saddle upon his head, about ten of the clock that night, to the Blue Boar, in Holborn, where he was to take horse for Dover. The messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle, though some in Dover did. We were at Windsor (said Cromwell) when we received this letter, and immediately upon the receipt of it, Ireton and I resolved to take one trusty fellow with us, and to go in troopers' habits to that inn. We did so, and leaving our man at the gate of the inn (which had a wicket only open to let persons in and out) to watch and give us notice when any man came with a saddle, we went into a drinking stall. We there continued drinking cans of beer till about ten of the clock, when our sentinel at the gate gave us notice that the man with the saddle was come. We rose up presently, and just as the man was leading out his horse saddled, we came up to him with drawn swords, and told him we were to search all that went in and out there; but as he looked like an honest man, we would only search his saddle, and so dismiss him. The saddle was ungirt, we carried it into

the stall where we had been drinking, and ripping open one of the skirts, we there found the letter we wanted. Having thus got it into our hands, we delivered the man (whom we had left with our sentinel) his saddle, told him he was an honest fellow, and bid him go about his business, which he did, pursuing his journey without more ado, and ignorant of the harm he had suffered. We found in the letter, that his majesty acquainted the Queen, that he was courted by both factions, the Scotch Presbyterians and the army; and that those which bade the fairest for him should have him: but yet he thought he should close with the Scotch sooner than with the other. Upon this we returned to Windsor; and finding we were not like to have good terms from the King, we from that time vowed his destruction."

The want of good faith in Charles was obvious from the very commencement of the civil war. He first fomented the Scotch to rebel, with the hopes that he might be entrusted with an army to reduce them, and then when that expectation proved fruitless, he attempted to over-awe the great council of the nation by the forcible seizure of some of the most distinguished of its members. It is not easy to define the limits of regal authority, or to say what act of the monarch would justify subjects to resist; but certainly it appears that such an outrage as that which Charles committed against the House of Commons, when he came at the head of an armed force to take five of their members into custody, was an action utterly subversive of the principles of the constitution, and, had it been persisted in, deserving of resistance. But upon this occasion, as well as many others of his life, it was the King's fortune to have laid himself open to the censure of an ungracious action, without reaping any benefit from it. The members whom he thought to apprehend had had timely notice of his design, and secured themselves by flight, so that the King had all the odium of this project against the freedom of debate, without reaping any advantage from it.

The next morning after this attempt on the privilege of Parliament, the King sent to the Lord Mayor of London, ordering him to call a common-council immediately; and, about ten o'clock, he himself, attended only by three or four lords, went to Guildhall. He told the council, that he was come to them without any guard, in order to show them how much he relied on their affections; that he had accused certain men of high-treason, against whom he would proceed in a legal way, and therefore presumed, that they would receive no shelter in the city. After many other gracious expressions, he told one of the sheriffs, who of the two was the least inclined to his service, that he would dine with him. He departed the hall without receiving the applause he expected. In passing through the streets he heard the cry, *Privilege of Parliament! Privilege of Parliament!* resounding from all quarters. One of the populace, more insolent than the rest, drew nigh to his coach, and called out with a loud voice, "To your tents, O Israel!" the words employed by the mutinous Israelites when they abandoned Rehoboam, their rash and ill-counselled sovereign.

Matters were now drawing fast to a crisis. "The prudence of the King's conduct in this juncture," says Hume, nobody pretended to justify. The legality of it met with many apologies; though generally offered to unwilling ears. No maxim of law, it was said, is more established, or more universally allowed, than that privileges of parliament do not extend to treason, felony, or breach of peace; nor has either House, during former ages, ever pretended, in any of those cases, to interpose in behalf of its members. Though some inconvenience should result from the observance of this maxim, that would not be sufficient, without other authority, to abolish a principle, established by uninterrupted precedent, and founded on the tacit consent of the whole legislature. But what are the inconveniences so much dreaded? The King, under pretext of treason, may seize any members of the op-

posite faction, and, for a time, gain to his partisans a majority of votes. But if he seizes only a few, will he not lose more friends by such a gross artifice, than he confines enemies? If he seizes a great number, is not this expedient force, open and bare-faced? And what remedy, at all times, against such force, but to oppose to it a force which is superior? Even allowing that the king intended to employ violence, not authority, for seizing the members, though at that time, and ever afterwards, he positively asserted the contrary, yet will his conduct admit of excuse? That the hall, where the Parliament assembles, is an inviolable sanctuary, was never yet pretended. And if the Commons complain of the affront offered them, by an attempt to arrest their members in their presence, they ought only to complain of themselves, who had formerly refused compliance with the King's message, when he peaceably demanded these members. The sovereign is the great executor of the law, and his presence was here legally employed, both in order to prevent opposition, and to protect the House against those insults which their disobedience had so well merited*."

* In a Parliament of Queen Elizabeth, when Sir Edward Coke was speaker, the Queen sent a messenger, or serjeant at arms, into the House of Commons, and took out Mr. Morrice, and committed him to prison, with divers others, for some speeches spoken in the House. Thereupon Mr. Wroth moved the House, that they would be humble suitors to her Majesty, that she would be pleased to enlarge those members of the House that were restrained, which was done accordingly; and answer was sent by her privy council, that her Majesty had committed them for causes best known to herself; and to press her highness with this suit, would but hinder the whole good they sought: that the House must not call the Queen to an account for what she doth of her royal authority: that the causes for which they are restrained may be nigh and dangerous: that her Majesty liketh no such questions, neither doth it become the House to search into matters of that nature."

But these arguments, however well urged, had little effect in pacifying the minds of the people. Petitions from various parts of the country were sent up to the Commons, promising to live and die in defence of the privileges of Parliament. The very women were seized with the same rage. "A brewer's wife, followed by many thousands of her sex, brought a petition to the House; in which the petitioners expressed their terror of the Papists and prelates, and their dread of like massacres, rapes, and outrages, with those which had been exercised upon their sex in Ireland. They had been necessitated, they said, to imitate the women of Tekoah; and they asserted equal right with the men, of declaring, by petition, their sense of the public cause; because Christ had purchased them at as dear a rate, and in the free enjoyment of Christ consists equally the happiness of both sexes. Pym came to the door of the House; and having told the female zealots, that their petition was thankfully accepted, and was presented in a seasonable time, he begged that their prayers for the success of the Commons might follow their petition*. Such low arts of popularity were affected, and by such illiberal cant were the unhappy people incited to civil discord and convulsions.

The King at this period retired from Whitehall, where his person was in danger, and both parties began to prepare seri-

* The Parisian females, at the commencement of the French revolution, took a similar part in the atrocious disorders of that metropolis, and even proceeded to more horrid excesses. When the royal family were brought from Versailles, their carriage was surrounded by troops of diabolical females, uttering the most dreadful imprecations, and accusing the Queen of whatever the lowest and most virulent malice could suggest. When the Princess Lambelle was murdered, the common women of Paris were amongst the most forward in the perpetration of that tragedy, and even outstripped the men in the refinement of their cruelty.

ously for an appeal to arms. The nation was now divided between the King, and the remnant of the two Houses that remained at Westminster. The greater part of the old nobility and ancient families in the kingdom, who valued themselves upon the loyalty and virtue of their ancestors, adhered to the cause of their sovereign, which was also sustained by all who wished well to the ancient constitution and hierarchy. All in general whom nature had endowed with generosity and benevolence of disposition, whose manners were polished by social and elegant intercourse, and whose minds were enlarged by a liberal education, glowed with ardour in the cause of injured loyalty, upon which nothing reflected more lustre than the approbation and attachment of the learned, loyal, and venerable university of Oxford. The opposite faction was composed of those whom the court had personally disobliged; of men of turbulent spirits and ambitious views, who wished for agitated times in order to mend their fortunes; of republicans and protestant dissenters, comprehending a great number of corporations, manufacturers, and the lower class of people, inflamed with the spirit of fanaticism. The traders were generally averse to the King, partly from the discouragements to which commerce had been subjected during this reign; partly from a spirit of independence become licentious and insolent; and partly from hatred and emulation of the ancient families which adhered to the interest of their sovereign.

The numerical strength of the Parliament party, from the very commencement of the contest, was superior to that of the King's; but their strength did not so much lie in the numbers of their party, as in the materials of which it was composed. Men of energy and vigour, equal to the task of controling the events of stormy times, are not always to be found in the upper walks of life; and a variety of causes had tended to lessen the nobility of England in the estimation of the people at the time when Charles had the most essential calls for their service. It had been the policy of the sovereigns of the house

of Tudor to diminish the influence of the nobility, and to extend that of the Commons. The reformation had gone a great way to effect this purpose; but what, perhaps, had contributed most to bring the nobility into disrepute, was the conduct of James I. who, conferring the highest titles of nobility on his worthless favorites, and making honours vendible, had degraded the whole order of nobility.

At the breaking out of the first dispute between Charles and the Commons, the upper house showed a degree of tameness in regard to the King's interest, which augured unfavorably for their future exertions. The execution of the Earl of Strafford, and the deprivation of the Bishops of their seats, were acts which had much lessened the weight of the House of Peers, and few could rely on, or have much veneration for, a body of men who could so miserably betray their own cause.

But the great advantage which the Parliament party possessed over the King, was in the temper of the nation. The invention of printing, and the Lutheran and Calvinistical reformations, events which trod closely on the heels of each other, had produced a burst of light all over Europe. The tyranny of the Roman see, which for so many ages had held the most potent states of Europe in subjection, had in many parts vanished before the zeal of the reformers of the church; and at no period, from the time of the Greek republics, had the principles of civil government been more freely discussed. The discovery of a new continent, by Christopher Columbus, and the opening of a new route to the East Indies, by the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, had brought a vast influx of wealth into Europe, and given to commerce that honourable estimation which it wanted in preceding times. These materially tended to weaken the royal, and to give strength to the republican party. To the general diffusion of wealth and information, which at this period was so remarkable, and qualified almost the meanest individuals to take a share in the great events then depending, was added a spirit of innovation in civil and reli-

gious matters, which bore down all established authorities, and ended in the total subversion of the civil and ecclesiastical constitution of the realm.

Whether the first opposers of Charles designed the overthrow of the monarchy, is a question which may very well admit of a doubt; but none can be entertained, that the measures they took were those which were precisely calculated to produce that catastrophe. Among the popular leaders there were many men of the purest patriotic views, unmixed with any selfish or fanatical motives, who only desired the constitution to be placed on such a footing, that the powers and privileges of each branch of the legislature might be properly defined, and the rights of the subject fixed on an immoveable basis. Nothing could be more glorious than the cause for which these men took up arms; nothing more desirable than the object they sought to accomplish. But it was the misfortune of these high-minded patriots to have enlisted under the same banners with them, a class of men austere and narrow-minded in their principles, and carrying into disputes, which should have been considered purely as of a civil nature, all the sanguinary and ferocious intolerance of religious bigotry. These were the men who, affecting to themselves a superior sanctity of life and conversation, obtained the name of Puritans, and were incessant in their endeavours to destroy the church of England, and to substitute in its place the sour discipline of the Scottish kirk. These were the persons with whom the real civil grievances, under which the nation laboured, were as nothing, the imaginary ecclesiastical grievances every thing. Hence religion, which, in fact, was not the real ground of the quarrel between the King and Parliament, became the ostensible motive to the war, and occasioned all those wild excesses of fanaticism and hypocrisy which the author of Hudibras so justly exposes.

It is not easy for the imagination to figure to itself a sect of men so austere and malignant in their dispositions, so frenetic in their humours, and uncomplying in their demands, as the

Puritans of this period. Howell, a contemporary writer, who was imprisoned by them in the Fleet, speaking of them after the civil war had commenced, says, "Who would have thought poor England would have been brought to this pass? could it ever have entered into the imagination of man that the scheme and whole frame of so ancient and well-moulded a government should be so suddenly struck off the hinges, quite out of joint, and tumbled into such a horrible confusion? who would have held it possible that to fly from Babylon, we should fall into such a Babel? that to avoid superstition, some people should be brought to belch out such horrid profaneness, as to call the temples of God the tabernacles of Satan; the Lord's supper a two-penny ordinary; to make the communion-table a manger, and the font a trough to water their horses in; to term the white decent robe of the Presbyter the whore's smock; the pipes through which nothing came but anthems and holy hymns, the devil's bag-pipes; the liturgy of the church, though extracted most of it out of the sacred text, called by some another kind of Alcoran, by others raw porridge, by some a piece forged in hell? who would have thought to have seen in England, the churches shut and the shops open on Christmas-day? could any soul have imagined that this isle would have produced such monsters as to rejoice at the Turks' good successes against Christians, and wish he were in the midst of Rome? who would have dreamt ten years before, when Archbishop Laud did ride in state through London streets, accompanied by my Lord of London, to be sworn Lord High Treasurer of England, that the *mitre* should now have come to such a scorn, and to such a national kind of hatred, as to put the whole island into a combustion."

In another letter, he says, "For news the world is here turned upside down, and it hath been long going so. You know, a good while since, we have had leather caps and beaver shoes, but now the arms are come to be legs, for bishops' lawn sleeves are worn for boot-hose tops; the waist is come to

the knee, for the points that used to be about the middle are now dangling there; boots and shoes are so long snouted that one can hardly kneel in God's house, where all genuflection and postures of devotion and decency are quite out of use. The devil may walk freely up and down the streets of London now, for there is not a cross to fright him any where, and it seems he was never so busy in any country upon earth, for there have been more witches arraigned and executed here lately than ever were in this island since the creation."

As the seeds of rebellion had been sown with care throughout the nation, the popular party had every advantage over the royal party at the commencement of the attack. The King and his advisers seem to have been ignorant of what constitutes the true strength of a nation. Relying on the nobility and the wealthier part of the gentry, whom, perhaps, they thought to gain over to their cause by the usual allurements of court favour, they neglected to secure to their interest the great mass of the people, by whom such an event as a civil war must ultimately be decided*. His opponents perceived his error, and employed every art to win over the common people to their cause.

* The learned and candid editor of Colonel Hutchinson's Memoirs, in a note upon that work, observes, "that persons of the description which now go under the name of Yeomanry, seemed to have been passed over by Charles and his advisers as of little consequence, and perhaps this was the real ground of the grand error they were in, of supposing they had all or most of the strength of the nation with them, because they had most of the nobility and richer gentry; whereas it was found, when a general movement took place, that the great bulk of the people was against them, and, like an overwhelming tide, bore down all before it."—"It is true," adds he, "that the mass of the people, having little time for contemplation, are content to let those to whom affluence gives leisure, think for them; but when they do think for themselves, and strongly adopt a sentiment, he is a bold man, and ought to have astonishing resources, who contravenes it. That will be generally, if not always, found the wiser government, which in-

Religion was their watch-word, and that sacred name, which should never be used but to breathe accents of humility and peace, was most artfully employed to render the breach between Charles and his subjects irremediable. In all parts of the country the royal clergy were displaced, and the pulpits filled with factious and seditious demagogues; and the war against the King preached for and prayed for as a holy crusade in behalf of the majesty of heaven.

The signal for open hostilities was the erection of the royal standard at Nottingham on the 25th of August 1642, when the King issued a proclamation, commanding all persons who were able to bear arms, to repair to the royal standard, which he had set up, in conformity with the ancient practice of the English Kings, when upon extraordinary occasions, they needed the assistance of their people. But the King's proclamation produced so little effect, that when the royal standard was unfurled, not a soul appeared, but a few trained bands assembled for the occasion. Every countenance was overspread with melancholy and dejection; and the standard being blown down by a storm, this accident was interpreted into an unlucky omen. Indeed, nothing could be more melancholy than the prospect of this unhappy monarch, destitute of troops, arms, artillery, and ammunition, except a very inconsiderable supply, altogether inadequate to his necessities, surrounded by timorous friends, distracted by jarring councils, wanting even the necessaries of life, and threatened by a powerful faction, which had not only despoiled him of his revenue and authority, but also interested the majority and richer part of the nation in its rebellions designs.

forms itself well as to the real bent of the public mind; and, if it is misled by a faction, takes the way of candour and frankness to dispel the mist of error or prejudice, but avoids to do violence to the general opinion."

In this emergency, the King, by the advice of his council, sent the Earls of Southampton and Dorset, Sir John Coleper, and Sir William Udall, with a message to the two Houses, proposing a treaty for an accommodation, declaring his firm resolution to maintain the true religion, and the privileges of his people; protesting that he earnestly desired peace, and that, should his proposal be rejected, God would not impute to him the blood that might be shed in the course of their dispute. The deputies were treated with great insolence and contempt by both Houses; and their answer imported, that, without derogating from the privileges of Parliament, they could not treat with the King, until he should have revoked those proclamations by which they were declared guilty of high-treason. In a subsequent message, he promised to revoke those proclamations, and take down his standard, as soon as they should fix a day for recalling their declarations, by which all his friends and adherents were treated as traitors to their country. They insisted on their former answer, assuring him, that if he would return to his Parliament, after the revocation which they had proposed, he should receive sensible marks of their fidelity and obedience; but that the Parliament, as representative of the kingdom, would never suffer itself to be put in competition with his majesty's pernicious counsellors. Then they published a declaration, protesting that they would never lay down their arms, until the King should have abandoned the delinquents to the justice of Parliament. Charles sent a third message, in which he said the public should judge whether he or they had manifested the warmer solicitude for peace; that should they in the sequel be desirous to treat, he would always remember, that the blood to be shed was that of his subjects; and that he would return to his Parliament as soon as the causes of his absence should cease. To this they returned a very acrimonious answer, charging his soldiers with having committed the most violent outrages, and himself with having not only caressed the agents of the Irish rebels, but also

with having seized the ammunition, clothing, and horses, provided for the reduction of those rebels, in order to be employed against his own Parliament. Charles in a subsequent declaration, absolutely denied the truth of those imputations; observing, by way of recrimination, that the two Houses had made no scruple of using against their sovereign one hundred thousand pounds, raised for the relief of Ireland; that though the House of Commons was composed of above five hundred members, two hundred had been obliged to relinquish their seats by the violence and threats of the majority; and that of one hundred peers, not above sixteen continued to sit in the upper House of Parliament.

It is not the intention of this preliminary discourse to enter at large upon the events of the civil war; and, therefore, we shall pass over the narratives of different sieges and battles, to notice other events of a different description, but more characteristic of the times. Among the other causes of jealousy against the King, with which the Parliament professed to be very suspicious, was a secret attachment to the church of Rome, which they never failed in their public declarations, to impute to his majesty, and against which their preachers inveighed most bitterly in their pulpits. Charles took a solemn occasion to rid himself of this accusation. Being at Oxford, and about to receive the sacrament from the hands of the Lord Archbishop of Armagh, he rose up from his knees, and beckoning to the archbishop for a short forbearance, made the following protestation: "My Lords, I espy here many resolved Protestants, who may declare it to the world the resolution I do now make. I have to the utmost of my power prepared my soul to become a worthy receiver; and may I so receive comfort by the blessed sacrament, as I do intend the establishment of the true reformed Protestant religion, as it stood in the happy days of Elizabeth, without any connivance at Popery. I bless God that, in the midst of these public distractions, I have still liberty to communi-

cate; and may this sacrament be my damnation, if my heart do not join with my lips in this protestation."

An asseveration so strong as this, and made too on such a solemn occasion, should, we think, have satisfied the Parliament of the King's sincerity in his religious opinions; but far from abating any of that jealousy which they pretended to entertain of his secret attachment to the Romish faith, they even seem to have resented this personal declaration of the King's religious sentiments as a direct insult upon themselves, and not to appear behind-hand with the King, they soon after promulgated their Solemn League and Covenant. By this celebrated instrument, which ran jointly in the names of the people of England, Scotland, and Ireland, the Parliament, which were then sitting at Westminster, with the Scotch commissioners, and the Assembly of Divines, bound to preserve the reformed religion in the three kingdoms; to promote an uniformity in doctrine and discipline; to extirpate popery and prelacy; to maintain the privileges of Parliament, and the liberties of the people; to defend his Majesty's person and authority, in the preservation and defence of the true religion, and the liberties of the kingdom; to discover incendiaries and malignants, that they might receive condign punishment; to promote a firm peace and union to all posterity; to assist one another with all their power; renounce neutrality, and resist temptations; to humble themselves for their sins, amend their lives, and vie with each other in the great work of reformation. This covenant was read in St. Margaret's church, at Westminster, in presence of both Houses; and the Commons ordered that it should be taken next Sunday by all persons in their respective parishes. Smollett says, "the Scots on this occasion, were partly influenced by temporal interest, and partly by fanaticism. They began to fear that, should the King triumph over the two Houses, he would retract all the concessions which had been extorted from him by the Scottish nation. They were inflamed with the hope of

establishing their darling presbytery in England, and even extending it to the remotest regions, and some of them were allured with the prospect of sharing the spoils of the Royalists."*

* Whatever the Scotch designed by the league and covenant, it is certain that but few of the English patriots entered heartily into it. At the time when it was proposed, their affairs were in a critical posture, and it demanded the utmost circumspection on their part to keep their Scottish auxiliaries faithful to their cause. The Editor of Colonel Hutchinson's Memoirs says, "that when the various sects had almost crushed the Episcopalians, the Presbyterian ministers began to rise pre-eminent in power, and to show, that though they had changed the name, they had by no means intended to diminish the dominion of the hierarchy. There are preserved in Whitelock two speeches, one of his own, and one of Seldon's, on this subject. To resist this usurpation there arose a very powerful party, or faction, under the name of Independents, under whose banner enlisted all who desired liberty of conscience, of whatever particular persuasion they might be; and amongst others, most naturally, all such as wished to see the church of England restored to her purity, and redeemed from her servility and subserviency to the usurpations of the crown; but whose hopes would have been totally destroyed if Presbytery had obtained a full and firm establishment. It is extraordinary that almost all the historians put the cause for the effect, and suggest that many members of the Parliament, and at the head of them Cromwell, raised this faction to obtain their own exaltation, whereas intolerancy raised it in the nation at large, and especially in the army, and Cromwell availed himself of it when raised." In a scarce book, called Anglia Rediviva, or the Success of the Army under Fairfax, written by Joshua Sprigge, he says, "the army was, by example and justice, kept in good order, both respectively to itself and the country: there were many of them differing in opinion, yet not in action nor business; they all agreed to preserve the kingdom; they prospered more in their unity than uniformity, and whatever their opinions were, they plundered none with them, nor disobeyed the state with them, and they were more visibly pious and peaceable in their opinions than

But whatever were the views of the Scots in pressing the league and covenant, it is certain that it was far more popular in Scotland than in England, and that many of the English leaders were guilty of great dissimulation in taking it. However, the fanatical preachers extolled it as a divine rather than a human composition, and in their publications addressed to the foreign reformed churches, particularly those of Geneva and Holland, continued to represent the King as an apostate from the Protestant religion, which occasioned his Majesty, who in truth was one of the best theological scholars of his age, to publish the following spirited address to the foreign churches of the reformed communion: "Whereas we are given to understand, that many false rumours and scandalous letters, are spread up and down amongst the reformed churches in foreign parts, by the politic, or rather the pernicious industry of some ill-affected persons, that have an inclination to recede from that orthodox religion which we were born, baptised, and bred in, and which we have firmly professed and practised through the whole course of our life to this moment; and that we intend to give way to the introduction and public exercise of Popery again in our dominions, which conjecture, or rather most detestable calumny, being grounded upon no imaginable foundation, hath raised these horrid tumults, and more than barbarous wars, throughout these flourishing islands, under pretext of a kind of reformation, which would not only prove incongruous, but incompatible with the fundamental laws and government of this our kingdom: we desire the whole Christian world to take notice, and rest assured, that we never entertained in our imagination the least thought to attempt such a thing, or to depart a jot from that holy religion which, when we received the crown and sceptre of this king-

many we call orthodox." Let the blame of all the misfortunes that flowed from it rest with those who gave disturbance to such men, not to those who screened them from persecution.

dom, we took a most solemn sacramental oath to profess and protect. Nor doth our most constant practice, and daily visible presence in the exercise of this sole religion, with so many asseverations at the head of our armies, and the public attestation of our lords, with the circumspection used in the education of our royal offspring, besides divers other undeniable arguments, only demonstrate this, but also, that happy alliance of marriage we contracted between our eldest daughter and the illustrious Prince of Orange, most clearly confirms the reality of our intentions herein: by which nuptial engagement it appears further, that our endeavours are not only to make a bare profession thereof in our own dominions, but to enlarge and corroborate it abroad, as much as lieth in our power. This most holy religion, with the hierarchy and liturgy thereof, we solemnly protest that, by the help of Almighty God, we will endeavour to our utmost power, and the last period of our life, to keep entire and immoveable, and will be careful according to our duty to Heaven, and the tenor of the aforesaid most sacred oath at our coronation, that all our ecclesiastics, in their several stages and incumbencies, shall preach and practise the same."

Whatever effect the King's declaration might produce upon the Protestant churches abroad, it is certain it produced no change in the disposition of his revolted subjects at home. The protestations of the King were treated with unreserved contempt, and Cromwell, who had succeeded in new modelling the army, by filling all the commissions with his own creatures, raised their suspicions of the King to the highest pitch of fanaticism. The new officers of the Parliamentary army exhibited a strange compound of military and religious discipline; they acted the part of chaplains as well as of officers; and, in the intervals of military duty, they exercised themselves in sermon, prayer, and exhortation. Fanaticism, when it is once put in motion, proceeds with a rapid and accumulating force. The general and his officers were seized with extacies of de-

votion, and poured forth rhapsodies, which they themselves mistook for prophecy and inspiration. Thus actuated, they mounted the pulpits, and held forth, in a torrent, that sort of eloquence, which, though least understood, is the most effectual in kindling the blaze of enthusiasm. The common soldiers were quickly infected by the same contagion; they were seized with the same holy fervour; they underwent the operation of grace; they communicated their mutual feelings; they gave utterance to the spirit; they advanced to battle singing psalms or religious songs; they fought with the most eager zeal, and died in full confidence of obtaining the crown of martyrdom.

Against men animated with such principles, it was impossible for the King to contend. On the 14th day of June, 1645, the decisive battle was fought at Naseby Field, which extinguished the hopes of the Royal party. It is true the civil war was not absolutely put an end to by the battle of Naseby, but the Royal cause sustained so severe a loss on that occasion, that the King was never able afterwards to make head against his rebel subjects.

To give a regular narrative of the events which afterwards led Charles to the block, would lead us much further than the nature of this preliminary discourse would allow, and therefore we shall only observe that, after his defeat at Naseby, the King's affairs went fast to ruin in all quarters. Hopeless of coming to any accommodation with the English Parliament, Charles, in an evil hour, was induced to withdraw himself from Oxford, and fly to the Scottish army, which at that time lay before Newark. He expected, perhaps, that the sight of their native prince, flying to them in the extremity of distress, would have roused every spark of generosity in their bosom, and procured him their favor and protection.

The Scottish generals and commissioners affected great surprise on the appearance of the King; and though they paid him all the exterior respect due to his dignity, they instantly

set a guard upon him, under colour of protection, and made him in reality a prisoner. They informed the English Parliament of this unexpected incident, and assured them, that they had entered into no private treaty with the King. Hearing that the Parliament laid claim to the entire disposal of the King's person, and that the English army was making some motions towards them, they thought proper to retire northwards, and to fix their camp at Newcastle.

This measure was very grateful to the King, and he began to entertain hopes of protection from the Scots. He was particularly attentive to the behaviour of their preachers. It was the mode of the age to make the pulpit the scene of news; and on every great event, the whole scripture was ransacked by the clergy for passages applicable to the present occasion. The first minister who preached before the King chose these words for his text: "And behold all the men of Israel came to the King, and said unto him, Why have our brethren, the men of Judah, stolen thee away, and have brought the King, and his household, and all David's men with him over Jordan? And all the men of Judah answered the men of Israel, Because the king is near of kin to us; wherefore then be ye angry for this matter? Have we eaten at all of the King's cost? or hath he given us any gift? And the men of Israel answered the men of Judah, and said, We have ten parts in the King, and we have also more right in David than ye: Why, then, did ye despise us, that our advice should not be first had in bringing back our King? And these words of the men of Judah were fiercer than the words of the men of Israel." But the King soon found that the happiness chiefly of the allusion had tempted the preacher to employ this text, and that the covenanting zealots were nowise pacified towards him. Another preacher, after reproaching him to his face with misgovernment, ordered this psalm to be sung:

Why dost thou, tyrant, boast thyself,
Thy wicked deeds to praise?

The King stood up, and called for that psalm which begins with these words;

Have mercy, Lord, on me, I pray,
For men would me devour.

The good-natured audience, in pity to fallen majesty, showed for once greater deference to the King than to the minister, and sung the psalm which the former had called for.

After various discussions between the Scottish and English commissioners, it was at length agreed, that the King should be delivered up to the latter, on the payment of 200,000*l.* which they pretended was due to them for former services.

Hume says, "intelligence concerning the final resolution of the Scottish nation to surrender him, was brought to the King; and he happened, at that very time, to be playing at chess. Such command of temper did he possess, that he continued his game without interruption; and none of the by-standers could perceive that the letter which he perused had brought him news of any consequence. The English commissioners, who, some days after, came to take him under their custody, were admitted to kiss his hand; and he received them with the same grace and cheerfulness as if they had travelled on no other errand than to pay court to him. The old Earl of Pembroke, in particular, who was one of them, he congratulated on his strength and vigour, that he was still able, during such a season, to perform so long a journey in company with so many young people.

The King being delivered over by the Scots to the English commissioners, was conducted under a guard to Holmby castle, in the county of Nottingham. On his journey the whole country flocked to behold him, moved partly by curiosity, and partly by compassion and affection. If any still retained rancour against him in his present condition, they passed in silence; while his well-wishers, more generous than prudent, accompanied his march with tears, with acclamations, and with prayers for his safety. The ancient superstition,

likewise, of desiring the King's touch in scrofulous distempers, seemed to acquire fresh credit among the people, from the general tenderness which began to prevail for this virtuous and unhappy monarch.

Every thing now tended to hasten the destruction of the royal captive. The Parliament and the army came to an open rupture respecting the arrears of pay due to the latter, and as each party wished to obtain possession of the King's person, Cromwell, by a bold decisive stroke, at once secured the victory in favor of his party.

A detachment of five hundred horse appeared at Holmby, conducted by one Joyce, who had once been a tailor by profession, but was now advanced to the rank of cornet, and was an active agitator in the army. Without being opposed by the guard, whose affections were all on their side, Joyce came into the King's presence, armed with pistols, and told him that he must immediately go along with him. *Whither?* said the King. *To the army,* replied Joyce. *By what warrant?* asked the King. Joyce pointed to the soldiers whom he brought along with him; tall, handsome, and well accoutered. *Your Warrant,* said Charles, smiling, *is writ in fair characters, legible without spelling.* The Parliamentary Commissioners came into the room: they asked Joyce, whether he had any orders from the Parliament? He said, *No.* From the general? *No.* By what authority he came? He made the same reply as to the King. *They would write,* they said, *to the Parliament, to know their pleasure. You may do so,* replied Joyce; *but in the meantime the King must immediately go with me.* Resistance was in vain. The King, after protracting the time as long as he could, went into his coach, and was safely conducted to the army, who were hastening to their rendezvous at Triplo Heath, near Cambridge.

When the King came to the army, he was treated at first with the most flattering marks of distinction. His chaplains were permitted to attend him, and celebrate service according

to the forms of the church of England, an indulgence which had before been denied him. He was permitted to converse with his old servants, Sir John Berkeley and Ashburnham, who attended his person; and even the Marquis of Ormond had free access to his presence: but the most exquisite pleasure he enjoyed, was the company of his own children, with whom he had several interviews, which were so tender, that they seemed to melt the heart of Oliver Cromwell, who declared, he had never seen such a pathetic scene as the meeting of this fond parent with his infant offspring, and extolled the King for the benevolence of his disposition. He was visited by the Scottish commissioners, who expressed the most eager desire to serve him, thinking it was their real interest to unite with their sovereign against the Independents, who were their common enemies. Cromwell and his associates caressed his Majesty, in order to prevent this union, and assured him they would not lay down their arms until he should be restored to his former dignity. Charles detested the Presbyterians, as the inveterate enemies of the hierarchy, and the authors of all the troubles to which he and the kingdom had been exposed: but he prudently maintained a correspondence with both sides, in hope of being chosen as umpire to decide their difference; or at least of holding the balance between them, so as to make either scale preponderate. He had too great an opinion of his own importance. Cromwell, Ireton, and the other chiefs of the Independent faction, amused him with vain hopes, until they had obtained a complete victory over the Presbyterians and the city.

"Most historians (says Hume) have thought that Cromwell never was sincere in his professions; and that, having by force rendered himself master of the King's person, and by fair pretences acquired the countenance of the Royalists, he had employed these advantages to the enslaving of the Parliament; and afterwards thought of nothing but the establishment of his own unlimited authority, with which he es-

teemed the restoration, and even life of the King, altogether incompatible. This opinion, so much warranted by the boundless ambition, and profound dissimulation of his character, meets with ready belief, though it is more agreeable to the narrowness of human views, and the darkness of futurity, to suppose that this daring usurper was guided by events, and did not as yet foresee, with any assurance, that unparalleled greatness which he afterwards attained. Many writers of that age have asserted, that he really intended to make a private bargain with the King; a measure which carried the most plausible appearance both for his safety and advancement: but that he found insuperable difficulties in reconciling with the wild humours of the army. The horror and antipathy of these fanatics had, for many years, been artfully fomented against Charles; and though their principles were, on all occasions, easily warped and eluded by private interest, yet was some colouring requisite, and a flat contradiction to all former professions and tenets could not be safely proposed to them. It is certain, at least, that Cromwell made use of this reason, why he admitted rarely of visits from the King's friends, and showed less favour than formerly to the royal cause. The agitators, he said, had rendered him odious to the army, and had represented him as a traitor, who, for the sake of private interest, was ready to betray the cause of God to the great enemy of piety and religion. Desperate projects, too, he asserted to be secretly formed for the murder of the King; and he pretended much to dread lest all his authority, and that of the commanding officers, would not be able to restrain these enthusiasts from their bloody purposes."

Intelligence being daily brought to the King of menaces thrown out by the agitators, he began to think of retiring from Hampton court, where he now resided, and of putting himself in some place of safety. The guards were doubled upon him: the promiscuous concourse of people restrained: and a more jealous care exerted in attending his person; all

under colour of protecting him from danger, but really with a view of making him uneasy in his present situation. These artifices soon produced the intended effect. Charles, who was naturally apt to be swayed by counsel, and who had not access then to any good counsel, took suddenly a resolution of withdrawing, though without any concerted, or at least any rational scheme, for the future disposal of his person. Early in the evening, the King retired to his chamber, on pretence of being indisposed; and, in an hour after midnight, went down the back stairs, attended by Ashburnham and Legg, both gentlemen of the bed-chamber. Sir John Berkeley waited for him at the garden gate with horses, which they instantly mounted, and directed their route towards Hampshire. Ashburnham said he had bespoke a ship for conveying the King to some part of the continent, or to Jersey, but the vessel could not be found at the place appointed. The royal fugitives, thus disappointed, repaired to Titchfield, a seat belonging to the Earl of Southampton, and discovered himself to that nobleman's mother, who received him with the warmest cordiality. There he deliberated with his friends about his next excursion; and they advised him to cross over to the Isle of Wight, which was under the government of Hammond, a man entirely dependant on Cromwell. Ashburnham and Berkeley were sent before to exact a promise of this officer, that if he could not protect, he would not detain his Majesty's person. Hammond seemed surprised at their address; expressed his inclination to serve his Majesty, but owned, at the same time, he was under the necessity of obeying his superiors. When he understood where the King was, he accompanied them to Titchfield with a guard of soldiers, and staid in a lower apartment, while Ashburnham went up to the King's chamber. Charles no sooner understood that Hammond was in the house, than he exclaimed, "O Jack, thou hast undone me." The other shed a flood of tears, and offered to go down and dispatch the Colonel, but the King

would not consent. He re-collected all his fortitude, and sent for Hammond, who repeated his professions of regard, and seemed to believe the army would take no step to his prejudice. Charles submitted to his fate, accompanied the colonel to the Isle of Wight, and was lodged in Carisbrook Castle, where, though received with great demonstrations of respect and duty, he was in reality a prisoner.

A treaty was shortly afterwards entered into between the King and the Parliament, but the terms proposed to him were such as he could not, either in honour or conscience, accept; and when the negotiation was broken off, Hammond, by orders from the army, removed all his servants, cut off his correspondence with his friends, and shut him up in close confinement. The King afterwards showed to Sir Philip Warwick a decripid old man, who, he said, was employed to kindle his fire, and was the best company he enjoyed during the several months that this rigorous confinement lasted. No amusement was allowed him, nor society, which might relieve his anxious thoughts: to be speedily poisoned or assassinated was the only prospect which he had every moment before his eyes: for he entertained no apprehension of a judicial sentence and execution; an event of which no history hitherto furnished an example. Meanwhile, the Parliament was very industrious in publishing, from time to time, the intelligence which they received from Hammond; how cheerful the King was, how pleased with every thing that approached him, how satisfied in his present condition. The great source whence the King derived consolation amidst all his calamities, was undoubtedly religion; a principle which, in him, seems to have contained nothing fierce or gloomy, nothing which enraged him against his adversaries, or terrified him with the dismal prospect of futurity. While every thing round him bore a hostile aspect; while friends, family, relations, whom he passionately loved, were placed at a distance, and unable to serve him, he reposed himself with confidence in the arms of that Being who pene-

trates and sustains all nature, and whose severities, if received with piety and resignation, he regarded as the surest pledges of unexhausted favour.

A final attempt at an accommodation between Charles and the Parliament was made at Newport, in the autumn of 1648; but, like former attempts, failed through the unbending obstinacy of the Puritan leaders. The King yielded to all their demands, except what concerned the abolition of episcopacy, and the giving up of his friends. These were conditions to which he thought himself bound in honour and conscience not to consent; and his firmness in these points, however creditable to his character, proved in the event fatal to him.

When the Parliament was negotiating with the King, Cromwell, and the other leaders of the army, were employed in quelling various dangerous insurrections in different parts of the kingdom; and their usual success having attended their arms, they now returned to London, flushed with victory, and determined no longer to observe any terms with their adversaries. Their first step was to exclude from the Parliament all those members whom they thought unfriendly to their cause. When the Commons were to meet, Colonel Pride, formerly a drayman, surrounded the house with two regiments, and seized in the passage forty-one members of the Presbyterian party, and sent them to a low room, which passed by the appellation of *hell*, whence they were afterwards carried to several inns. About 160 members more were excluded, and none were allowed to enter but the most furious and most determined of the Independents. This invasion of the Parliament commonly passed under the name of *Colonel Pride's Purge*, so much disposed was the nation to make merry with the dethroning of those members who had arrogated the whole authority of government, and deprived the King of his regal prerogatives.

One of the first acts of this remnant of the House of Commons, was the appointment of a committee to draw up a for-

mal accusation or impeachment of the King. Charles was now removed from the Isle of Wight to Windsor, and every thing announced to him that the period of his life was now fast approaching: but, notwithstanding all the preparations which were making, and the intelligence which he received, he could not, even yet, believe that his enemies really meant to conclude their violences, by a public trial and execution. A private assassination he every moment looked for; and, though Harrison assured him that his apprehensions were entirely groundless, it was by that catastrophe, so frequent with dethroned princes, that he expected to terminate his life. In appearance, as well as in reality, the King was now dethroned. All the exterior symbols of sovereignty were withdrawn, and his attendants had orders to serve him without ceremony. At first, he was shocked with instances of rudeness and familiarity, to which he had been so little accustomed. *Nothing so contemptible as a despised Prince!* was the reflection which they suggested to him. But he soon reconciled his mind to this, as he had done to his other calamities.

All the circumstances of the trial were now adjusted, and the high court of justice fully constituted. It consisted of 133 persons, as named by the Commons; but there scarcely ever sat above 70: so difficult was it, notwithstanding the blindness of prejudice, and the allurements of interest, to engage men of any character or name in that criminal measure. Cromwell, Ireton, Harrison, and the chief officers of the army, most of them of mean birth, were members, together with some of the Lower House and some citizens of London. The twelve judges were at first appointed of the number; but, as they had affirmed, that it was contrary to all ideas of English law to try the King for treason, by whose authority all accusations for treason must necessarily be conducted, their names, as well as those of some peers, were afterwards struck out. Bradshaw, a lawyer, was chosen president. Coke was ap-

pointed solicitor for the people of England. Dorislaus, Steele, and Aske, were named assistants. The court sat in Westminster-hall.

"The pomp, the dignity, the ceremony of this transaction," says Hume, "corresponded to the greatest conception that is suggested in the annals of human kind. The delegates of a great people, sitting in judgment upon their supreme magistrate, and trying him for his misgovernment and breach of trust." The solicitor, in the name of the Commons, represented, that Charles Stuart, being admitted King of England, and entrusted with a limited power; yet, nevertheless, from a wicked design, to erect an unlimited and tyrannical government, had traitorously and maliciously levied war against the present Parliament, and the people whom they represented, and was therefore impeached as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and a public and implacable enemy to the commonwealth. After the charge was finished, the president directed his discourse to the King, and told him, that the court expected his answer.

The King, though long detained a prisoner, and now produced as a criminal, sustained, by his magnanimous courage, the majesty of a monarch. With great temper and dignity he declined the authority of the court, and refused to submit himself to their jurisdiction. Three times was Charles produced before the court, and as often declined their jurisdiction. On the fourth, the judges having examined some witnesses, by whom it was proved that the King had appeared in arms against the forces commissioned by the Parliament, they pronounced sentence against him. The King seemed very anxious at this time to be admitted to a conference with the two houses; and, it was supposed, that he intended to resign the crown to his son; but the court refused, and considered the request as nothing but a delay of justice.

It is confessed, even by his enemies, that the King's behaviour, during this last scene of life, does honour to his me-

mory; and that, in all appearance, before his judges he never forgot his part, either as a prince or as a man. Firm and intrepid, he maintained, in each reply, the utmost perspicuity and justness both of thought and expression. Mild and equable, he rose into no passion at that unusual authority which was assumed over him. His soul, without effort or affectation, seemed only to remain in the situation familiar to it, and to look down with contempt on all the efforts of human malignity and iniquity. The soldiers, instigated by their superiors, though with difficulty, cried aloud for justice: *Poor souls*, said the King to one of his attendants, for a little money they would do as much against one of their commanders. Some of them were permitted to go to the utmost length of brutal violence, and to spit in his face as he was conducted along the passage to the court. To excite a sentiment of pity was the only effect which this inhuman insult was able to produce upon him.

The people, though under the rod of lawless unlimited power, could not forbear, with the most ardent prayers, pouring forth their wishes for his preservation; and, in his present distress, they avowed *him*, by their generous tears, for their monarch, *whom*, in their misguided fury, they had before so violently rejected. The King was softened at this moving scene, and expressed his gratitude for their dutiful affection. One soldier too, seized by contagious sympathy, demanded from heaven a blessing on oppressed and fallen majesty. His officer overheard the prayer, and beat him to the ground in the King's presence. *The punishment, methinks, exceeds the offence.* This was the reflection which Charles formed on that occasion.

Three days were allowed the King between his sentence and his execution. This interval he passed in great tranquillity, chiefly in reading and devotion. All his family that remained in England were allowed access to him. It consisted only of

the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester; for the Duke of York had made his escape. Gloucester was little more than an infant: the princess, notwithstanding her tender years, shewed an advanced judgment; and the calamities of her family had made a deep impression on her. After many pious consolations and advices, the King gave her in charge to tell the Queen, that, during the whole course of his life, he had never once, even in thought, failed in his fidelity towards her; and that his conjugal tenderness and life should have an equal duration.

To the young Duke, too, he could not forbear giving some advice, in order to season his mind with early principles of loyalty and obedience towards his brother, who was soon to be his sovereign. Holding him on his knee, he said, "Now they will cut off thy father's head." At these words the child looked very steadfastly upon him. "Mark, child! what I say. They will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king: But mark what I say, thou must not be a king as long as thy brothers, Charles and James, are alive. They will cut off thy brothers' heads if they can catch them! And thy head too they will cut off at last! therefore, I charge thee, do not be made a King by them." The Duke, sighing, replied, "I will be torn in pieces first." So determined an answer, from one of such tender years, filled the King's eyes with tears of joy and admiration.

On the morning of the fatal day, the King rose early, and calling Herbert, one of his attendants, he bade him employ more than usual care in dressing him, and preparing him for so great and joyful a solemnity. Bishop Juxon, a man endowed with the same mild and steady virtues, by which the King himself was so much distinguished, assisted him in his devotions, and paid the last melancholy duties to his friend and sovereign.

The street before Whitehall was the place destined for the execution: for it was intended, by choosing the very place in

sight of his own palace, to display more evidently the triumph of popular justice over royal majesty. When the King came upon the scaffold, he found it so surrounded by soldiers that he could not expect to be heard by any of the people. He addressed, therefore, his discourse to the few persons who were about him; particularly Colonel Tomlinson, to whose care he had lately been committed, and upon whom, as upon many others, his amiable deportment had wrought an entire conversion. He justified his own innocence in the late fatal wars, and observed, that he had not taken arms till after the Parliament had enlisted forces; nor had he any other object in his warlike operations than to preserve that authority entire which his predecessors had transmitted to him. He threw not, however, the blame upon the Parliament: but was more inclined to think, that ill instruments had interposed, and raised in them fears and jealousies with regard to his intentions. Though innocent towards his people, he acknowledged the equity of his execution in the eyes of his Maker; and observed, that an unjust sentence, which he had suffered to take effect, was now punished by an unjust sentence upon himself. He forgave all his enemies, even the chief instruments of his death; but exhorted them, and the whole nation, to return to the ways of peace, by paying obedience to their lawful sovereign, his son and successor. When he was preparing himself for the block, Bishop Juxon called to him, "There is, Sir, but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a short one. Consider, it will soon carry you a great way; it will carry you from earth to heaven, and there you shall find, to your great joy, the prize to which you hasten, a crown of glory."—"I go," replied the King, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown; where no disturbance can have place." At one blow his head was severed from his body. A man in a vizor performed the office of executioner; and another, in a like disguise, held up to the spectators the head

streaming with blood, and cried aloud, *This is the head of a Traitor!*

Such was the tragical end of Charles the First, a man in private life adorned with every virtue that confers lustre on the human character, but, as a monarch, of a disposition unfit for the critical and perplexed times in which he lived. A few days after the decapitation of the King, the House of Commons passed an ordinance, declaring the House of Lords abolished as useless and dangerous; and they likewise voted the monarchical form of government dissolved. It is remarkable that Martin, a zealous republican, in the debate on this question, confessed, that if they desired a King, the last was as proper as any gentleman in England. The Commons ordered a new great seal to be engraved, on which that assembly was represented with this legend, ON THE FIRST YEAR OF FREEDOM, BY GOD'S BLESSING, RESTORED, 1648. The forms of all public business were changed from the King's name to that of the keepers of the liberties of England; and it was declared high-treason to proclaim, or any otherwise acknowledge, Charles Stuart, commonly called Prince of Wales.

"The confusions which overspread England after the murder of the King," says Hume, "proceeded as well from the spirit of refinement and innovation which agitated the ruling party, as from the dissolution of all that authority, both civil and ecclesiastical, by which the nation had ever been accustomed to be governed. Every man had framed the model of a republic; and, however new it was, or fantastical, he was eager in recommending it to his fellow-citizens, or even imposing it by force upon them. Every man had adjusted a system of religion, which, being derived from no traditional authority, was peculiar to himself; and, being founded on supposed inspiration, not on any principles of human reason, had no means, besides cant and low rhetoric, by which it could recommend itself to

others. The Levellers insisted on an equal distribution of power and property, and disclaimed all dependance and subordination. The Millenarians, or fifth-monarchy-men, required that government itself should be abolished, and all human powers be laid in the dust, in order to pave the way to the dominion of Christ, whose second coming they suddenly expected. The Antinomians even insisted that the obligations of morality and natural law were suspended, and that the elect, guided by an internal principle, more perfect and divine, were superior to the *beggarly elements* of justice and humanity. A considerable party disclaimed against tythes and hireling priesthood, and were resolved, that the magistrate should not support, by power or revenue, any ecclesiastical establishment. Another party inveighed against the law and its professors, and were desirous of abolishing the whole system of English jurisprudence, which seemed interwoven with monarchical government. Even those among the republicans, who adopted not such extravagancies, were so intoxicated with their saintly character, that they supposed themselves possessed of peculiar privileges; and all professions, oaths, laws, and engagements had, in a great measure, lost their influence over them. The bands of society were every where loosened, and the irregular passions of men were encouraged by speculative principles, still more unsocial and irregular."

Among such an heterogeneous mass of extravagance, delusion, fanaticism, and the widest credulity, it will not appear astonishing that one man of a vigorous mind, and boundless ambition, should have converted the madness of the times to his own advantage, and raised himself up to a pinnacle of power far superior to that of his legitimate sovereign, whom he had so eminently contributed to dethrone. Suited to the age in which he lived, and to that alone, Cromwell was equally qualified to gain the affection and confidence of men by what was mean, vulgar, and ridiculous in his character, as to com-

mand their obedience by what was great, daring, and enterprising. Familiar, even to buffoonery, with the meanest sentinel, he never lost his authority: transported to a degree of madness with religious extacies, he never forgot the political purposes to which they might serve. Hating monarchy while a subject, despising liberty while a citizen, though he retained for a time all orders of men under a seeming obedience to the Parliament, he was secretly paving the way, by artifice and courage, to his own unlimited authority.

But it was not until he had carried his military reputation to the highest pitch in Scotland and Ireland, and finally, by the battle of Worcester, given a decisive blow to the royal party, that Cromwell clearly unfolded his ambitious views.

The government of the kingdom was vested in a council of state, consisting of thirty-eight members, of whom a great majority were in the interest of Cromwell, and could be considered in no other light than as his creatures. But it was otherwise with the remnant of the House of Commons, which still continued to sit at Westminster. Jealous of the designs of the army, and full of the most extravagant notions of their own competency to govern the commonwealth, they were above all things anxious to disband the army. The council of officers, with Cromwell at their head, aware of the enmity of the Parliament, presented a remonstrance to them, requiring the payment of their arrears, and demanding a dissolution of the Parliament, in order that the people might be at liberty to fill up the vacancies that had occurred in the representation.

The house was highly offended with this remonstrance, and made a sharp reply to the council of officers. The officers insisted on their advice; and, by the mutual altercation and opposition, the breach became wider and wider between them. Cromwell finding matters ripe for his purpose, called a council of officers, in order to come to a determination with regard to the public settlement. While the officers were in debate,

Colonel Ingoldsby informed Cromwell, that the Parliament was sitting, and had come to a resolution not to dissolve themselves, but to fill up the House by new elections, and was at that very time engaged in deliberations with regard to this expedient. Cromwell, in a rage, immediately hastened to the house, and carried a body of three hundred soldiers along with him. Some of them he placed at the door, some in the lobby, some on the stairs. He first addressed himself to his friend St. John, and told him that he had come with a purpose of doing what grieved him to the very soul, and what he had earnestly, with tears, besought the Lord not to impose upon him. But there was a necessity, in order to the glory of God and good of the nation. He then sat down for some time, and heard the debate. He beckoned Harrison, and told him, that he now judged the Parliament ripe for dissolution. "Sir," said Harrison, "the work is very great and dangerous: I desire you seriously to consider before you engage in it."— "You say well," replied the general; and thereupon sat still about a quarter of an hour. When the question was ready to be put, he said again to Harrison, "This is the time; I must do it." And suddenly starting up, he loaded the Parliament with the vilest reproaches, for their tyranny, ambition, oppression, and robbery of the public. Then stamping with his foot, which was the signal for the soldiers to enter; "For shame," said he to the Parliament; "get you gone; give place to honester men; to those who will more faithfully discharge their trust. You are no longer a Parliament. I tell you, you are no longer a Parliament. The Lord has done with you: he has chosen other instruments for carrying on his work." Sir Harry Vane exclaiming against this proceeding, he cried with a loud voice, "O Sir Harry Vane, Sir Harry Vane, the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane." Taking hold of Martin by the cloak, "Thou art a whoremaster," said he. To another, "Thou art an adulterer." To a third, "Thou art a

drunkard and a glutton. And thou an extortioner," to a fourth. He commanded a soldier to seize the mace. "What shall we do with this bauble? here take it away. It is you," said he, addressing himself to the house, "that have forced me upon this. I have sought the Lord day and night, that he would rather slay me than put me upon this work." Having commanded the soldiers to clear the hall, he himself went out the last, and, ordering the doors to be locked, departed to his lodging in Whitehall.

In this furious manner, which so well denotes his genuine character, did Cromwell (says Hume) without the least opposition, or even murmur, annihilate that famous assembly which had filled all Europe with the renown of its actions, and with astonishment at its crimes, and whose commencement was not desired more ardently by the people than was its final dissolution. All parties now reaped successively the melancholy pleasure of seeing the injuries which they had suffered revenged on their enemies; and that, too, by the same arts which had been practised against them. The King had, in some instances, stretched his prerogative beyond its just bounds; and, aided by the church, had well nigh put an end to all the liberties and privileges of the nation. The Presbyterians checked the progress of the court and clergy, and excited, by cant and hypocrisy, the populace, first to tumults, then to war, against the King, the Peers, and all the Royalists. No sooner had they reached the pinnacle of grandeur, than the Independents, under the appearance of still greater sanctity, instigated the army against them, and reduced them to subjection. The Independents, amidst their empty dreams of liberty, or rather of dominion, were oppressed by the rebellion of their own servants, and found themselves at once exposed to the insults of power and the hatred of the people.—We may add here a reflection, that by recent, as well as all ancient example, it has become evident that illegal violence,

with whatever pretences it may be covered, and whatever objects it may pursue, must inevitably end at last in the arbitrary and despotic government of a single person.

One of the first measures of Cromwell was to call a Parliament of his own. In this assembly there were some persons of the rank of gentlemen; but the far greater part were low mechanics; fifth-monarchy-men, Anabaptists, Antinomians, Independents; the very dregs of the fanatics. They began with seeking the Lord with prayer. This office was performed by eight or ten *gifted* men of the assembly; and with so much success, that, according to the confession of all, they had never before, in any of their devotional exercises, enjoyed so much of the holy spirit as was then communicated to them. Among the fanatics of the House, there was an active member, much noted for his long prayers, sermons, and harangues, who took upon himself the appellation of *Prdise God Barebone.* This ridiculous name, which one would almost imagine had been chosen by some wicked wit to suit so ridiculous a personage, struck the fancy of the people; and they commonly affixed to this assembly the appellation of Barebone's Parliament.

After sitting about four months, without passing any extraordinary laws, except that which established the legal solemnization of marriage by the civil magistrate alone, without the interposition of the clergy, this Parliament, with Rouse their Speaker at their head, waited on Cromwell, and formally assigned their authority into his hands. Some of them remained behind in the house, and wanted to protest against this act of the majority, but they were interrupted by Colonel White, with a party of soldiers, who asked them what they did there? "We are seeking the Lord," said they. "Then you may elsewhere," replied he, "for to my certain knowledge he has not been here these many years."

Cromwell was now proclaimed Lord Protector, and invested with all the regal prerogatives. He had the absolute direction

of the army and navy; the appointment of officers: he coined money with his effigy; summoned a Parliament; created Peers; and in all things acted like a crowned head, though, in all public deeds, the name of the commonwealth was still preserved.

The writers attached to the memory of Cromwell, make his character, with regard to abilities, bear the air of the most extravagant panegyric: his enemies form such a representation of his moral qualities as resembles the most virulent invective. Both of them, it must be confessed, are supported by such striking circumstances in his conduct and fortune as bestow on their representation a great air of probability. "What can be more extraordinary," says Cowley, "than that a person of private birth and education, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes no shining talents of mind, which have often raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the abilities to execute, so extraordinary a design as the subverting one of the most ancient and best established monarchies in the world? that he should have the power and boldness to put his prince and master to an infamous death? should banish that numerous and strongly-allied family? cover all these temerities under seeming obedience to Parliament, in whose service he pretended to be retained? trample too upon that Parliament in their turn, and scornfully expel them so soon as they gave him ground of dissatisfaction; erect in their place the dominion of the saints, and give reality to the most visionary idea, which the heated imagination of any fanatic was ever able to entertain? suppress again that monster in its infancy, and openly set himself up above all things that were ever called sovereign in England? overcome, first, all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice? serve all parties patiently for a while, and command them victoriously at last? overrun each corner of the three nations, and subdue,

with equal facility, both the riches of the south, and the poverty of the north? be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and be adopted a brother to the gods of the earth? call together Parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth? reduce to subjection a warlike and discontented nation, by means of a mutinous army? command a mutinous army by means of seditious and factious officers? be humbly and daily petitioned, that he would be pleased, at the rate of a million a-year, to be hired as master of those who had hired him before to be their servant? have the estates and lives of three nations as much at his disposal as was once the little inheritance of his father, and be as noble and liberal in the spending of them? and, lastly, (for there is no end of enumerating every particular of his glory) with one word bequeath all his power and splendor to his posterity? be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity? and leave a name behind him not to be extinguished but with the whole world; which as it was too little for his praise, so it might have been for his conquests, if the short line of his mortal life could have stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs."

On the death of Cromwell, on the 3d of September, 1658, his eldest son Richard succeeded him in the Protectorship, and received addresses of congratulation from all parts of the kingdom. Historians have represented him as a man of a gentle, humane, and generous disposition, without the least tincture of his father's dissimulation or spirit. The republican party, whom the firmness of Oliver had repressed, now began to form cabals, and, joining with the factious officers of the army, voted a remonstrance, lamenting that *the good old cause* was entirely neglected. Richard, who was no fanatic, disregarded this remonstrance; and soon after gave them additional grounds of discontent, for murmurs being thrown out against some promotions he had made. "Would you have

me," said he, "prefer none but the godly? Here is Dick Ingoldsby," continued he, "who can neither pray nor preach; yet I will trust him before you all." The saints were so severely stung with this sarcasm, that they immediately set about the dismission of Richard, and having prevailed on him to dissolve the parliament, on which alone he could have relied for assistance, three days afterwards they compelled him to sign his resignation.

Of the events which led to the overthrow of the fluctuating governments, cabals, and parties, that succeeded each other so rapidly after the dismission of Richard, and, in a few months, led to the restoration of the royal family, the reader will find so ample an account in Canto II. Part III. and the notes attached to it, that it would be superfluous here to enlarge upon them.

The object of this discourse is not so much to write the history of those times, as to give detached views of individuals, and sketches of the characters of the age. Butler is sometimes neglected as an obscure writer, because the vices and follies which he lashed are almost forgotten. Indeed it is scarcely possible to understand his humour without a very intimate acquaintance with the transactions of the era in which he lived. When that is attained, every difficulty then vanishes, and we no longer doubt the resemblance of the pictures he has drawn.

The philosophic Hume, speaking of the state of manners and arts under the commonwealth, says, "No people could undergo a change more sudden and entire in their manners than did the English nation during this period. From tranquillity, concord, submission, sobriety, they passed in an instant to a state of faction, fanaticism, rebellion, and almost frenzy. The violence of the English parties exceeded any thing which we can now imagine: Had they continued but a little longer, there was just reason to dread all the horrors of

the ancient proscriptions and massacres. The military usurpers, whose authority was founded on palpable injustice, and was supported by no national party, would have been impelled by rage and despair into such sanguinary measures; and, if these furious expedients had been embraced on one side, revenge had naturally pushed the other party, after a return of power, to retaliate upon their enemies. No social intercourse was maintained betwixt the parties; no marriages or alliance contracted. The Royalists, though oppressed, harassed, and persecuted, disdained all affinity with their masters. The more they were reduced to subjection, the greater superiority did they affect over those usurpers, who, by violence and injustice, had acquired an ascendant over them. The manners of the two factions were as opposite as those of the most distant nations. "Your friends, the Cavaliers," said a Parliamentarian to a Royalist, "are very dissolute and debauched."—"Yes," replied the Royalist, "they have the infirmities of men: but your friends, the Roundheads, have the vices of devils, tyranny, rebellion, and spiritual pride." Riot and disorder, it is certain, notwithstanding the good example set them by Charles the First, prevailed very much among his partizans. Being commonly men of birth and fortune, to whom excesses are less pernicious than to the vulgar, they were too apt to indulge themselves in all pleasures, particularly those of the table. Opposition to the rigid preciseness of their antagonists increased their inclination to good-fellowship; and the character of a man of pleasure was affected among them as a sure pledge of attachment to the church and monarchy. Even when ruined by confiscations and sequestrations, they endeavoured to maintain the appearance of a careless and social jollity. "As much as hope is superior to fear," said a poor and merry cavalier, "so much is our situation preferable to that of our enemies. We laugh while they tremble."

"The gloomy enthusiasm," continues this animated historian, "which prevailed among the parliamentary party, is surely the most curious spectacle presented by any history; and the most instructive, as well as entertaining, to a philosophical mind. All recreations were, in a manner, suspended by the rigid severity of the Presbyterians and Independents. Horse-racing and cock-matches were prohibited as the greatest enormities. Even bear-baiting was esteemed heathenish and unchristian. The sport of it, not the inhumanity, gave offence. Colonel Hewson, from his pious zeal, marched with his regiment into London, and destroyed all the bears which were kept for the diversion of the citizens." This adventure seems to have given birth to the fiction of Hudibras.

"Though the English nation be naturally candid and sincere, hypocrisy prevailed among them, beyond any example, in ancient or modern times. The religious hypocrisy, it may be remarked, is of a peculiar nature; and, being generally unknown to the person himself, though more dangerous, it implies less falsehood than any other species of insincerity. The Old Testament, preferable to the New, was the favorite of all the sectaries. The eastern poetical style of that composition made it more easily susceptible of a turn which was agreeable to them.

"Among the numerous sects which sprung up in those fanatic times, that of the Quakers, perhaps, was the most extraordinary, as it has been the most lasting. The religion of the Quakers, like most others, began with the lowest vulgar, and, in its progress, came at last to comprehend people of better quality and fashion. George Fox, born at Drayton, in Lancashire, in 1624, was the founder of this sect. He was the son of a weaver, and was himself bound apprentice to a shoemaker. Feeling a stronger impulse towards spiritual contemplations than towards that mechanical profession, he left his master, and went about the country, clothed in a leathern

doublet, a dress which he long affected, as well for its singularity as its cheapness. That he might wean himself from sublunary objects, he broke off all connexions with his family and friends, and never dwelt a moment in one place, lest habit should beget new connexions, and depress the sublimity of his ærial meditations. He frequently wandered into the woods, and passed whole days in hollow trees, without company, or any other amusement than his Bible. Having reached that pitch of perfection as to need no other book, he soon advanced to another state of spiritual progress, and began to pay less regard even to that divine composition itself. His own breast, he imagined, was full of the same inspiration which had guided the prophets and apostles themselves; and by this inward light must every spiritual obscurity be cleared; by this living spirit must the dead letter be animated.

"When he had been sufficiently consecrated in his own imagination, he felt that the fumes of self-applause soon dissipate, if not continually supplied by the admiration of others; and he began to seek proselytes. Proselytes were easily gained, at a time when all men's affections were turned towards religion, and when the most extravagant modes of it were sure to be the most popular. All the forms of ceremony, invented by pride and ostentation, Fox and his disciples, from a superior pride and ostentation, carefully rejected; even the ordinary rites of civility were shunned, as the nourishment of carnal vanity and self-conceit. They would bestow no titles of distinction. The name of *friend* was the only salutation with which they indiscriminately accosted every one. To no person would they make a bow, or move their hat, or give any sign of reverence. Instead of that affected adulation, introduced into modern tongues, of speaking to individuals as if they were a multitude, they returned to the simplicity of ancient language; and *thee* and *thou* were the only expressions which, on any consideration, they could be brought to employ.

Dress, too, a material circumstance, distinguished the members of this sect. Every superfluity and ornament was carefully retrenched: no plaits to their coat; no buttons to their sleeves; no lace, no ruffles, no embroidery. Even a button to the hat, though sometimes useful, yet not being always so, was universally rejected by them with horror and detestation.

The violent enthusiasm of this sect, like all high passions, being too strong for weak nerves to sustain, threw the preachers into convulsions, and shakings, and distortions in their limbs, and they thence received the appellation of Quakers. No fanatics ever carried farther the hatred to ceremonies, forms, orders, rites, and positive institutions. Even baptism, and the Lord's supper, by all other sects believed to be interwoven with the very vitals of Christianity, were disdainfully rejected by them. The very sabbath they profaned. The holiness of churches they derided; and they would give to those sacred edifices no other appellations than that of *shops* or *steeple houses*. No priests were admitted into their sect. Every one had received, from immediate illumination, a character much superior to the sacerdotal. When they met for divine worship, each rose up in his place, and delivered the extemporary inspirations of the Holy Ghost. Women also were admitted to teach the brethren, and were considered as proper vehicles to convey the dictates of the spirit. Sometimes a great many preachers were moved to speak at once; sometimes a total silence prevailed in their congregations.

To recount all the extravagancies of this singular sect would require a volume. Some of the early Quakers attempted to fast forty days, in imitation of Christ, and one of them bravely perished in the experiment. A female Quaker came naked into the church where the Protector sat, being moved by the spirit, as she said, to appear as a sign to the people. A number of them fancied that the renovation of all things had commenced, and that clothes were to be rejected, together

with other superfluities. The sufferings which followed the practice of this doctrine, were a species of persecution not well calculated for promoting it.

Among the Quakers who flourished in Cromwell's time, James Naylor was one, whose blasphemy, or rather madness, has secured him an immortal place in the temple of religious visionaries. He fancied that he himself was transformed into Christ, and was become the real Saviour of the world; and, in consequence of this frenzy, he endeavoured to imitate many actions of the Messiah, related in the evangelists. As he bore a resemblance to the common pictures of Christ, he allowed his beard to grow in a like form: he even pretended to raise a person from the dead. He was ministered unto by women, and entered Bristol mounted on a horse; Hume supposes, from the difficulty in that place of finding an ass. His disciples spread their garments before him, and cried, "Hosanna to the highest: Holy, holy, is the Lord God of Sabbaoth." When carried before the magistrate, he would give no other answer to all questions, than "thou hast said it." What is remarkable, the Parliament thought that the matter deserved their attention. Near ten days were spent in inquiries and debates concerning him. They condemned him to be pilloried, whipped, burned in the face, and to have his tongue bored through with a red hot iron. All these severities he bore with the usual patience; so far his delusion supported him. But the event spoiled all. He was sent to Bridewell, confined to hard labour, fed on bread and water, and debarred from all his disciples, male and female. His allusion dissipated; and, after some time, he was contented to come out an ordinary man, and return to his usual occupations.

Other instances, full as extravagant, might be cited of the madness and credulity of the times: but enough has been said for the historical elucidation of our poet; and, where particular allusions occur in the body of the poem, they will

seldom be found unexplained by notes. The editor has spared no pains of research to render his part of the work instructive and entertaining, and he now sends it before the public with the hope that his labours may contribute to their gratification. This much he may at least say in his own commendation, that he has been very scrupulous to expunge the pruriencies of former editors, and that he is not conscious a single expression will be found in the present edition which can give offence to the most delicate.

HUDIBRAS.

PART I.—CANTO I.

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CANTO I.

The Argument.

Sir HUDIBRAS, his passing worth,
The manner how he sally'd forth;
His arms and equipage are shown;
His horse's virtues and his own.
Th' adventure of the *Bear* and *Fiddle*
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Tho' not a man of them knew wherefore:

When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long ear'd rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight would
Intitle him, Mirrour of Knighthood;
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To any thing but chivalry;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade:
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant:
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle;
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styl'd of war, as well as peace.
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water.)
But here our authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wise or stout.
Some hold the one, and some the other,
But howsoe'er, they make a pother;

The diff'rence was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a fool.
For't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras,
(For that's the name our valiant Knight
To all his challenges did write.)
But they're mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no such.
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it;
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about:
Unless on holidays, or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak:
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted;

But much of either would afford
To many, that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, although they're found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty, as suffic'd
To make some think him circumcis'd:
And truly so he was, perhaps,
Not as a proselyte, but for claps.
He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
He could distinguish and divide
A hair, 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl;
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination:
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure he would do.

For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words, ready to shew why,
And tell what rules he did it by;
Else when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk.
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect:
It was a party-colour'd dress
Of patch'd and pye-ball'd languages:
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin.
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if he had talk'd three parts in one;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once,

This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent;
And truly to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large:
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on:
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em,
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones
When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,
He would have us'd no other ways.

In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater:
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve by sines and tangents, straight,
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by algebra.

Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloss over;

Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
He understood b' implicit faith:
Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For ev'ry why he had a wherefore:
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go.
All which he understood by rote,
And, as occasion serv'd, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts;
Where entity and quiddity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly;
Where Truth in person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.
In school-divinity as able,
As he that height, Irrefragable;

A second Thomas, or at once
To name them all, another Dunce:
Profound in all the nominal
And real ways beyond them all;
For he a rope of sand could twist
As tough as learned Sorbonist;
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull
That's empty when the moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnished.
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice:
As if divinity had catch'd
The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to shew with how small pain
The sores of faith are cur'd again;
Although by woeful proof we find,
They always leave a scar behind.
He knew the seat of paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies;
And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it
Below the moon, or else above it:

What Adam dream'd of when his bride
Came from her closet in his side;
Whether the devil tempted her
By a High-Dutch interpreter;
If either of them had a navel;
Who first made music malleable:
Whether the serpent at the fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all:
All this, without a gloss or comment,
He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, such as men smatter,
When they throw out and miss the matter.
For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit:
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church-militant:
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolick blows and knocks;

Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly thorough reformation,
Which always must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies:
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right way:
Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to;
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite.
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for:
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow.
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin.

Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with minc'd pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plumb-porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon;
To whom our Knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so linkt,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got th' advowson of his conscience.
Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on the inside, not the outward.
That next of all we shall discuss:
Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus:
His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and die so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile:
The upper part thereof was whey,
The nether orange mix'd with grey.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns:

With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government;
And tell with hieroglyphic spade,
Its own grave and the state's were made.
Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfal.
It was monastic, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow;
Of rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid Cordeliere:
'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
And martyrdom with resolution;
T' oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed state:
In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd;
Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
As long as monarchy should last;
But when the state should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,

And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state;
Whose thread of life the fatal sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever;
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.
So learned Taliacotius, from
The brawny part of porter's bum,
Cut supplemental noses, which
Would last as long as parent breech:
But when the date of Nock was out,
Off dropt the sympathetic snout.
His back, or rather burden, show'd,
As if it stoop'd with its own load.
For as Æneas bore his sire
Upon his shoulders through the fire;
Our Knight did bear no less a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back;
Which now had almost got the upper
Hand of his head, for want of crupper.
To poise this equally, he bore
A paunch of the same bulk before;

Which still he had a special care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare;
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
Such as a country-house affords;
With other victual, which anon
We farther shall dilate upon,
When of his hose we come to treat,
The cupboard where he kept his meat.
His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And tho' not sword, yet cudgel-proof;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who fear'd no blows, but such as bruise.
His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;
To old King Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own.
Thro' they were lin'd with many a piece,
Of ammunition bread and cheese,
And fat black-puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood.
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry vittle in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise:

And when he put a hand but in
The one or t'other magazine,
They stoutly in defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood;
And till th' were storm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt,
And tho' Knights-Errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because, when thorough deserts vast,
And regions desolate, they past,
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their provision on record;
Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs but to fight:
'Tis false: for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal,
On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights din'd:
Though 'twas no table, some suppose,
But a huge-pair of round trunk-hose;
In which he carried as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat,

When laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfasts or their nuncheons.
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digrest;
As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpose come.

His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart was ty'd;
With basket-hilt, that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both.
In it he melted lead for bullets,
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets;
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of some body to hew and hack.
The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not shew its face,

In many desperate attempts,
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Sergeant Bum invading shoulder.
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And pris'ners too, or made them run.
This sword a dagger had t' his page,
That was but little for his age;
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights-errants do.
It was a serviccable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging.
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mousetrap, 'twould not care.
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth.
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure;
But left the trade as many more
Have lately done on the same score.
In th' holsters at his saddle bow
Two aged pistols he did stow,

Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get.
These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
To forage when the cocks were bent;
And sometimes catch them with a snap,
As cleverly as th' ablest trap.
They were upon hard duty still,
And every night stood centinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hose,
From two-legg'd, and from four-legg'd foes.
Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home set forth to fight.
But first with nimble, active force,
He got on th' outside of his horse;
For having but one stirrup ty'd,
T' his saddle on th' further side,
It was so short, h' had much ado,
To reach it with his desperate toe,
But, after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle eaves;
From whence he vaulted into th' seat
With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight; but did recover,

By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he us'd instead of rein.
But now we talk of mounting steed,
Before we further do proceed
It doth behove us to say something,
Of that which bore our valiant bumkin;
The beast was sturdy, large and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall:
I would say eye: for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his gait
Preserv'd a grave, majestic state.
At spur or switch, no more he skipp'd,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipp'd:
And yet so fiery, he would bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the ground;
That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender-hooft,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft.
And as that beast would kneel and stoop,
(Some write) to take his rider up;
So Hudibras his, 'tis well known,
Would often do to set him down.

We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back ;
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of knight gall'd full as bad.
His strutting ribs on both sides show'd
Like furrows he himself had plow'd :
For underneath the skirt of pannel,
Twixt every two there was a channel.
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he would flirt,
Still as his tender side he prick'd
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kick'd :
For Hudibras wore but one spur,
As wisely knowing could he stir
To active trot one side of's horse,
The other would not hang an arse.
A Squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half.
Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one :
And when we can with metre safe,
We'll call him so ; if not, plain Ralph ;
(For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses,)

An equal stock of wit and valour,
He had laid in, by birth a tailor.
The Mighty Tyrian Queen, that gain'd,
With subtle shreds a track of land,
Did leave it with a castle fair,
To his great ancestor, her heir :
From him descended cross-legg'd knights,
Fam'd for their faith, and warlike fights,
Against the bloody cannibal,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy Squire, he had, as well
As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold lace.
His knowledge was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't :
Some call it gifts, and some new light :
A lib'ral art, that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wit was sent him for a token,
But in the carriage, crack'd and broken.
Like commendation ninepence crook'd
With—to and from my love—it look'd.

He ne'er consider'd it, as loath
To look a gift-horse in the mouth;
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.
But, as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too,
For saints themselves will sometimes be,
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prolongers to enlighten'd stuff,
He could deep mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a needle.
For as of vagabonds we say
That they are ne'er beside their way;
Whate'er men speak by this new light,
Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
'Tis a dark lanthorn of the Spirit,
Which none see by but those that bear it;
A light that falls down from on high,
For spiritual trades to cozen by;
An ignis fatuus, that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches,
To make them dip themselves, and sound
For Christendom in dirty pond;

To dive like wild fowl for salvation,
And fish to catch regeneration.
This light inspires and plays upon
The nose of saint, like bagpipe drone,
And speaks through hollow empty soul,
As through a trunk, or whisp'ring hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But spiritual eaves-droppers can hear.
So Phœbus, or some friendly muse,
Into small poets song infuse;
Which they at second-hand rehearse
Through reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.
Thus Ralph became infallible,
As three or four-legg'd oracle,
The ancient cup, or modern chair;
Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware.
For mystic learning, wondrous able
In magic talisman and cabal,
Whose primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green breeches;
Deep-sighted in intelligences;
Ideas, atoms, influences;
And much of *terra incognita*,
Th' intelligible world, could say:

A deep occult philosopher,
As learn'd as the wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And solid lying much renown'd:
He Anthroposophus and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen understood;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm;
In Rosycrucian lore as learned,
As he that *Verè adeptus* earned.
He understood the speech of birds,
As well as they themselves do words;
Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry Rope, and walk, knave, walk.
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glass, like water;
Of sov'reign pow'r to make men wise;
For dropt in blear, thick-sighted eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like owls, tho' purblind in the light.
By help of these, as he profess'd,
He had first matter seen undress'd:

He took her naked all alone,
Before one rag of form was on.
The Chaos too he had descry'd
And seen quite through, or else he ly'd:
Not that of pasteboard, which men shew
For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew;
But its great-grandsire, first o' th' name,
Whence that and Reformation came;
Both cousin-germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the rabble.
But Reformation was, some say,
O' th' younger house to puppet-play.
He could foretel whats'ever was
By consequence to come to pass;
As death of great men, alterations,
Diseases, battles, inundations.
All this without th' eclipse o' th' sun,
Or dreadful comet, he hath done
By inward light, a way as good,
And easy to be understood;
But with more lucky hit than those
That use to make the stars depose,
Like knights o' th' post, and falsely charge
Upon themselves what others forge;

As if they were consenting to
All mischiefs in the world men do;
Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll search a planet's house, to know
Who broke and robb'd a house below;
Examine Venus and the moon,
Who stole a thimble or a spoon:
And though they nothing will confess,
Yet by their very looks can guess,
And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods.
They'll question Mars, and by his look,
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloak:
Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
Those thieves which he himself did teach.
They'll find i' th' physiognomies
O' th' planets all men's destinies:
Like him that took the doctor's bill,
And swallow'd it instead of th' pill;
Cast the nativity o' th' question,
And from positions to be guessed on,
As sure as if they knew the moment
Of native's birth, tell what will come on't.

They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs;
And tell what crisis does divine
The rot in sheep, or mange in swine;
In men, what gives or cures the itch;
What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich;
What gains or loses, hangs or saves;
What makes men great, what fools or knaves;
But not what wise; for only of those
The stars, they say, cannot dispose,
No more than can the astrologians;
There they say right, and like true Trojans.
This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
The other course, of which we spoke.
Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endu'd
With gifts and knowledge, per'lous shrewd.
Never did trusty squire with knight,
Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit.
Their valours too were of a rate,
And out they sally'd at the gate.
Few miles on horseback had they jogged,
But fortune unto them turn'd dogged;

For they a sad adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat;
But ere we venture to unfold
Achievements so resolv'd and bold,
We should, as learned poets use,
Invoke the assistance of some muse;
However critics count it sillier,
Than jugglers talking too familiar.
We think 'tis no great matter which;
They're all alike; yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our purpose most;
Whom therefore thus we do accost.
Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars,
And force them, though it was in spite
Of nature, and their stars, to write;
Who as we find, in sullen writs,
And cross-grain'd works of modern wits,
With vanity, opinion, want,
The wonder of the ignorant,
The praises of the author, penn'd
B' himself, or wit-insuring friend;
The itch of picture in the front,
With bays and wicked rhyme upon't,

All that is left o' th' forked hill,
To make men scribble without skill;
Can'st make a poet spite of fate,
And teach all people to translate,
Though out of languages in which
They understand no part of speech:
Assist me but this once, I 'mplore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.
In western clime there is a town,
To those that dwell therein well known;
Therefore there needs no more be said here,
We unto them refer our reader;
For brevity is very good
When w' are, or are not understood.
To this town people did repair
On days of market, or of fair;
And to crack'd fiddle, and hoarse tabor,
In merriment did drudge and labour;
But now a sport more formidable
Had rak'd together village-rabble;
'Twas an old way of recreating,
Which learned butchers call Bear-baiting;
A bold advent'rous exercise,
With ancient heroes in high prize:

For authors do affirm it came
From Isthmian or Nemæan game:
Others derive it from the Bear
That's fixed in northern hemisphere,
And round about the pole does make
A circle like a bear at stake,
That at the chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the rabble-rout.
For after solemn proclamation
In the bear's name, (as is the fashion,
According to the law of arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms,)
That none presume to come so near,
As forty foot of stake of bear:
If any yet be so fool-hardy,
T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,
If they come wounded off, and lame,
No honour's got by such a maim;
Although the bear gain much, b'ing bound
In honour to make good his ground,
When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,
If any press upon him, who 'tis;
But lets them know, at their own cost,
That he intends to keep his post.

This to prevent, and other harms,
Which always wait on feats of arms,
(For in the hurry of a fray,
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way,)
Thither the Knight his course did steer,
To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear;
As he believ'd h' was bound to do,
In conscience and commission too;
And therefore thus bespoke the Squire:
 We that are wisely mounted higher
Than constables in curule wit,
When on tribunal bench we sit,
Like speculators should foresee,
From Pharos of authority,
Portended mischiefs farther than
Low Proletarian tything-men.
And therefore being inform'd by bruit,
That dog and bear had to dispute;
For so of late men fighting name,
Because they often prove the same;
(For where the first does hap to be,
The last does *coincidere*;)
Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
To save the expence of Christian blood,

And try if we, by mediation
Of treaty and accommodation,
Can end the quarrel, and compose
The bloody duel without blows.
Are not our liberties, our lives,
The laws, religion, and our wives,
Enough at once to lie at stake
For cov'nant and the cause's sake?
But in that quarrel dogs and bears,
As well as we, must venture theirs?
This feud, by Jesuits invented,
By evil council is fomented;
There is a Machiavilian plot,
(Though ev'ry *nare olfact* it not,)
A deep design in't to divide
The well-affected that confide,
By setting brother against brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not enemies *plus satis*,
That *cane et angue pejus* hate us?
And shall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our ownselves without cause?
That some occult design doth lie
In bloody cynarctomachy,

Is plain enough to him that knows
How Saints lead Brothers by the nose.
I wish myself a pseudo-prophet,
But sure some mischief will come of it;
Unless by providential wit,
Or force, we averruncate it.
For what design, what interest,
Can beast have to encounter beast?
They fight for no espoused Cause,
Frail Privilege, Fundamental Laws,
Nor for for a thorough Reformation,
Nor Covenant, nor Protestation,
Nor Liberty of consciences,
Nor Lords' and Commons' Ordinances;
Nor for the Church, nor for Church-lands,
To get them into their own hands;
Nor evil Counsellors to bring
To justice, that seduce the King;
Nor for the worship of us men,
Though we have done as much for them.
Th' Egyptians worshipp'd dogs, and for
Their faith made internecine war;
Others ador'd a rat, and some
For that church suffer'd martyrdom;

The Indians fought for the truth
On th' elephant and monkey's tooth,
And many, to defend that faith,
Fought it out *mordicus* to death;
But no beast ever was so slight,
For man, as for his God, to fight:
They have more wit, alas! and know
Themselves and us better than so.
But we, who only do infuse
The rage in them like *boute-feus*,
'Tis our example that instils
In them th' infection of our ills.
For, as some late philosophers
Have well observ'd, beasts that converse
With man, take after him, as hogs
Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs;
Just so by our example, cattle
Learn to give one another battle.
We read in Nero's time, the Heathen,
When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,
They sew'd them in the skins of bears,
And then set dogs about their ears;
From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
Of this lewd antichristian game.

To this quoth Ralpho, verily
The point seems very plain to me;
It is an antichristian game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.
First, for the name; the word Bear-baiting
Is carnal, and of man's creating,
For certainly there's no such word
In all the Scripture on record;
Therefore unlawful, and a sin:
And so is (secondly) the thing;
A vile assembly 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by Scripture than
Provincial, Classick, National,
Mere human creature cobwebs all.
Thirdly, it is idolatrous;
For when men run a-whoring thus
With their inventions, whatsoe'er
The thing be, whether Dog or Bear,
It is idolatrous and Pagan,
No less than worshipping of Dagon.
Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate:
For though the thesis which thou lay'st
Be true *ad amussim*, as thou say'st;

(For that Bear-baiting should appear
Jure divino lawfuller
Than Synods are, thou dost deny
Totidem verbis, so do I)
Yet there's a fallacy in this;
For if by sly *homœosis,*
Tussis pro crepitu, an art
Under a cough to slur a f—t,
Thou wouldst sophistically imply
Both are unlawful, I deny.
And I, quoth Ralpho, do not doubt
But Bear-baiting may be made out,
In gospel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial, or Parochial Classis;
And that both are so near of kin,
And like in all, as well as sin,
That put 'em in a bag, and shake 'em,
Yourself o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,
And not know which is which, unless
You measure by their wickedness;
For 'tis not hard to imagine whether
O' th' two is worst, tho' I name neither.
Quoth Hudibras, thou offer'st much,
But art not able to keep touch;

Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id est, to make a leek a cabbage:
Thou wilt at best but suck a bull,
Or shear swine, all cry and no wool;
For what can Synods have at all,
With Bear that's analogical?
Or what relation has debating
Of Church-affairs with Bear-baiting?
A just comparison still is
Of things *ejusdem generis;*
And then what *genus* rightly doth
Include and comprehend them both?
If animal, both of us may
As justly pass for Bears as they;
For we are animals no less,
Although of diff'rent specieses.
But, Ralpho, this is no fit place,
Nor time, to argue out the case;
For now the field is not far off
Where we must give the world a proof
Of deeds, not words, and such as suit
Another manner of dispute:
A controversy that affords
Actions for arguments, not words;

Which we must manage at a rate
Of prowess and conduct adequate
To what our place and fame doth promise,
And all the Godly expect from us.
Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless
We're slurr'd and outed by success;
Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit:
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.
Great actions are not always true sons
Of great and mighty resolutions;
Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth
Events still equal to their worth;
But sometimes fail, and in their stead
Fortune and cowardice succeed.
Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
Our actions still have borne us out;
Which though they're known to be so ample,
We need not copy from example:
We're not the only person durst
Attempt this province, nor the first.

In northern clime a val'rous knight
Did whilom kill his Bear in fight,
And wound a Fiddler: we have both
Of these the objects of our wroth,
And equal fame and glory from
Th' attempt, or victory to come.
'Tis sung there is a valiant Mamaluke,
In foreign land yclep'd—
To whom we have been oft compar'd
For person, parts, address, and beard;
Both equally reputed stout,
And in the same cause both have fought:
He oft in such attempts as these
Came off with glory and success;
Nor will we fail in th' execution,
For want of equal resolution.
Honour is like a widow, won
With brisk attempt and putting on;
With ent'ring manfully, and urging,
Not slow approaches, like a virgin.
This said, as yerst the Phrygian knight,
So ours, with rusty steel did smite
His Trojan horse, and just as much
He mended pace upon the touch;

But from his empty stomach groan'd
Just as that hollow beast did sound,
And angry answer'd from behind,
With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.
So have I seen, with armed heel,
A wight bestride a Commonweal,
While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,
The less the sullen jade has stirr'd.

NOTES,

HISTORICAL, CRITICAL, AND EXPLANATORY.

PART I. CANTO I.

V. 1. *When civil dudgeon, &c.*] To take in dudgeon is inwardly to resent some injury or affront, and what is previous to actual fury. Butler here alludes to the temper of the nation previous to the actual breaking out of the great rebellion.

V. 2. *And men fell out they knew not why.*] It may justly be said they knew not why, since, as Lord Clarendon observes in his History of the Rebellion, "the like peace and plenty, and universal tranquillity, was never enjoyed by any nation for ten years together, before those unhappy troubles began."

V. 3. *When hard words,* &c.] By hard words Butler probably means the cant phrases used by the Presbyterians and sectaries of those times: such as *gospel walking, gospel preaching, soul saving, elect, saints, the godly, the predestinate,* and the like, which they applied to their own preachers and themselves; and such words, as *papists, prelatists, malignants, reprobates, wicked, ungodly, and carnal-minded,* which they applied to all loyal persons, who were desirous of maintaining the established constitution in church and state: by which they infused strange fears and jealousies into the heads of the people, and made them believe there was a formal design in the king and his ministers to deprive them of their religion and liberty. The licentiousness of the demagogues in parliament soon produced a corresponding sentiment among the people out of doors. They first raised mobs to drive the king out of his palace, and then raised regular forces to fight, as they falsely and wickedly pretended, for their religion. Among other expedients they used

to inflame the minds of the people, they set them against the Common Prayer, which they made them believe was the mass book in English, and nick-named it *Porridge*. They enraged them likewise against the surplice, calling it a *rag of popedom, the whore of Babylon's smock, and the smock of the whore of Rome.*

V. 6. *As for a punk.*] Sir John Suckling has expressed this thought a little more decently in the tragedy of Brennoralt:

" Religion now is a young mistress here,
For which each man will fight and die at least;
Let it alone awhile, and 'twill become
A kind of married wife, people will be
Content to live with it in quietness."

V. 8. *Tho' not a man of them knew wherefore.*] The greatest bigots are usually persons of the shallowest judgment, as was the case in those seditious and fanatical times, when women and the meanest mechanics became zealous sticklers for controversies which none of them could be supposed to understand. An ingenious Italian, in Queen Elizabeth's days, gave this character of the Disciplinarians, who were the Puritans' predecessors, " that the common people were wiser than the wisest of his nation; for here the very women and shopkeepers were better able to judge of predestination, and what laws were fit to be made concerning church government, than what were fit to be obeyed or demolished, that they were more able (or at least thought themselves so) to raise and determine perplexed cases of conscience, than the most learned colleges in Italy; that men of slightest learning, or at least the most ignorant of the common people, were mad for a new, or a superior re-formation of religion. And in this they appeared like that man who would never leave to whet and whet his knife till there was no steel left to make it useful."

V. 9. *When gospel trumpeter, surrounded.*] Many of the Puritan soldiers were preachers, as well as military men; and in their discourses used to incite the people to rebellion, to fight, as they called it, the Lord's battles, and to destroy the Amalekites root and branch, hip and thigh. By the Amalekites must be understood all that loved the king, the bishops, and the common-prayer. After the civil war actually broke out, some of their preachers told them, that they should bind their kings in chains, and their nobles

in links of iron, both of which almost literally happened. It has been fully proved, that many of the regicides were drawn into the grand rebellion by the direful imprecations of seditious preachers from the pulpit. This some of them owned; and, in particular, Dr. South tells us, "That he had it from the mouth of Axtell, the regicide, that he, with many more, went into that execrable war with such a controlling horror upon their spirits, from those public sermons, especially of Brooks and Calamy, that they verily believed they should have been accursed by God for ever, if they had not acted their part in that dismal tragedy, and heartily done the devil's work. And it was in this sense that the doctor said, "that it was the pulpit that supplied the field with swordsmen and the parliament-house with incendiaries." Sir Roger L'Estrange, treating on the same point, says, "A trumpeter in the pulpit is the very emblem of a trumpeter in the field, and the same charge holds good against both; only the spiritual trumpeter is the most pernicious instrument of the two: for the latter serves only to rouse the courage of the soldiers, without any doctrine or application upon the text; whereas the other infuses malice over and above, and preaches death and damnation both in one, and gives the very chapter and verse for it."

V. 10. *With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded.*] Ass-eared. The ears of the Puritans were rendered more conspicuous by the shortness of their hair, which was cut close round about their heads. When some of the leading men of the party first went to court, after they had adopted this fashion, the queen, Henrietta Maria, inquired who those *round-headed* men were? Hence came the appellation of ROUND-HEADS, by which the Parliamentarians came to be distinguished in opposition to the CAVALIERS, who followed the fortunes of the king, and retained the old fashion of wearing their hair.

V. 11, 12. *And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,—*

Was beat with fist instead of a stick.] Butler here alludes to the vehement action which the Presbyterian preachers used in the pulpit, and their beating the cushion before them with their fists, as if they were beating a drum. It was said of them, "that they had the action of a thrasher rather than of a divine;" and Dr. Echard, speaking of one of these thrashing

preachers, said, " that he shrunk up his shoulders, and stretched himself, as if he was going to cleave a bullock's head." Some of our modern tabernacle fanatics have gone nearly as far into this extravagance as the old Puritans. Their action in the pulpit, and precise hypocritical behaviour in other respects, is alluded to in the following lines:

" Both Cain and Judas back are come,
In vizards most divine;
God bless us from a pulpit drum,
And preaching Cataline."

V. 13. *Then did Sir Knight,* &c.] It has been a matter of controversy whether Butler had not some particular person in view in his delineation of the character of Hudibras. It is highly probable that he had; and tradition reports his hero to have been Sir Simon Luke, with whom Butler, though his principles were sound and loyal, lived some time.

V. 14. *And out he rode a-colonelling.*] That is, he took the field in the capacity of an officer in the parliamentary service. It is to be observed there, that the Knight is now entering upon his proper office, full of pretended pious and sanctified resolutions for the good of his country; and his future peregrinations and adventures are so consistent with his office and humour, and with the spirit of the times, that they cannot be looked upon as fabulous or improbable.

V. 15. *A wight he was,* &c.] The word *wight* was often used by our old writers to imply *person,* but it had become nearly obsolete in Butler's time, and he probably used it in a ridiculous sense, as we do at present, when we say, a luckless *wight.*

V. 16. *Mirrour of Knighthood.*] Don Quixote is frequently called by Cervantes the *Mirrour of Chivalry;* and in his library was a book entitled the " Mirrour of Knighthood," which the curate ordered to be committed to the flames.

V. 19-20. *Nor put up blow, but that which laid*
Right worshipful on shoulder-blade.] Which conferred dignity upon him, alluding to the ceremony of making a knight, when the person kneels, and the king lays his sword upon his shoulder.

V. 22. *Either for Chartel,* &c.] *Chartel* signifies a letter of de-

fiance or challenge to a duel, in use when combats were allowed to decide difficult controversies, not otherwise to be determined by law. A trial (and the last) of this kind was intended between the Marquis of Hamilton and Lord Rea in the year 1631, but the king (Charles I.) put an end to the dispute.

V. 22. *Or for warrant.*] Hudibras being a justice of the peace, possessed authority to issue warrants, and therefore was to be considered as a formidable person, both in respect to his military capacity, and his office as a civil magistrate. In the following line the poet calls him "*Great on the bench, great in the saddle,*" by which he means that he was equally renowned as a *justice* and as a *man of war.*

V. 24. *That could as well bind o'er as swaddle.*] *Swaddle* implies to bang, drub, or cudgel: the Knight is therefore represented as equally able to bind a culprit to the peace by virtue of his authority as justice, or to drub him into good behaviour by force of arms.

V. 34. *Outweigh'd his rage,* &c.] By *rage* is to be understood that enthusiastic principle by which *Sir Hudibras* and the reformers of his day were actuated. The word is used in the same sense at present, when we say such a fashion is the *rage.*

V. 38-9. *As Montaigne, playing with his cat,*

Complains she thought him but an ass.] "When I am playing with my cat," says Montaigne in his Essays, book II, chap. 12, "who knows whether she has more sport in dallying with me than I have in gaming with her? We entertain each other with mutual apish tricks." Dr. Grey in his comments upon this passage, seems to think it was intended to ridicule the simple humour of Montaigne, but this is not a very reasonable supposition. Montaigne was a writer in high estimation when Butler wrote, and he was too sound a judge of the lively old Frenchman's merit purposely to ridicule him.

V. 40. *Much more she would Sir Hudibras.*] Whence Butler derived the name of his knight is uncertain. Geoffrey of Monmouth makes mention of a British king of the name of *Hudibras,* who lived about the time of Solomon, and reigned thirty-nine years; he composed all dissensions among his people, and built Kaerlem or Canterbury, Kaergaen or Winchester, and the town

of Paladur, now Shaftesbury. Spencer, in his Fairy Queen, has a knight of the name of Hudibras, and probably Butler borrowed from him.

" He that made love unto the eldest dame
Was hight Sir Hudibras, an hardy man;
Yet not so good of deeds as great of name,
Which he by many rash adventures wan,
Since errand arms to sew (follow) he first began."

V. 51-2. *Besides, 'tis known he could speak Greek*
As naturally as pigs squeak.] In the panegyrical verses by Lionel Cranfield, prefixed to Coriat's Crudities, is the following passage:

" He Greek and Latin speaks with equal ease
That hogs eat acorns, and tame pigeons peas."

V. 53-4. *That Latin was no more difficile,*
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.] In Don Quixote, Sancho Panza observes, " that his master is a great scholar, *Latins* it hugely, and talks his mother-tongue as well as one of your university doctors." In the time of the grand rebellion it was very common for preachers to interlard their sermons with scraps of Latin; and as a proof that the people in those days were fond of hearing Latin in sermons, it appears from the Life of Dr. Pocock, the great oriental scholar, " that one of his friends, passing through Childrey, which was the doctor's living, inquired who was the minister, and how they liked him? and received from them this answer: our parson is one Mr. Pocock, a plain, honest man; but, Master, said they, he is no *Latiner*." Pocock, independent of great merit as an orientalist, was one of the first classical scholars of his age, but he had too good a taste to introduce Latin quotations into his sermons, which probably would have been unintelligible to nine-tenths of his hearers.

V. 55-6. *Being rich in both, he never scanted*
His bounty unto such as wanted.] This feature in the Knight's character is perfectly natural. A self-conceited fanatic is perpetually making a display of his opinions and learning, and the more ignorant the persons are with whom he converses, the higher he will advance his pretensions to superior knowledge, because

what he says among illiterate persons is sure to be admired, though not understood.

V. 59. *For Hebrew roots, altho' they're found.*] Dr. Echard tells us, "that some are of opinion that children may speak Hebrew at four years of age, if they be brought up in a wood, and suck of a wolf;" and Sir Thomas Browne, in his Vulgar Errors, observes, "that children in the school of nature, without instruction, would naturally speak the primitive language of the world, was the opinion of the ancient heathens, and continued since by Christians, who will have it our Hebrew tongue as being the language of Adam.

V. 66. *Profoundly skill'd in analytic.*] Analytic method (one of the modes of logic) takes the whole compound as it finds it, whether it be a species or an individual, and leads us into the knowledge of it, by resolving it into its principles or parts, its generic nature, and special properties; and is called the method of resolution.

V. 75. *A calf an alderman,* &c.] The corporation of London, in the time of the civil war, were decisively hostile to the court; and, in fact, without their support the parliament would never have ventured the lengths it did. This, perhaps, may in some degree account for Butler's antipathy to aldermen.

V. 75. *A goose a justice.*] Lord Clarendon, in his History of the Rebellion, observes, "that after the declaration of no more addresses to the king, they who were not above the ordinary condition of constables five or six years before, were now justices of the peace, who executed the commands of the parliament in all the counties with vigour and tyranny, as was natural for such persons to use over and towards those upon whom they had looked at such a distance. The whole government of the nation remained in a manner wholly in their hands; who, in the beginning of the parliament, were scarcely ever heard of, or their names known, but in the places where they inhabited." It appears from another author, that at "the commencement of the rebellion, the town of Chelmsford, in Essex, was governed by a tinker, two cobblers, two tailors, and two pedlars." Such were the magistrates under whose authority the nation was placed, and whom Butler so justly lashes.

V. 76. *And rooks committee-men, &c.*] In several of the counties, particularly the associated ones, Middlesex, Kent, Surry, Sussex, Norfolk, and Cambridgeshire, committees were erected of such men as were for the *good cause*, as they called it, (that is, Puritanism) who had authority from the members of the two houses at Westminster, to fine and imprison whom they pleased; and, as might be expected from such persons, harassing the country in a most arbitrary and rapacious manner, they were on that account, with great propriety, called *rooks*. The gaming-tables and the turf still retain the phrase, and a *rook* is there considered as synonymous with a blackleg.

V. 79. *All this by syllogism, true.*] A syllogism is an argument in logic consisting of three propositions, wherein some things being supposed, or taken for granted, a conclusion is drawn different from the thing supposed.

V. 93. *A Babylonish dialect.*] A confusion of languages, like what a conceited pedant may be thought most likely to explain himself in.

V. 98. *Like fustian heretofore on satin.*] This was a fashion where the coarse fustian was pinked, or cut into holes, that the fine satin might appear through it.

V. 100. *As if h' had talk'd three parts in one.*] This phrase alludes to the old catches in three parts.

V. 101-2. *Which made some think, when he did gabble,*
They'd heard three labourers of Babel.] Speaking Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. Or this may allude to some fantastic doctrine then in vogue, on the origin of languages.

V. 103. *Or Cerberus himself pronounce,*
A leash of languages at once.] Cerberus was the name which the poets gave to a dog with three heads, which they feigned guarded the entrance of hell, and caressed the unfortunate souls sent thither, and devoured them that would get out again: yet Hercules overcame him. By this allegory the poets meant the past, the present, and the time to come, which receive, and, as it were, devour all things. Hercules got the better of him, which shows that heroic actions are always victorious over time, because they are present in the memory of posterity.

V. 109-10. *For he could coin or counterfeit*
New words, with little or no wit.] The author of the Spectator (No. 458) observes, "That those swarms of sectaries that overran the nation in the time of the great rebellion, carried their hypocrisy so high, that they had converted our whole language into a jargon of enthusiasm." The words which the Presbyterians coined were out of number: among others of their invention were parliamentdom, councildom, and committeedom, and having a rooted dislike to the word kingdom, they expunged it from the Lord's prayer, and substituted in its place, "*thy commonwealth come.*" In this piece of fanaticism the French revolutionists trod exactly in the footsteps of the English Puritans. It has been calculated that the revolution added 5,000 words to the French language. A dictionary of them has been published, which has been thought of sufficient importance to be translated into English.

V. 115-6. *That had the orator, who once*
Did fill his mouth with pebble stones.] The poet here alludes to Demosthenes, who, having an impediment in his speech, is said to have filled his mouth with pebble-stones, in order to remove it.

V. 120. *Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater.*] The first was an eminent Danish astronomer, of whom all the particulars worthy to be known, are to be found in the biographical dictionaries. By Erra Pater, some have supposed that Butler meant the Wandering Jew, the imaginary personage who is supposed to be doomed to continue on the earth till the second coming of our Saviour; others think he meant William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those times, to whom the name of Erra Pater was given as a mark of pre-eminence; but the most reasonable interpretation is, that he meant astrologers in general, and wished it to be understood that his hero was familiarly acquainted with the jargon and mysteries of their science.

V. 122. *Could take the size of pots of ale.*] An old satire says,

"For well his worship knows, that ale-house sins
Maintain himself in gloves, his wife in pins."

As justice of the peace our knight had a right to inspect weights and measures.

V. 132. *For every why he had a wherefore.*] This is an old English proverbial expression, which is still in use among the vulgar. The meaning of the poet is, that Hudibras could answer one question by proposing another, and elude one difficulty by starting another.

V. 139-40. *His notions fitted things so well,*
That which was which he could not tell.] This is an exquisite stroke of satire, aimed at those philosophers who took their ideas of substances to be the combinations of nature, and not the arbitrary workmanship of the human mind; and that the essence of each sort is no more than the abstract idea.

V. 143. *He could reduce,* &c.] The old philosophers thought to extract notions out of natural things, as chymists do spirits and essences; and when they had refined them into the nicest subtilties, gave them as insignificant names as those operators do their extractions. But, as Seneca says, the subtiller things are rendered, they are but the nearer to nothing, so are all their definitions of things by acts the nearer to nonsense.

V. 145-6. *Where entity and quiddity,*
The ghost of defunct bodies, fly.] Butler calls the abstracted notions of entity and quiddity very properly the ghosts of bodies, thereby lashing the too nice distinctions of metaphysicians, who distinguish body, entity, and substance, so finely from each other, that they say the two latter ideas or notions may remain when the body is gone and perished.

V. 148.] *Like words congeal'd in northern air.*] The vulgar formerly believed that words spoken in winter, in the high northern latitudes, where the cold is intensely severe, remained frozen until the warm weather thawed them. Whence so ridiculous an error could come it is not easy to say. Rabelais treated upon it in his account of the bloody fight between the Arimasphians and the Nephelebites, upon the confines of the Frozen Sea: and a modern wit (the author of Munchausen's Travels) has also an amusing chapter upon the same subject.

V. 152. *As he that hight, Irrefragable.*] *Hight* signifies called, or named. In this sense it is used by Chaucer,

" A worthy duke that hight Pirithous,
That fellow was to Duke Theseus."

Irrefragable.] Alexander Hales, so called. He was an Englishman, born in Gloucestershire, and flourished about the year 1236, at the time when school divinity was much in vogue; in which science he was so deeply read, that he was called Dr. Irrefragabilis, or the Invincible Doctor, whose arguments could not be resisted. Pope said of these schoolmen,

" Once school divines this zealous isle o'erspread:
Who knew most sentences was deepest read;
Faith, gospel, all seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted.
Scotists and Thomists now in peace remain
Amid their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane."

V. 153-4. *A second Thomas, or at once*
To name them all, another Dunce.] Thomas Aquinas, a celebrated schoolman, and a Dominician friar, was born in 1224, and studied in Cologne and at Paris. He new-modelled the school divinity, and was therefore called the Angelic Doctor, and Eagle of Divines. The most illustrious persons of his age sought his friendship, and put a high value on his merits, so that they offered him bishoprics, which he refused. He died in the fiftieth year of his age, and was canonized by Pope John XXII. His works are voluminous, and have been often printed.—Dunce or Dunse (Johannes Dunscotus) was a very learned man, who lived about the end of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth century. It is uncertain whether he was born in Scotland or England; but from the epitaph on his tomb, it appears that he was born in Scotland, carried into England, received his education in France, and died in Germany. His fame was so great, that when at Oxford, he is said to have been attended by 30,000 scholars; and when at Paris, his arguments and authority carried it for the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary, so that they appointed a festival on that account, and would admit no scholars to degrees, but such as subscribed to the same opinion. Dunscotus was a great opposer of Thomas Aquinas's doctrine, and being a very acute logician, was called Doctor Subtilis, or the Subtile Doctor.

V. 155-6. *Profound in all the nominal*
And real ways beyond them all.] These are terms of logic which were in use among the old schoolmen. Gulielmus

Becham was the father of the *Nominals*, and Johannes Dunscotus of the *Reals*.

V. 157-8. *For he a rope of sand could twist,*
As tough as learned Sorbonist.] To twist a rope of sand is an old English proverb, implying any impracticable or fruitless application. One of the commentators upon Butler supposes him to allude in this passage to the following story. "A gentleman of Paris, who was reduced in circumstances, walking in the fields in a melancholy manner, was met by a person in the habit of a doctor of the Sorbon, who, inquiring into his case, told him, that he had acquired so much by his studies, that it was in his power to relieve him, and he would do it, provided the gentleman would be at his devoirs, when he could no longer employ him. The agreement was made, and the cloven foot soon began to appear: for the gentleman set the Sorbonist to fill a sieve with water, which he performed after stopping the holes with wax: then he ordered him to make a rope of sand, which the devil, not being able to do, scratched his head, and marched off in confusion." The name of Sorbonist is derived from the college of Sorbonne, the most famous in the university of Paris. It was founded in the reign of St. Lewis, by Robert Sorbonne; and Cardinal Richlieu, in the reign of Louis XIII. rebuilt it with extraordinary magnificence: previous to the late unhappy revolution, it contained lodging for thirty-six doctors, who were called the Society of Sorbonne. Those who were received as students among them, and had not arrived at their doctor's degree, were styled of the Society of the Sorbonne.

V. 162.] *That's to be let unfurnished.*] It is an old figure of poetry and rhetoric to call understanding the furniture of the head. Howell, in his excellent "Familiar Letters," records a saying of the great Lord-chancellor Bacon to this effect. A French nobleman, who was very tall, having come on an embassy to the court of James the First, the king asked Bacon, what he thought of the ambassador? who replied, "that he was a good, portly man, but, as it is in great houses, his upper story was the worst furnished."

V. 166. *The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd.*] King James used to say, that the pleasure of scratching was too great for any but a sovereign to enjoy.

V. 173-4. *He knew the seat of Paradise,*

Could tell in what degree it lies.] The fanatics were addicted to rabbinical learning, and valued themselves highly upon their solution of mysterious questions, such as, where the seat of Paradise was? and when the Millenium would commence? A collection of the opinions of the learned respecting the locality of Paradise would form a curious volume. It has been placed in the third heaven, in the orb of the moon, in the moon itself, in the middle region of the air, above the earth, under the earth, in the place now covered by the Caspian sea, and under the arctic pole. Huet, the learned Bishop of Avranches, places it upon the river between the conjunction of the Tigris and the Euphrates, now called the river of the Arabs, between this conjunction and the division made by the same river before it falls into the Persian sea. Other geographers have placed it in Armenia, between the sources of the Tigris, the Araxis, the Euphrates, and the Phasis, which they suppose to be the four rivers described by Moses.

V. 176. *Below the moon, or else above it.*] Mahomet assured his followers, that Paradise was seated in heaven, and that Adam was cast down from thence to this earth when he transgressed. Butler, however, probably alluded to the jarring opinions of the enthusiasts, some of whom placed Paradise above the moon, and others below it.

V. 177-8. *What Adam dream'd of, when his bride*

Came from her closet in his side.] This is in ridicule of the Talmudists, in whose writings a variety of puerile stories are to be found relative to the parents of the human race. "*Her closet in his side.*" This alludes to the creation of Eve from one of her-husband's ribs.

V. 180. *By a High-Dutch interpreter.*] Ben Jonson, in his comedy of the Alchymist, introduces Surly asking Sir Epicure Mammon the following question:—

"Surly.—Did Adam write, Sir, in High-Dutch?

"Mammon.—He did; which proves it was the primitive tongue."

V. 181. *If either of them had a navel.*] Several of the ancients supposed that Adam and Eve had no navels; and among moderns, the bishop of Peterborough (Dr. Cumberland,) was of the same opinion: "All other men," says he, "being born of women,

have a navel, by reason of the umbilical vessels inserted into it, which from the placenta carry nourishment to children in the womb of their mothers; but it could not be so with our first parents. Besides, it cannot be believed that God gave them navels, which would have been altogether useless, and would have made them subject to a dangerous disease, called an omphalocele."

V. 182. *Who first made music malleable.*] Macrobius, in his second book, relates, that Pythagoras, passing by a smith's shop, found that the sounds from the hammers were either more grave or acute, according to the different weights of hammers. The philosopher, to improve this hint, suspended different weights by strings of the same bigness, and found, in like manner, that the sounds answered to the weights. This being discovered, he found out those numbers which produced sounds that were consonants; and that two strings, of the same substance and tension, the one being double the weight of the other, give that interval which is called diapason, or an eighth. The same was also effected from two strings, of the same length and size, the one having four times the tension of the other. By these steps, from so mean a beginning, did this great man reduce what was before only noise to one of the most delightful sciences, by marrying it to the mathematics, and by that means causing it to be one of the most abstract and demonstrative of sciences.

V. 189. *For his religion,* &c.] Butler is very exact in delineating his hero's religion: it was necessary that he should be so, that the reader might judge whether he was a proper person to set up for a reformer, and whether the religion he professed was more eligible than that he endeavoured to demolish.

V. 191. *'Twas Presbyterian true blue.*] Blue was the Presbyterian colour, as it is of the modern Whigs. The phrase "true blue," probably had its origin in the following circumstance. Previous to the revolution, the colour of the ribbon of the garter was sky blue; but after the accession of William it was altered to its present colour, or dark blue. If this was done in compliment to the Whigs, as we may easily suppose, it is reasonable to conjecture that the Presbyterian blue here alluded to by Butler, was dark blue, in contra-distinction to sky blue, which was the court colour.

V. 193-4. *Of errant saints, whom all men grant*

To be the true church-militant.] Wherever presbytery has been established, it has been by force of arms, like the Mahometan religion: thus it was established in Geneva, in Switzerland, Holland, Scotland, &c. By the same means it obtained a toleration for some time in France. Much blood was shed to get it established in England, and once, during the grand rebellion, it seemed very near gaining an establishment here; for, in the years 1645 and 1646, several ordinances of the Lords and Commons in parliament were made for that purpose, and these ordinances for the Presbyterian government and discipline were begun to be put in execution in the cities of London and Westminster, and parts adjacent: but the Independents, by Cromwell's artifices, gaining an ascendency in the House of Commons, put a stop to their proceedings, and hindered their gaining the settlement they had so long sought for. All fanatics, whether Papists, Mahometans, or Presbyterians, are intolerant, but the Presbyterian fanatic seems the most intolerant of the three, for wherever he has been able to establish his power, he has proscribed all other religions but his own. This was their practice in Scotland, when they had power to do it, and they endeavoured to hinder it in England, whilst they had encouragement from the two houses at Westminster, declaring, "that to make a law for toleration was establishing iniquity by law;" and they asserted, "that a toleration was the appointing a city of refuge in men's consciences for the devil to fly to, a toleration of soul-murder, the greatest murder of all others."

V. 195-6. *Such as do build their faith upon*

The holy text of pike and gun.] Upon these Cornet Joyce built his faith, when he carried away the king by force from Holmby; for when his majesty asked him for a sight of his instructions, Joyce said, he should see them presently; and so drawing up his troop of horse in the inner court, "These, Sir," said the Cornet, "are my instructions."

V. 199-200. *And prove their doctrine orthodox*

By apostolic blows and knocks.] Many instances of this kind are given by Dr. Walker in his sufferings of the episcopal clergy. One of which we shall relate in his own words. "Sunday, 9th of September, 1649, at the church of St. Peter's, Paul's

Wharf, Mr. Williams, reading morning service out of the book of Common Prayer, and having prayed for the king (as in that liturgy, established by act of parliament, he is enjoined), six soldiers from St. Paul's church (where they quarter) came, with swords, and pistols cocked, into the church, commanding him to come out of the pulpit, which he immediately did, and went quietly with them into the vestry, when presently a party of horse from St. Paul's, rode into the church, with swords drawn, and pistols spanned, crying out, knock the rogues on the head, shoot them, kill them; and presently shot at random at the crowd of unarmed men, women, and children, shot an old woman in the head, and wounded grievously about forty more, whereof many were likely to die, frighted women with child, and rifled and plundered away their cloaks, hats, and other spoils of the Egyptians, and carried away the minister to Whitehall, prisoner."

V. 207-8. *A sect whose chief devotion lies*
In odd perverse antipathies.] The religion of the Presbyterians of those times consisted principally in an opposition to the church of England, and in quarrelling with the most innocent customs then in use, as the eating Christmas pies and plumb porridge at Christmas, which they reputed sinful.

V. 210. *And finding somewhat still amiss.*] Butler, in his remains, describes the Puritan to the same purpose, in his character of a fanatic.

"His head is full of fears and fictions,
His conscience form'd of contradictions,
Is never therefore long content
With any church or government;
But fancies every thing that is,
For want of mending much amiss."

They were at that time much of the temper and disposition of those Disciplinarians in Queen Elizabeth's days, four classes of whom complained to the Lord Treasurer Burleigh against the liturgy then in use. He inquired whether they wished it quite taken away? They answered, no! He then desired them to make a better. The first class made one agreeable to the Geneva form; this the second disliked, and corrected in six hundred particulars; this corrected liturgy had the misfortune to be rejected by the third class; and

what the third had resolved on was found fault with by the fourth. Queen Elizabeth, alluding to the contradictions and dissensions which prevailed among themselves, was often heard to say, that she knew very well what would content the Catholics, but that she could never learn what would content the Puritans.

V. 213-14. *That with more care keep holyday*
The wrong, than others the right way.] The Puritans were so remarkably obstinate in this respect, that they kept a fast upon Christmas-day, and made an ordinance for abolishing that and other saint's days. It was observed by a writer in those times, upon the changing Christmas-day into a fast, in the year 1644, that this was the first time since the apostles that there was any fast kept upon that day in the Christian church; and because many would not fast, they sent soldiers into their houses a little before dinner to visit their kitchens and ovens, who carried away their meat, and eat it, though it was a fast-day, because they were exempted from fasting, provided they made others fast.

V. 227-8. *Quarrel with minc'd pies, and disparage*
Their best and dearest friend, plumb porridge.] The folly of the Puritans in this respect is humorously bantered by the author of a poem entitled "Sir John Birkenhead revived."

"All plumbs the prophet's sons despise,
And spice broths are too hot;
Treason's in a December pie,
And death within the pot:
Christmas, farewell, thy day (I fear)
And merry days are done;
So they may keep feast all the year,
Our Saviour shall have none.
Gone are the golden days of yore
When Christmas was an high day,
Whose sports we now shall see no more,—
Tis turn'd into Good Friday."

They would at that time declare a man incapable of serving in parliament for having bays in his windows, or a mince pie at Christmas.

V. 232. *Like Mahomet's, were ass.*] Mahomet, in his night journey to Heaven, is fabled to have rode upon an ass.

V. 232. *Like Mahomet's, were ass and wigeon.*] When Mahomet fled from Mecca, he got into a cave at Mount Thur, where he laid three days, to avoid the search of his enemies. Two pigeons lay their eggs at the entrance, and a spider covered the mouth of it, which made them search no farther. It is also reported of this impostor, that he had a tame pigeon which used to pick seeds out of his ear, in order that the vulgar might think it whispered and inspired him.

V. 235-6. *As if hypocrisy and nonsense*
Had got the advowson of his conscience.] Advowson in law, is the right of patronage, or presenting to a vacant benefice. In the Mercurius Rusticus, a loyal publication of those times, is the following remarkable instance of fanatical conscience, in a captain who was invited by a soldier to eat part of a goose with him, but refused, because he said it was stolen; but being to march away, he, who would eat no stolen goose, made no scruple to ride away upon a stolen mare. For plundering Mrs. Bartlet of her mare, this hypocritical captain gave sufficient testimony to the world, that the old Pharisee and new Puritan have consciences of the self-same temper, "to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." How would such wretches have fared under the discipline of Charles XII. King of Sweden, who commanded two brave soldiers to draw lots for their lives, and him to be shed upon whom the lot fell, for taking some milk and curds from a child; and a dragoon to be shot upon the spot for ill-using his host, who attempted to prevent his killing some fowls?

V. 241. *His tawny beard,* &c.] Butler, in his description of Hudibras's beard, seems to have had an eye to Shakspeare's Justice, in the seven ages of man, "with eyes severe, and beard of formal cut;" or the allusion may be to some round-headed knight, who had made a vow not to cut his beard till the parliament had subdued the king.

"This worthy knight was one that swore
He would not cut his beard,
Till this ungoldly nation was
From kings and bishops clear'd.
Which holy vow he firmly kept,
And most devoutly wore

A grisly meteor on his face,
Till they were both no more."

He was not of the mind of Selim I. Emperor of the Turks, who was the first Ottoman emperor that shaved his beard after he ascended the throne, contrary to the Koran and the received custom; and being reprimanded by the Mufti, he answered, "That he did it to prevent his viziers having any thing to lead him by."

V. 243. *In cut and die so like a tile.*] The Puritans of those times were extremely curious in the management of their beards, so that some of them had pasteboard cases to put over them in the night, lest they should turn upon them and rumple them in their sleep.

V. 247. *This hairy meteor.*] A comet is sometimes called a hairy meteor, from the circumstance of its leaving behind in the sky a luminous appearance; to which astrologers have given the name of a tail, and which they persuade the vulgar portend wars, massacres, famines, and all the worst judgments of Heaven. Howell, in his Familiar Letters, speaking of the death of the queen of James I. says, "Queen Anne is lately dead of a dropsy in Denmark-house, which is held to be one of the fatal events that followed the last fearful *comet* that rose in the tail of the constellation of Virgo, which some ignorant astronomers that write of it would fix in the heavens, and that as far above the orb of the moon, as the moon is from the earth: but this is nothing in comparison of those hideous fires that are kindled in Germany.

V. 253-4. *Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew*
In time to make a nation rue.] Samson's strength consisted in the hair of his head: when Dalilah had treacherously cut it off, the Philistines put out his eyes; but as it grew again his strength returned, and then he pulled down the house over the heads of his enemies, and was himself buried with them under the ruins.

V. 260. *As that of rigid Cordeliere.*] A grey friar of the Franciscan order, so called from a cord full of knots which he wears about his middle, and occasionally disciplines himself with.

V. 272. *'Twas to submit to fatal steel.*] Arcite, in Chaucer's Knight's Tale, devotes his beard to Mars, in the following manner:

"And eke to this a vow I will me bind,
My beard, my hair, that hangeth low adown,

That never yet felt offency oun
Of rasour, he of sheer, I woll thee *yeue*" (give.)

V. 275. *Whose thread of life the fatal sisters.*] Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, the three destinies, whom the ancient poets feigned to spin and determine how long the thread of life should last. Spenser describes them thus in his Fairy Queen:

" There he found them all sitting round about,
The direful distaff standing in the mid,
And with unweary'd fingers drawing out
The lines of life, from living knowledge hid.
Sad Clotho held the rock, the whiles the thread
By grisly Lachesis was spun with pain,
That cruel Atropos undid,
With cursed knife cutting the twist in twain;
Most wretched men, whose days depend on threads so vain."

And Shakspeare, in his Midsummer Night's Dream, makes Pyramus say,

" O, fates! come, come;
Cut thread and thrum."

V. 281. *So learned Taliacotius,* &c.] Gasper Taliacotius was born at Bononia, A. D. 1553, and was professor of physic and surgery there. His statue stands in the anatomical theatre, holding a nose in his hand. He wrote a treatise in Latin, called Chirurgia Nota, in which he teaches the art of ingrafting noses, ears, lips, &c. with the proper instruments and bandages. Many are of opinion that Taliacotius never put his ingenious contrivances in practice; they imagine that such operations are too painful and difficult to be attempted, and doubt of the success; however, Taliacotius was not singular in his doctrine, for he shows that Alexander Benedictius, a famous writer in surgery, described the operation for lost noses before him; as does that great anatomist Vesalius; and Ambrose Pareus mentions a surgeon who practised this art with success in several instances. Our own countryman, Mr. Charles Barnard, sergeant-surgeon to Queen Anne, asserts that it has been practised with wonderful dexterity and success, as may be proved from authorities not to be contested, whatever scruples some, who have not examined the history, may entertain concerning either the truth or probability of the fact; so that it is a most surprising thing, that few

or none should since have attempted to imitate so worthy and excellent a pattern. There was a modern instance of the success of this operation exhibited, a few years ago, in the windows of most of the print-shops in London. It was the portrait of a Mahratta chief, who, having his nose cut off in one of the wars of Tippoo Saib, had the deficient member supplied by the dexterity of an Indian surgeon. Dr. Fludd, a Rosicrusian philosopher and physician, mentioned hereafter by Butler, informs us, as he pretends, from unquestionable authority, that a certain nobleman in Italy, who had lost great part of his nose in a duel, was advised by one of his physicians to take one of his slaves, and to make a wound in his arm, and to join the little remainder of his nose to the wounded arm of his slave, and to continue it there for some time, till the flesh of the arm was united to his nose. The nobleman prevailed upon one of his slaves, on the promise of freedom and a reward, to consent to the experiment; by which the double flesh was united, and a piece of flesh was cut out of the slave's arm, which was so managed by a skilful surgeon as to serve for a natural nose. The slave being rewarded and set free, went to Naples, where he fell sick and died; at which instant a gangreen appeared upon the nobleman's nose; upon which that part of the nose which belonged to the dead man's arm was, by the advice of his physicians, cut off; and being encouraged by the above-mentioned experiment, he was prevailed upon to have his own arm wounded in like manner, and to apply it to the remainder of his nose, which he did; and a new nose, at a proper period, was cut out of it, which continued with him till the time of his death.

V. 285-6. *But when the date of Nock was out,*

Off dropt the sympathetic snout.] Nock signifies notch or nick: by Nock is meant Oliver Cromwell, alluding, probably, as he was a brewer, to Notch, the brewer's clerk, in Ben Jonson's Masque or Augurs.

V. 289-90. *For as Æneas bore his sire*

Upon his shoulders through the fire.] Æneas was the son of Anchises and Venus, one of the Trojan heroes who, after various adventures, came into Italy; and on the death of his father-in-law, Latinas, was made king of Latium, and reigned three years. When Troy was laid in ashes, he took his aged father An-

chises upon his back, and rescued him from his enemies; but being too solicitous for his son and household gods, he lost his wife Creusa. This part of his history is thus related by Dryden, in his excellent translation of the Æneid:

"Haste, my dear father ('tis no time to wait,)
And load my shoulders with a willing freight,
Whate'er befals your life shall be my care,
One death, or one deliv'rance we will share.
My hand shall lead our little son, and you,
My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue."

V. 291-2. *Our Knight did bear no less a pack*
Of his own buttocks on his back.] Thersites, in Homer, seems to have been in some respects of the same make as Sir Hudibras.

"His figure such as might his soul proclaim,
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame;
His mountain shoulders half his breast o'erspread,
Thin hair bestrew'd his long misshapen head;
Spleen to mankind his envious heart possess'd,
And much he hated all, but most the best." *Pope's Iliad.*

V. 299. *As white-pot*, &c.] This dish is more peculiar to the county of Devon than to any other, and on that account is commonly called Devonshire white-pot. It is made of clotted cream, boiled to the consistence of a custard, by which means it will keep good for several days.

V. 305. *His doublet was of sturdy buff.*] Previous to the dispersion of the Leverian Museum, in 1806, there was to be seen in that curious collection a complete suit which once belonged to Oliver Cromwell, of which the doublet was formed of coarse *buff* leather, made something in the fashion that our draymen's jackets are of at the present day.

V. 310. *And had been at the siege of Bullen.*] Boulogne was besieged by king Henry VIII. in person, July 14, 1544, and surrendered in the month of September following.

V. 314. *Of ammunition bread*, &c.] Coarse bread which soldiers are furnished with on marches, and in camp and garrison, and which, from the black colour, resembling gunpowder, is called ammunition bread.

V. 315. *And fat black puddings*, &c.] Puddings, the principal ingredient in which is the blood of hogs, which Butler ludicrously styles proper food for warriors who delight in blood.

V. 327-8. *And tho' knights-errant, as some think,*
Of old, did neither eat not drink.] Butler, probably, alludes here to a saying of Don Quixote. "Though, I think," says the hero of La Mancha, "I have read as many histories of chivalry in my time as any other man, I never could find that the knights-errant ever eat, unless it were by mere accident, when they were invited to great feasts and royal banquets: at other times they indulged themselves with little other food besides their thoughts."

V. 337-8. *'Tis false, for Arthur wore in hall*
Round table, like a farthingale.] By some of our historians mention is made of a famous British king of that name, in the sixth century, who instituted an order of knights, called Knights of the Round Table: for, to avoid any dispute about priority of place when they met together at meat, he caused a table to be made, whereat none could sit higher or lower than another. In the Tatler it is observed of the renowned King Arthur, "that he is generally looked upon as the first that ever sat down to a whole roasted ox (which was certainly the best way to preserve the gravy;) and it is further added, that he and his knights sat about it at his round table, and usually consumed it to the bones, before they would enter upon any debate of moment.

V. 346. —— *their nuncheons.*] An afternoon's repast.

V. 353. *With basket-hilt that would hold broth.*] Pope, in his Miscellaneous Poems, has a thought in all probability borrowed from this:

"In days of old our fathers went to war,
Expecting sturdy blows and hardy fare;
Their beef they often in their murrion stew'd,
And in their basket-hilt their bev'rage brew'd."

V. 359. *The trenchant blade.*] A sharp cutting blade.

"As by his belt he wore a long pavade, [dagger]
And of his sword, full trenchant was the blade."
Chaucer's Reeve's Tale.

Ib. *Toledo trusty.*] Toledo, the capital of New Castile, was famous for its manufacture of sword blades, and other armour.

V. 372. *Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder.*] A bum-bailiff, one of the lowest and most despicable retainers of the law. "How wittily," says Dr. Grey, in this place, "does the poet describe an arrest? This thought has been much admired, and has given a hint to two celelebrated writers to improve upon it in as fine a vein of satire and burlesque as ever appeared in any language. I think the reader cannot be displeased to see them quoted in this place."

"——— Behind him stalks
Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With haste incredible and magic charms
Erst have endur'd. If his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulders lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont)
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains
In durance strict detain him, till in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free."

Philip's Splendid Shilling.

The author of the Tatler, evidently borrowing his idea from Hudibras, says, "As for Tipstaffe, the youngest son, he was an honest fellow; but his sons, and his sons' sons, have all of them been the veriest rogues living: it is this unlucky branch has stocked the nation with that swarm of lawyers, attorneys, serjeants, and bailiffs, with which the nation is overrun. Tipstaffe being a seventh son, used to cure the king's evil; but his rascally descendants are so far from having that healing quality, that by touch upon the shoulder, they give a man such an ill habit of body that he can never come abroad afterwards."

V. 379. *It was a serviceable dudgeon.*] A dudgeon dagger signifies a small dagger, and in this sense it is used by our poet. Curio, in Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy of the Coxcomb, speaking of the justice, says, 'An his justice be as short as his memory, a dudgeon dagger will serve him to mow down sin withal.

V. 382. *It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread.*] Hudibras's

dagger reminds us of the character of Scrub in the Beau's Stratagem, who had a new office and employment for every day in the week. "A Monday," says he, "I drive the coach, of a Tuesday I drive the plough, on Wednesday I follow the hounds, on Thursday I dun the tenants, on Friday I go to market, on Saturday I draw warrants, and on Sunday I draw beer."

V. 383. *Toast cheese,* &c.] Like Corporal Nim's sword, in Shakspeare's Henry V. "I dare not fight," says he, "but I will wink and hold out mine iron; it is a simple one, what though; it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will, and there's an end."

V. 387. *It had been 'prentice to a brewer.*] Butler here alludes to the knight's connexion with Oliver Cromwell, who, though of good family, was before his coming into parliament a brewer, at Huntingdon. This circumstance is often introduced by the loyal authors in ridicule of the protector. Butler, speaking of him in his Remains, says,

"Who, fickler than the city ruff,
Can change his brewer's coat to buff;
His dray-cart to a coach, the beast
Into two Flander's mares at least;
Nay, hath the heart to murder kings,
Like David, only with his slings."

In another poem of the same period, but by a different author, the parliament-house is thus described:

"'Tis Nol's old brewhouse now I swear;
The speaker's but his skinker,
Their members are like the council of war,
Carmen, pedlars, tinkers."

V. 411-2. *But, after many strains and heaves,*
He got up to the saddle eaves.] The knight was of low stature, and as his horse was "sturdy, large, and tall," and he furnished with so many accoutrements, no wonder he had great difficulty to mount him. The rest of the circumstances attending the knight's setting out on his adventures, are admirably calculated to support the ridicule cast upon his character from the commencement of the poem.

V. 423. *The beast was sturdy, large, and tall.*] Our poet here

had probably his eye on Shakspeare's description of Petruchio's horse in the Taming of the Shrew. "His horse," says Biondello, "hip'd with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred: besides possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with the spavins, raid with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, sway'd in the back, and with a half check'd bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pierced with packthread."

V. 430. *Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipp'd.*] Alluding to the story, in one of L'Estrange's Fables, of the Spaniard under the lash, who made a point of honour of it not to mend his pace for the saving of his carcass, and so marched his stage with as much gravity as if he had been upon a procession, insomuch that one of the spectators advised him to consider, that the longer he was upon the way the longer he must be under the scourge, and the more haste he made, the sooner he would be out of his pain. "Noble Sir," says the Spaniard, "I kiss your hand for your courtesy, but it is below the spirit of a man to run like a dog: if ever it should be your fortune to fall under the same discipline, you shall have my consent to walk your course at what rate you please yourself; but, in the mean time, with your good favour, I shall make bold to use my own liberty."

V. 433-4. *That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,*
Had corns upon his feet and toes.] Suetonius relates in his History of the Cæsars, that Julius Cæsar had a horse with feet like a man's.

V. 457. *A squire he had, whose name was Ralph.*] Sir Roger L'Estrange, in his Key to Hudibras, says, "This famous Squire was one Isaac Robinson, a zealous butcher in Moorfields, who was always contriving some new querqo cut in church government;" but in another Key it is observed, "that Hudibras's squire was one Pemble, a tailor, and one of the committee of sequestrators." As Butler borrowed the name of his knight from Spenser,

it is probable he named his squire from Ralph, the grocer's apprentice in Beaumont and Fletcher's play called the Knight of the Burning Pestle. It might be asked, how it comes to pass that the knight makes choice of a squire of different principles from his own? and why the poet afterwards says,

Never did trusty squire with knight,
Or knight with squire e'er jump more right;
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts and wit,

when there is so manifest a disagreement in the principal part of their characters? To which it may be answered, that the end they proposed by those adventures was the same, and though they differed about circumstantials, they agreed to unite their forces against the established religion. The poet, by this piece of management, intended to show the joint concurrence of sectaries against all law and order at that time. Had the knight and his squire been in all occurrences of the one opinion, we should never have had those eloquent disputes about synods, oaths, consciences, &c. which are some of the chief beauties in the poem, and give us a wonderful insight into the character of those times: besides, this conduct was necessary to give an agreeable diversity of character to the hero of the piece.

V. 466. —— *by birth a tailor.*] We gather from contemporary writers, that most of the Knights of the Thimble of those times were inimical to the established church goverment. The Anabaptists of Munster, who committed such horrible excesses in Germany, had their origin in a tailor. Swift, in his Tale of a Tub, gives a description of the sect of tailors, so humorous and appropriate, that we cannot deny ourselves the satisfaction of placing it before our readers. "About this time [soon after the reformation] it happened that a sect arose, whose tenets obtained and spread far and wide in the *grande monde*, and among every body of good fashion. They worshipped a sort of idol, who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the highest part of the house, on an altar about three feet high. He was shown in the person of a Persian emperor, sitting on a superficies, with his legs interwoven under him. This god has a goose for his ensign, whence it is that

some men pretend to deduce his original from Jupiter Capitolinus. At his left hand, beneath his altar, hell seemed to open and catch at the animals the idol was creating: to prevent which, certain of his priests hourly flung in pieces of the uninformed mass or substance, and sometimes whole limbs already enlivened, which the horrid gulf insatiably devoured, terrible to behold. The goose was also held a subaltern divinity, or *deus minorum gentium*, before whose shrine was sacrificed that creature whose hourly food was human gore, and who is in so great repute abroad by being the delight and favourite of the Egyptian Cercopithecus. Millions of these animals were slaughtered every day to appease the hunger of that consuming deity. The chief idol was worshipped also as the inventor of the yard and needle: whether as the god of seamen, or on account of certain other mystical attributes, hath not been sufficiently clear."

V. 467-8. *The mighty Tyrian Queen, that gain'd,*
With subtle shreds, a tract of land.] Dido, daughter of Belus, King of Tyre, sailed to that part of Africa which is called *Zeugitana*, and bought there as much land as she could compass with a bull's hide, which she cut into small stripes, and enclosed therewith a great quantity of ground, on which she built the city of Carthage.

V. 471. *From him descended cross-legg'd knights.*] The Knights-templars had their effigies laid on their tombs, with their legs crossed. Butler here alludes also to the tailor's posture in sitting at his work.

V. 472. *Fam'd for their faith,* &c.] Obliged to trust much in their way of trade.

V. 476-7-8. *As the bold Trojan Knight, seen hell,*
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold-lace.] To understand the humour of this passage, it is proper to mention, that the tailors call that place hell, where they put all the cloth or cabbage they steal. The Trojan knight, to whom he alludes, was Æneas, who consulting the Sybil concerning the method he should take to see his beloved father Anchises in the shades below, was accosted in the following terms:—

"Receive my counsel. In this neighbour grove
There stands a tree, the Queen of Stygian Jove

Claims it her own: thick woods and gloomy night
Conceal the happy plant from human sight.
One bow it bears, but, wond'rous to behold,
The ductile rind and leaves of radiant gold;
This from the vulgar branches must be torn,
And to fair Proserpine the present borne."

V. 480-1. *And he another way came by't:*

Some call it gifts, and some new light.] The knight and squire entertained different theological opinions. The Independents and Anabaptists (of which sect Ralph probably was) pretended to great gifts, as they called them, by inspiration, and their preachers, though many of them could scarcely read, were called *gifted brethren.* Some of the modern Methodists are no less fanatical and inflated than their Puritanical precursors.

V. 487-8. *Like commendation nine-pence crook'd*

With—To and from my love—it look'd.] Until the year 1696, when all money not milled was called in, a nine-penny piece of silver was as common as sixpences or shillings, and these nine-pences were usually bent as sixpences commonly are now; which bending was called to my love and from my love, and such nine-pences the common people gave or sent to their sweethearts, as tokens of love.

V. 490. *To look a gift-horse in the mouth.*] Persons who receive a horse as a present are not likely to examine his mouth, by which his age may be known, with such care as a person that is going to buy a horse.

V. 495-6. *For saints themselves will sometimes be,*

Of Gifts that cost them nothing, free.] Ignorance is often said to be the mother of presumption. The Commonwealth fanatics exceeded even the reformers in Scotland of the preceding century in presumption and ignorance. A modern wit and scholar of the first order, speaking of them, says, "every transaction of life was interlarded with scraps from Scripture, and their own names were lost in names adopted from the two testaments; Cromwell rebaptized his whole regiment after the posterity of Abraham, and heard the pedigree of our Saviour every day at roll call." The author of a tract, entitled "Sir John Birkenhead revived," ridicules these pretended saints in the following manner:—

"If these be saints, 'tis vain indeed
To think there's good or evil;
The world will soon be of this creed,
No god, no king, no devil.
Of all those monsters which we read
In Afric, Ind, or Nile,
None like to those now lately bred
Within this wretched isle.
The cannibal, the tyger fell,
Crocodile, and sycophant,
The Turk, the Jew, and infidel,
Make up an English saint."

V. 499-500. *He could deep mysteries unriddle,*
As easily as thread a needle.] There was no trait in the character of the Puritans more conspicuous than the alacrity with which they affected to resolve the profoundest mysteries of the Christian dispensation. The most awful and solemn subjects were discussed among them with as little gravity or reserve as if they had been discoursing of mere matters of trade, or the most ordinary concerns of human life; and therefore when talking of religious subjects, they generally drew their metaphors from some of the handicrafts to which they belonged; as our poet in this place says of the squire, he could deep mysteries unriddle, as easily as thread a needle, which could have been no difficult matter for a man bred a tailor. Dr. Echard, (Contempt of the Clergy) makes mention of one of the fanatical preachers, who, discoursing about the sacrament and faith, tells his hearers, that Christ is a treasury of all wares and commodities, and therefore, opening his wide throat, cries aloud, "Good people, what do you lack, what do you buy? Will you buy any balm of Gilead and eye-salve, any myrrh, aloes, or cassia? Shall I fit you with a robe of righteousness, or with a white garment? See here! What is it you want? Here is a very choice armoury: shall I show you a helmet of salvation, a shield or breast-plate of faith? Will you please to walk in and see some precious stones, a jasper, a sapphire, a chalcedony? Speak, what do you buy? Dr. Echard remarks upon this extravagant, profane rant, very properly, "now for my part I must needs say, and I much fancy I speak the minds of thousands,

that it had been much better for such an impudent and ridiculous bawler as this was, to have been condemned to have cried oysters and brooms, than to discredit, at this unsanctified rate, his profession and our religion."

V. 507-8. *A light that falls down from on high,*

For spiritual trades to cozen by.] Butler probably here designs a quibble on the spiritual lights which the Presbyterian visionaries pretended to, and which he compares to the show-lights which certain trade's people use to set off their commodities to the best advantage. Mercers, silkmen, drapers, &c. have a particular light which comes from the top of their shops, by which their goods are shown with a better effect; and the same, it is well known, is the case with exhibitions of pictures, which are always seen to the best advantage, when the light is so managed as to proceed from the top of the exhibition-room.

V. 509. *An ignis fatuus,* &c.] A resplendent exhalation of the earth, caused, as it is most generally supposed, by the decomposition of putrid substances. This phosphoric exhalation is known in country parts by the name of a Jack-o'lanthorn, or Will-with-the-wisp, and according to vulgar tradition, often causes people to wander out of their way, and leads them into pools and ditches. The reason of this, which can be explained upon natural principles, is, that these exhalations most frequently arise in damp and marshy places, and, consequently, those who approach to take a nearer view of them, are liable to fall into the swamps from whence they proceed.

V. 511-2. *To make them dip themselves, and sound*

For Christendom in dirty pond.] Butler, like Shakspeare, when he starts a good idea, seems to think he can never make enough of it: his *ignis fatuus* naturally enough leads the saints into pools and ditches, but instead of leaving them there ashamed of their folly, their enthusiasm still sits closely by them, and he represents them diving for salvation, and fishing to catch regeneration. Nothing can be more exquisite than the humour of this passage, nothing more unconstrained and unforced than the application of it. This will be obvious to the meanest reader, when he is informed that the sectaries to whom Butler more particularly alludes here, were the Anabaptists, or dippers, as they

were then called in derision, who maintained that regeneration was not granted to sinners, unless the whole body was immersed in the waters of baptism. Accordingly men and women were often publicly baptized before large bodies of people, the priest accompanying them into the water, and remaining there, in the severest seasons, to the conclusion of the ceremony. Of the abuses to which such a practice would be liable, not a word need here be said: they are sufficiently ridiculed in the following lines, taken from a satire against hypocrites.

" Men say there was a sacred wisdom then,
That rul'd the strange opinions of these men;
For by much washing child got cold i' th' head,
Which was the cause so many saints snuffled.
On, cry'd another sect, let's wash all o'er,
The parts behind, and eke the parts before.—
Then full of sauce and zeal, up steps Elnathan,
This was his name now, once he had another,
Until the ducking pond made him a brother,
A deacon and a buffeter of Satan."

The Anabaptists of the present day support their principal doctrine upon those words of our Saviour, " *He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved.*" Now, as adults, or grown persons, are alone capable of believing, they argue that none but adults are fit to be baptized. The modern Anabaptists baptize their converts in baths in their chapels of worship, in the face of the congregation, but they are never entirely naked when they are immersed; as was the case with the ancient disciplinants of their sect.

V. 515-6. *This light inspires and plays upon*
The nose of saint, like bagpipe drone.] The sectaries in Cromwell's time were most of them men of the meanest education and lowest habits, and consequently utter enemies to all refinements of literature, or graces, or polish of elocution. The drawl and twang of a vulgar Methodist of the present day, will furnish us with a lively notion of the Puritan preachers, to whom Butler here alludes, and whom another poet of his own age describes as,

" With face and fashion to be known
For one of pure election;

With eyes all white, and many a groan,
With neck aside to draw in tone,
And harp in's nose, or he is none."

V. 520. *But spiritual eaves-droppers can hear.*] Perhaps it would be an emendation to this passage to read can *bear*: i. e. they speak in a language so harsh, dissonant, and uncouth, that none but spiritual eaves-droppers, gifted brethren like themselves, can listen to them with patience: or, our poet may have meant by hear to understand, i. e. that the preachers spoke so unintelligibly that none but the sanctified like themselves could possibly understand them. Eaves-droppers are reputed in law, malicious persons who listen to the discourses of the unwary, in order to inform against them; but Butler probably intended no more by the words, than listeners of the worst class.

V. 525-6-7. *Thus Ralph became infallible,*
As three or four legg'd oracle,
Or ancient cup, or modern chair.] Among the numerous sects of fanatics into which the nation was split in Cromwell's time, there was not one, perhaps, which did not think itself the only true, infallible church. The squire belonged to the most sour and austere sect of fanatics, and therefore was the more likely to be presuming in his spiritual gifts and graces. He looked upon himself as no ordinary man; but as one whom pious exercises and meditations had made perfect. In a word, he was one of those hot-headed enthusiasts who can persuade themselves into the belief of any thing, and have so superior an opinion of their own judgment, that they can never allow themselves to be in the wrong. Hence Butler says, in a fine strain of humour, *Ralph became infallible, as three or four legg'd oracle, the ancient cup, or modern chair.* The three legged oracle refers to the tripos, or three footed stool, upon which the priestess of Delphos sat, when she delivered her oracles: the four legged oracles may probably allude to the elephants which the kings of Siam, and other eastern potentates, kept for the purpose of divination, and which they believed in as implicitly as the ancients did in the oracles of Apollo. The ancient cup has reference to Joseph's divination cup, mentioned in the book of Genesis; and the modern chair implies the papal throne, (which the Popes in their affected humility call

our chair,) from which all the infallible bulls and decretals of the see of Rome, in the technical language of those instruments, are said to proceed.

V. 529. *Spoke truth point-blank, tho' unaware.*] The ancient oracles were supposed to be unacquainted with the real meaning of the responses they delivered, which were left to the sagacity of those who consulted them to interpret, or for time to discover. Hence, when they stumbled upon *truth point-blank*, they might well be said to speak unawares. When Alexander, previous to his Persian expedition, went to consult the oracle of Apollo at Delphi, the priestess refused to ascend the *tripos*, till Alexander obliged her by force, when, unable to resist any longer, she cried out, "*thou art invincible*," and these words were accepted by the hero without any further oracle.

V. 530. *In magic talisman and cabal.*] Magic talismans were anciently of various kinds, and for various uses. The charms used by the common people in the days of fanaticism, were similar in every point, except identity of substance, to the talismans which the ancient Persian magi fabricated. They were to preserve the wearers or owners of them against particular dangers; as, according to a vulgar notion, that skinny membrane, called a caul, with which some children are born, is thought to be an infallible preservative against drowning, though the opinion is justly exploded by all persons of sense. The orientalists of the present day are still famous for their talismans, but in modern Europe, if we except the Turkish provinces in Europe, some parts of Poland, and the Russian empire, this superstitious delusion is nearly extinct. The cabal is a superstition of Hebrew origin, which consisted in a fantastic interpretation of the Old Testament, according to the dreams of the rabbins, by giving every text a triple meaning: 1. The simple or literal meaning; 2. The abstruse or allegorical meaning; 3. The numeric meaning, taking the letters of each words for cyphers or arithmetical numbers. This folly prevailed throughout Christendom to a wonderful extent at one period, and there are still to be found interpreters of the Apocalypse, who deal in such reveries.

V. 532. *As far as Adam's first green breeches.*] Butler, in this passage, probably meant to ridicule the Calvinistic, or Geneva

translation of the Bible, published in English with notes, in 4to. and 8vo. in the year 1557, and in folio in 1615, in which, in Genesis iii. 7, are the following words: "And they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves breeches," instead of aprons, as in the authorised translation.

V. 533. *Deep sighted in intelligences.*] Intelligences were those spirits or angels, which were supposed to regulate the motions of the heavenly bodies; for as the squire to his theological acquirements added that of being well versed in astrology, he was able to predict future events from the aspect of the stars.

V. 535-6. *And much of terra incognita,*
Th' intelligible world could say.] This passage is intended to ridicule those who argue upon subjects of which it is impossible for them to have any knowledge. The squire was a man of such universal knowledge, that he could say much even of those parts of the world that were unknown and undiscovered.

V. 539. *Or Sir Agrippa,* &c.] Cornelius Agrippa flourished in the fifteenth century. He was a learned, but difficult writer; and died counsellor and historiographer to the Emperor Charles V.

V. 541. *He Anthroposophus and Floud,* &c.] Anthroposophia Theomagica, or a Discourse of the Nature of Man in the State after Death, was the title of a book which contained a great deal of unintelligible jargon, such as no one could understand what the author meant, or aimed at. Floud was an enthusiast in philosophy, of whom little is now known further than his name, on which Butler has conferred immortality.

V. 542. *And Jacob Behmen understood,* &c.] Jacob Behmen was a mystic philosopher, of Germany, who treated of the creation of the world, the nature of God, of man, animals, plants, &c. &c. most voluminously, but in so obscure and difficult a style, that even his own disciples could not understand him.

V. 545. *In Rosicrucian lore as learned,* &c.] The Rosicrucians, or *Brothers of the Rosy Cross,* were a sect of hermetical philosophers, who appeared, or at least were first taken notice of, in Germany, in the beginning of the sixteenth century. They pretended to be masters of all sciences, and to have many important secrets, particularly that of the philosopher's stone. Swift, in his Tale of a Tub, makes the following observations upon the Rosicrucians:

" Night being the universal mother of things, wise philosophers hold all writings to be fruitful in the proportion they are dark, and therefore the True Illuminated, (a name of the Rosicrucians), that is to say, the darkest of all, have met with such numberless commentators, whose scholastic midwifery hath delivered them of meanings that the authors themselves perhaps never conceived, and yet may be very justly allowed the true parents of them. The words of such writers being just like seeds, however scattered at random, when they light upon such fruitful ground, will multiply far beyond either the hopes or the imagination of the sower." Sir Roger L'Estrange, in his fable of the Alchymist, tells a pleasant story of one of those philosophers. " A chemical pretender," says he, " who had written a discourse plausible enough on the transmutation of metals, and turning brass and silver to gold, thought he could not place such a curiosity better than in the hands of Leo X. and so made his holiness a present of it. The Pope received it with great humanity, and with this compliment over and above:—' Sir,' said he, " I should have given you my acknowledgments in your own metal, but gold upon gold would have been false heraldry, so that I shall rather make you a return of a dosen empty purses to put your treasure in; for though you can make gold, I don't find that you can make purses.' "

V. 546. *As he that Verè adeptus earned.*] Such of the alchymists as pretended to have found out the philosopher's stone, were called Adept Philosophers.

V. 547. *He understood the speech of Birds.*] We never heard that any of the fanatics pretended to this extraordinary gift, and therefore we suppose that our poet confers it upon Ralpho only to heighten the ridicule of his character. It has been thought that some of the eastern sages pretended to the miraculous endowment; but this mistake originated in want of knowing that the orientalists were the inventors of those apologues and fables, in which birds and beasts are so often the principal actors, and argue with all the rationality and acuteness of human logicians.

V. 549-50. *Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,*
That speak and think contrary clean.] Butler, in this place, probably alluded to the following popular story. A parrot belonging to King Henry VIII. happening to fall out of one of

the palace windows into the water, very seasonably remembered some words it had often heard before, whether in earnest or jest, and cried out amain, "*a boat, a boat for twenty pounds.*" A boatman presently made to the spot, took up the bird, and restored it to the king, to whom he knew it belonged, hoping for as great a reward as the bird had promised. The king agreed that he should have as the bird should say anew, and immediately the parrot answered, "give the knave a *groat.*"

V. 551-2. *What member 'tis of whom they talk*

When they cry Rope, and Walk, knave, walk.] The meaning of this passage is, that the squire was so well acquainted with the secret history of his times, that whenever any member was alluded to on account of some cant name, or particular transaction of his life, he at once knew who was the person designated.—*Rope* is supposed to have been a bye-name given to Baron Tomlinson, on account of a ludicrous speech made and printed on his swearing the sheriffs Warner and Love into their office: part of his charge to them was as follows: "You are the chief executioners of sentences upon malefactors, whether it be whipping, burning, or hanging. Mr. Sheriff, I shall entreat a favour of you; I have a kinsman at your end of the town, a ropemaker. I know you will have many occasions before this time twelvemonth, and I hope I have spoken in time; pray make use of him, and you will do the poor man a favour, and yourself no prejudice." *Walk, knave, walk,* had some allusion to Colonel Hewson, one of the regicides, but what was the particular occasion of it cannot now be traced.

V. 560. *He had first matter seen undress'd.*] This is matter before, by the fiat of the Almighty, it had been divided into elements, or reduced into form.

V. 573. *He could foretel,* &c.] The fanatic preachers would in their prayers often pretend to foretel events, in order to encourage the people in their rebellion.

V. 585-6. *As if they were consenting to*

All mischiefs in the world men do.] This ridicule of judiciary astrology is extremely happy. "It is injurious to the stars," says Gassendi, "to dishonour them with the imputation of such power and efficacy as is incompetent to them, and to make them many times the instruments not only to men's ruin, but even

to all their vicious inclinations and detestable villanies." And it was observed by Dr. James Young, of Sir Christopher Heyden, the great advocate of astrologers, that he affirmed, "That the efficacy of the stars cannot be frustrated without a miracle: where then (says he) is the providence of God and free-will? We are not free agents, but like Bartholomew puppets, act and speak as Mars and Jupiter please to constrain us;" or as the astrologer spoken of by St. Austin, "It is not we that lusted, but Venus; not we that slew, but Mars; not we that stole, but Mercury; not God that helpeth, but Jupiter: and so free-born man is made star-born slave."

V. 589-90. *They'll search a planet's house, to know*
Who broke and robb'd a house below.] Throughout the whole of this passage, Butler pursues his subject with unabated humour and raillery. The idea of searching the planets' houses to discover who robbed houses on the earth, would appear to exceed all the bounds of probability, did we not know that such applications were once common, and that among our forefathers scarcely any momentous concern in life was undertaken, without first inquiring of the stars whether the issue of it would be successful.

V. 599-600. *Make Mercury confess and 'peach*
Those thieves which he himself did teach.] Mercury was the god of merchants and thieves, and therefore he is commonly represented with a purse in his hand.

V. 603-4. *Like him that took the doctor's bill,*
And swallow'd it instead o' th' pill.] The story on which this allusion is founded, is as follows: An ignorant countryman going to a physician for advice, the doctor wrote out a prescription for him, and bid him take it: and the countryman, instead of taking the paper to an apothecary's shop, literally obeyed the doctor's order, and swallowed it. A mistake somewhat similar occurred when the art of inoculating for the small-pox was in its infancy in England: a countryman desirous of preserving his children from the disease, procured some variolus matter, but not knowing how they were to be inoculated with it, he gave it to them between a piece of bread and butter.

V. 605. *Cast the nativity o' th' question.*] When any one came to an astrologer to have his child's nativity cast, and had forgot the hour and minute when it was born, which were necessary to be

known, in order to the erecting a scheme for the purpose, the figure caster looking upon the inquirer as wholly influenced, entirely guided by the stars in the affair, took the position of the heaven the minute the question was asked, and formed his judgment accordingly of the child's future fortune; just as if the child had been born the very same moment that the question was put to the conjuror.

V. 619. *No more than can the astrologians.*] The meaning of this passage is, that the astrologers themselves can no more dispose of (i. e. deceive) a wise man than can the stars. What makes the obscurity is the using the word *dispose* in two senses; to signify influence where it relates to the stars, and *deceive* where it relates to the astrologers.

V. 622. *The other course,* &c.] Religious impostures; by which the author finely insinuates, that even wise men at that time were deceived by those pretences.

This Ralpho knew, and therefore took.—

V. 637-8. *We should as learned poets use,*

Invoke th' assistance of some muse.] Butler cannot permit the usual exordium of an epic poem to pass by him unimitated, though he immediately ridicules the custom. The invocation he uses is very satirical, and reaches abundance of writers; and his compliance with the custom was owing to a strong propensity he found in him to ridicule it.

V. 645-6. *Thou that with ale or viler liquors,*

Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars.] Three wretched poetasters; but in considerable repute among the Puritans. Anthony Wood gives the following account of Pryn's elegant apparatus for the solicitation of the Muses, which Butler probably had in view when he wrote the above lines. "His custom was, when he studied, to put on a long quilted cap, which came an inch over his eyes, seldom eating any dinner, would every three hours or more be munching a roll of bread, and now and then refresh his exhausted spirits with ale brought him by his servant." Cowley, in his Miscellanies, apparently burlesquing his style, speaks of him as follows:

——————"One lately did not fear
Without the Muses' leave to plant verse here,

But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, hedge-
Rhymes, as e'en set the hearer's ear on edge:
Written by William Pryn, Esquire, the
Year of our Lord six hundred thirty-three.
Brave Jersey muse! and he's for his high style,
Call'd to this day the Homer of the isle."

Another poet speaks of Withers and Pryn in the following manner:

" When each notch'd 'prentice might a poet prove,
Warbling through the nose a hymn of love;
When sage George Withers, and grave William Pryn,
Himself might for a poet's share put in."

Vickars was as eminent among the Puritans, as Pryn or Withers. It is said of him, that he translated Virgil's Æneids into as horrible a travestie in earnest, as the French Scarron did in burlesque.

V. 649. —— *sullen writs.*] Implying satirical writings. Our author's meaning here is, that such writers as Withers, Pryn, and Vickars, had no other quality than ill-nature towards many satirists.

V. 653-4. *The praises of the author, penn'd,*
B' himself or wit-insuring friend.] This was a sneer upon the too common practice of those times, in prefixing of panegyrical verses to the most stupid performances.

V. 655. *The itch of picture in the front.*] Every author of those times, however contemptible or insignificant, was ambitious of having his portrait prefixed to his compositions, and, in this respect, it seldom happened that he was not gratified: but the engravings of those sons of Apollo were not in the least superior to the portraits of Messrs. Dilworth, Dysche, Fenning, &c. which we see at the present day prefixed as frontispieces to the school books which bear their names.

V. 657. *All that is left o' th' forked hill.*] Parnassus, alluding to its two tops. Dryden says,

" I never did in cleft Parnassus dream,
Nor taste the Heliconian stream."

V. 658. *To make men scribble without skill.*] Taylor, the water poet, lashes such pretenders to poetry in the following lines:

" An ass in cloth of gold is but an ass,
And rhyming rascals may for poets pass
Among misjudging and illiterate hinds ;
But judgment knows to use them in their kinds,
Myself knows how (sometimes) a verse to frame,
Yet dare I not put on poet's name ;
And I dare with thee at any time,
For what thou dar'st in either prose or rhyme ;
For thou of poesy art the very scum,
Of riff-raff rubbish wit the total sum ;
The loathsome glanders of all base abuse ;
The only filch line of each labouring muse ;
The knave, the ass, the coxcomb, and the fool,
The scorn of poets, and true wits close-stool."

V. 663-4. *Assist me but this once, I 'mplore,*
And I shall trouble thee no more.] Butler's invocation to his master is conducted in a strain of high humour and the most piquant ridicule. The conclusion of it is perfectly in the style of the epic poets, who never fail to address themselves fervently to Apollo, Minerva, Venus, or some of the nine, to smile upon their labours, and inspire their poetic fires.

V. 665. *In western clime there is a town.*] Poets are very careful to avoid naming a place, and therefore commonly express themselves by some metaphor, circumlocution, or periphrasis of speech. Had our poet named Brentford at once, he would have sunk the dignity of his hero ; but this he wisely avoids, by simply saying that the scene of his first adventure was in a town in western clime. Nor does he deign to acquaint the reader with the name of the town, till he comes to the Third Canto of Part II. when he tells the knight what befel him there :

And though you overcame the bear,
The dogs beat you at Brentford fair ;
Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle.

V. 678. *Which learned butchers call bear-baiting.*] This game is ushered in the poem with the same solemnity as the celebrated games in the epics of Homer and Virgil.

V. 682. *From Isthmian or Nemæan game.*] To confer more importance on the adventure which Hudibras is about to undertake,

Butler deduces the origin of bear-baiting from the Isthmian and Nemæan games; the first of which were celebrated every fifth year on the isthmus of Corinth; the second every third year at Nemæa, a village between the cities of Cleonæ and Philus.

V. 684. *That's fixed in northern hemisphere.*] *Ursa Major*, the great bear, a constellation in the northern hemisphere.

V. 689-90. *For after solemn proclamation*

In the bear's name, &c.] The custom of bear-baiting is now so little used in England, that it is not easy to know by what laws the sport was regulated. Probably they did not differ much from the laws of bull-baiting, of which we may gather some notion from what Dr. Plot says in his history of Staffordshire, alluding to the bull-running at Tutbury, where solemn proclamation was made by the steward, before the bull was turned loose; "That all manner of persons give way to the bull, none being to come near him by forty feet, any way to hinder the minstrels, but to attend his or their own safety, every one at his own peril."

V. 714. *We that are*, &c.] This speech is set down as it was delivered by the knight in his own words, but since it is below the gravity of heroical poetry to admit of humour, and all men are obliged to speak wisely alike, and too much of so extravagant a folly would become tedious and impertinent, the rest of his harangues have only his sense expressed in other words, unless in some few places, where his own words could not be so well avoided.

V. 715. *Than constables in curule wit.*] Hudibras means to insinuate, that justices of the peace are as much superior in understanding to constables, as they are in office. *Curule* wit is an affected phrase of the knight to shew his learning, and is derived from the *cella curulis*, or ivory chair, on which the consuls and other chief magistrates of Rome used to sit when they administered justice.

V. 718. *From Pharos of authority.*] A justice of the peace being mounted on a bench, may be said to look down upon the crowd as from a Pharos of authority. The word Pharos is derived from a celebrated light-house built at the entrance of the harbour of Alexandria, which is still to be seen.

V. 720. *Low proletarian tything-men.*] The knight is uncommonly fond of the use of obscure and affected words. Of this

innumerable instances will appear. By *proletarian tything-men*, he means the lowest of the people. Aulus Gellius informs us, that in Rome they were accounted *proletarii*, who paid into the public treasury a less sum than fifteen hundred pieces of brass yearly.

V. 725-6. ——— *coincidere;*

Quantum in nobis.] Agree.—*Quantum in nobis*, as much as is in our power. Our poet delights in heightening the humour of his story with quaint Latin phrases. This was in the taste of his age; and it is to be observed, that as elegant quotations give a polish and refinement to language, so the use of quaint and affected technical terms degrade and barbarise it.

V. 729-30. *And try if we by mediation*

Of treaty and accommodation.] Modern France is supposed to have gained as much by the skill and artifices of her diplomatists as by force of arms. This was also the case with the Roundheads in the time of Charles I. Whenever they had some particular end to answer, as to gain time, they made overtures towards an accommodation, and when their object was attained, they always contrived to break off the negociation by the unreasonableness of their terms.

V. 736. *For covenant*—] This was the solemn league and covenant, which was first framed and taken by the Scottish parliament, and by them sent to the parliament of England, in order to unite the two kingdoms more closely in religion. It was read and taken by both houses, and by the city of London; and ordered to be read in all the churches throughout the kingdom; and every person was bound to give his consent by holding up his hand at the reading of it.

Ib. ——*and the cause's sake.*] The Presbyterian party were accustomed to call the rebellion the *cause*. Sir William Dugdale, in his view of the troubles, informs us, that one Bond, preaching at the Savoy, told his auditors from the pulpit, "that they ought to contribute and pray, and do all they were able, to bring in their brethren of Scotland, for settling of God's *cause*. I say," quoth he, "that is God's *cause*, and if our God hath any *cause*, this is it; and if this be not God's *cause*, then there is no God for me; but the devil is got up into heaven." Such was the blasphemy and fanaticism of the times, which, to use the words of a contemporary poet,

" ——— Pluck'd down the king, the church and the laws,
To set up an idol they nick-nam'd The Cause,
Like Bell and the Dragon, to gorge their own maws."

V. 739. *This feud, by Jesuits invented.*] The Puritans affected an extraordinary horror of popery, and construed every thing that differed from their own discipline to be papistical. As Don Quixote took every occurrence for a romantic adventure, so our knight took every thing he saw to relate to the differences of state then contested.

V. 741-2. *There is a Machiavilian plot,*
Tho' ev'ry nare olfact it not.] Machiavil was secretary to the Duke of Florence, and accounted the most profound politician of his age. He wrote several treatises on government, the object of which was, to teach a prince to govern by the rules of policy rather than of justice; and, among other things, he instructed princes how to plot against their own subjects. This has made the name of Machiavil famous, or rather infamous; and hence it has become a familiar mode of expression with us, and indeed all over Europe, to designate any treacherous or unfair procedure of state, as a piece of Machiavilian policy.

Ib.——*Tho' ev'ry nare olfact it not,*—though every nose does not smell it, that is, though every one is not capable of perceiving it.

V. 747-8. *Have we not enemies plus satis,*
That cane et angue pejus hate us?] Have we not enemies more than enough, that hate us worse than dogs or serpents?

V. 752. *In bloody cynarctomachy.*] Cynarctomachy signifies a fight between dogs and bears; and probably was a word coined by our poet expressly for the occasion.

V. 758. ———*we averruncate it.*] This is another crabbed word of the same kind, and means nothing else than the weeding of corn.

V 761. *They fight for no espoused cause.*] Alluding to the clamours of the rebels, who falsely pretended that their liberty, property, and privileges, were in danger. For this the Puritans were justly bantered in a loyal song of the times:

" For liberty and privilege,
Religion and the king,

We fought, but oh, the golden wedge!
That is the only thing:
There lies the cream of all the cause,
Religion is but whig;
Pure privilege eats up the laws,
And cries, for king——a fig."

V. 762. *Frail privilege,* &c.] Warburton is of opinion, that *frail'd* privilege, that is, broken, violated, would have been better, since it alludes to the impeachment of the five members, which was then thought to be the highest breach of privilege, and was one of the professed causes for taking arms.

V. 766. *Nor Lords' and Commons' ordinances.*] When Charles I. was driven from the parliament, no legal acts of parliament could be made, acts of parliament requiring the assent of the three estates of the realm: therefore, whenever the Lords and Commons, who remained assembled at Westminster, had agreed to any bill, they published it, and required obedience to it, under the title of an Ordinance of Lords and Commons, and sometimes an Ordinance of Parliament.

V. 767-8. *Nor for the church, nor for church-lands,*
To get them into their own hands.] The abuse of sequestering, and invading church-livings, by a committee for that purpose, was extremely flagitious. It was so notoriously unjust and tyrannical, that even Lilly, the Sidrophel of this poem, could not forbear giving the following remarkable instance: About this time (1646) says he, "the most famous mathematician of all Europe, Mr. William Oughtred, parson of Aldbury, in Surry, was in danger of sequestration by the committee of or for plundered ministers (ambodexters as they were); several considerable articles were deposed and sworn against him, material enough to have sequestered him; but that, upon his day of hearing, I applied myself to Sir Bulstrode Whitelocke, and all my own friends, who in such numbers appeared in his behalf, that though the chairman, and many other Presbyterian members, were stiff against him, yet he was cleared by the major number. The truth is, he had a considerable parsonage, and that only was enough to sequester any moderate judgment. He was also well known to affect his majesty. In these times many worthy ministers lost

their livings or benefices for not complying with the three-penny directory. Had you seen, O noble squire, what pitiful ideots were preferred into sequestered church-benefices, you would have been grieved in your soul; but, when they came before the classes of divines, could these simpletons only say, they were converted by hearing such a sermon, such a lecture of that godly man Hugh Peters, Stephen Marshal, or any of that gang, he was presently admitted."

V. 669-70. *Nor evil counsellors to bring*
To justice, that seduce the king.] At the commencement of the rebellion, the Puritans observed some measure of decency towards the king: they did not venture openly to accuse his majesty, but blamed his servants, who were usually denominated by them "evil counsellors."

V. 773. *Th' Egyptians worshipped dogs.*] Anubis, one of the gods of the Egyptians, was worshipped under the form of a man with a dog's head. The superstition of the Egyptians is well exposed in Dryden's translation of the XV. Satire of Juvenal;

"Now Egypt, mad with superstition grown,
Makes gods of monsters, but too well is known:
One sect devotion to Nile's serpent pays,
Others to Ibis, that on serpents preys:
Where Thebes thy hundred gates lie unrepair'd,
And where maim'd Memmon's magic harp is heard;
Where these are mould'ring, let the sots combine
With pious care a monkey to enshrine:
Fish-gods you'll meet, with fins and scales o'ergrown,
Diana's dogs ador'd in every town,
Her dogs have temples, but the goddess none.
'Tis mortal sin an onion to devour,
Each clove of garlic is a sacred pow'r.
Religious nation, sure and bless'd abodes,
Where ev'ry orchard is o'errun with gods.
To kill is murder, sacrilege to eat
A kid or lamb, man's flesh is lawful meat."

A superstition, somewhat similar to that of the ancient Egyptians, prevails to the present day among the modern Turks. In Constantinople, dogs are held in such high veneration, that it

is accounted unlawful to kill them; and in some quarters of the city there are actually hospitals for the reception of maimed and diseased dogs. Some writers are of opinion, that the number of dogs kept in Constantinople, is one great reason why that city is so often exposed to the ravages of the plague; and it is worthy of remark, that a sickly season among the canine race, is usually followed by a great mortality among the human species. Physiologists can best determine what degree of constitutional analogy there is between a man and dog; and perhaps the honour is reserved for some future Jenner to show, that a mild preservative against the plague may exist in some canine virus now as unknown to us as the vaccine virus was to our forefathers.

V. 775. *Others ador'd a rat,* &c.] The ichneumon, or water-rat of the Nile. It was with some reason that the Egyptians raised the ichneumon to the rank of a deity, inasmuch as that animal is the most formidable enemy of the crocodiles, and prevents the increase of those ferocious monsters, by destroying their eggs. This probably was the genuine origin of the ichneumon's divinity-ship; but Dubartus, in his Divine Weeks, accounts for it otherwise.

" Thou mak'st the ichneumon, whom the Memphs adore,
To rid of poisons, Nile's manured shore:
Altho' indeed he doth not conquer them
So much by strength, as subtle stratagem.—
So Pharaoh's rat, 'ere he begins the fray
'Gainst the blind aspic, with a cleaving clay
Upon his coat he wraps an earthen cake,
Which afterwards the sun's hot beams do bake;
Arm'd with this plaister, th' aspic he approacheth,
And in his throat his crooked tooth he broacheth;
While the other bootless strives to pierce and prick
Through the hard temper of his armour thick.
Yet knowing himself too weak, with all his wile,
Alone to match the scaly crocodile,
He with the wren his ruin doth conspire;
The wren, who seeing him press'd with sleep's desire,
Nile's pois'ny pirate, press the slimy shore,
Suddenly comes, and hopping him before,

Into his mouth he skips, his teeth he pickles,
Cleanseth his palate, and his throat so tickles,
That, charm'd with pleasure, the dull serpent gapes
Wider and wider with his ugly chaps:
Then, like a shaft, the ichneumon instantly
Into the tyrant's greedy gorge doth fly,
And feeds upon that glutton, for whose riot
All Nile's fat margent could scarce furnish diet."

V. 777-8. *The Indians fought for the truth*
Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth.] The Indians in the island of Ceylon worshipped a monkey's tooth, which they believed belonged to a monkey named Hanumat, or with high cheek-bones, who, being endowed with a portion of the divine power, could transform himself into various shapes, and of whom many surprising and ridiculous adventures are related; among others, that he commanded a numerous and intrepid army of those large monkeys which our naturalists, or some of them, have denominated *Indian Satyrs*. Sir William Jones very plausibly conjectures, "Might not this army of satyrs have been only a race of mountaineers, whom Hanumat, if such a person existed, had civilized? However that may be," continues he, "the large breed of Indian apes, is at this moment held in high veneration by the Hindoos, and fed with devotion by the Brahmins, who seem, in two or three places on the banks of the Ganges, to have regular endowments for the support of them: they live in tribes of three or four hundred, are wonderfully gentle, (I speak as an eye-witness), and appear to have some kind of order and subordination in their little sylvan policy."

V. 780. *Fought it out mordicus to death.*] With tooth; that is, they fought as it were with tooth and nail to the last gasp.

V. 786. ——— *like boute feus.*] Fire-works.

V. 795-6-7. *We read in Nero's time the Heathen,*
When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,
They sew'd them in the skins of bears.] During the persecution of the Christians in the reign of the Emperor Nero, many Christians who would not consent to renounce their religion, were sewn in the skins of wild beasts, and baited like wild beasts, by dogs, in the amphitheatres. Bazilowitz, Czar of Muscovy, used

to punish his nobility, who offended him, in a similar manner, covering them with bear-skins, and baiting them with fierce English mastiffs.

V. 800. *Of this lewd anti-christian game.*] Butler probably here alluded to a passage in Pryn's Histrio Mastix, who has endeavoured to prove it such from the 61st canon of the sixth council of Constantinople, which he has thus translated: "Those ought also to be subject to six years excommunication who carry about bears, or such like creatures, for sport, to the hurt of simple people." Our Knight was not the only stickler in those times against bear-baiting. Colonel Pride, a foundling and drayman, was likewise a hero in these kind of exploits, as we learn from a ballad upon him, which, having described his zeal against cock-fighting, goes on thus:

"But flush'd with these spoils, the next of his toils
Was to fall with wild beast by the ears;
To the bear-ward he goeth, and then open'd his mouth,
And said, 'Oh! are you there with your bears?'
The crime of the bears was, they were cavaliers,
And had formerly fought for the king;
And had pull'd by the burrs the round-headed curs,
That they made their ears to ring."

The Puritans were mortal enemies to all kinds of public diversions, if we may believe a merry cavalier, who triumphs at the approach of a free parliament, in the following words:

"A hound and a hawk no longer
Shall be token of disaffection:
A cock-fight shall cease
To be breach of the peace,
And a horse-race an insurrection."

V. 807-8. *For certainly there's no such word*
In all the Scripture on record.] The Puritans carried their fanaticism in nothing farther than in their abuse of scriptural phrases and terms. The common actions of life were all expressed in biblical phraseology; and the Disciplinarians held, that the Scripture of God is in such sort the rule of human actions, that simply, whatever we do, and are not by it directed thereto, the same is sin. In a tract printed in those times, entitled "Accom-

modation discommended, as incommodious to the Commonwealth," are the following words: "First, accommodation is not the language of Canaan, and therefore it cannot conduce to the peace of Jerusalem. 2. It is no scripture word: now to vilify the ordinances which are in Scripture, and to set up accommodation, which is not in Scripture, no, not so much as in the Apocrypha, is to relinquish the word, and follow the inventions of man, which is plain popery." Cowley, in his poem entitled the Puritan, ridicules their folly in this respect, in the following lines:

"What mighty sums have they squeez'd out o' th' city,
Enough to make them poor, and something witty;
Excise, loan, contributions, pole monies,
Bribes, plunder, and such parliament privileges;
Are words which you ne'er learn'd in holy writ,
Till the spirit of your synod mended it."

V. 811. *A vile assembly 'tis,* &c. Our poet here means to ridicule the Assembly of Divines, composed chiefly of Presbyterians, for pretending that their form of church-government, by classical, provincial, and national assemblies, was founded on the authority of Scripture, when no such words as classical, &c. are to be met with there. Sir John Birkenhead, speaking of an assembly-man, says, "weigh him singly, and he has the pride of three tyrants, the forehead of six gaolers, the fraud of six brokers; and take them in the bunch, and the whole assembly are a club of hypocrites, where six dozen of schismatics spend two hours for four shillings a piece." What opinion the learned Seldon had of them appears from the following account. "The house of parliament once making a question, whether they had best admit Bishop Usher to the Assembly of Divines? he said, 'they had as good enquire, whether they had best admit Inigo Jones, the king's architect, to the company of mouse-trap makers?'"

Ver. 816-7. *For when men run a-whoring thus*
With their inventions, &c.] A paraphrase on the 38th ver. of the 106th Psalm: "Thus were they stained with their own works; and went a-whoring with their own inventions."

V. 824. *The true ad amussim,* &c.] This is a word derived from a carpenter's rule, and signifies exactly, by line and level.

V. 830. —— *homœosis.*] An explanation of a thing by something resembling it.

V. 851-2. *Thou'lt at best but suck a bull,*
Or sheer swine, all cry, and no wool.] The first of these alludes to a proverbial saying, "As wise as the Waltham calf, that went nine miles to suck a bull." The following passage in Don Quixote will explain the other: "Nor that ever a wise woman should see her master come to this, to run a wool gathering: I would it were so well; but the wool that we shall have is as much as the devil (God bless us) got when he shore a hog."

V. 876. *And all the godly,* &c.] The Presbyterians and sectaries of those times called themselves the *godly,* and all that were for the church and king the *ungodly;* they resembled in this particular the tyrant and usurper Richard III. whom Shakspeare makes to say,

"But then I sigh, and with a piece of Scripture
Tell them that God bids me do good for evil:
And thus I cloak my naked villany
With an old odd end stolen forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil."

V. 882. *We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate.*] The Puritans were most of them zealous believers in the doctrine of predestination, and held the opinion that all things must happen as was decreed or fated. Swift, in his Tale of a Tub, ridicules this doctrine in an exquisite vein of humour. Speaking of Jack, the Calvinist, or Presbyterian, he says, "he would shut his eyes as he walked along the streets, and if he happened to bounce his head against a post, or fall into a kennel, (as he seldom failed to do one or both) he would tell the gibing 'prentices that looked on, that he submitted with entire resignation as to a trip or blow of fate, with which he found, by long experience, how vain it was either to wrestle or cuff: and whoever durst undertake to do either would be sure to come off with a swinging fall or bloody nose: it was ordained (said he), some days before the creation, that my nose and this very post should have an encounter, and therefore Providence thought fit to send us both into the world in the same age, and to make us countrymen and fellow-citizens. Now, had my eyes been open, it is very likely the business had been a great deal worse; for how many a confounded slip is daily got by a man with all his foresight about him!"

V. 903. ——— *Mamaluke.*] Soldiers under the command of the beys of Egypt. They are usually the offspring of poor Christians in the different provinces of the Turkish empire, taken from their parents when young, and educated in the Mahometan religion.

V. 904. *In foreign land, y'clep'd* ———] Some of the commentators on Hudibras have supposed that the chasm here ought to be filled up with Sir Simon Luke, with whom our author lived some time, and who, to his dishonour, was an eminent commander under Oliver Cromwell.

V. 917-8. ——— *as yerst the Phrygian knight,*
So ours, with trusty steel did smite
His Trojan horse, &c.] Laocoon, one of the sons of Priam, who, suspecting the treachery of the Greeks, smote the wooden horse with his spear.

V. 925-6. *So have I seen, with armed heel,*
A wight bestride the commonweal.] Butler here most probably alludes to Richard Cromwell, a weak but harmless man, who succeeded his father in the protectorship, but was soon dispossessed of the government. In a loyal song written after the restoration, the commonwealth is compared to a horse, and the two protectors to riders, in the following lines:

" But Nol, a rank rider, gets first in the saddle,
And made her show tricks, and curvet and rebound;
She quickly perceiv'd he rode widdle waddle,
And, like his coach-horses, threw his highness to ground.
Then Dick being lame, rode holding by the pommel,
Not having the wit to get hold by the rein:
But the jade did so snort at the sight of a Cromwell,
That poor Dick and his kindred turn'd footmen again."

The Notes upon this Canto cannot be better concluded than with a compliment paid to Butler by Matthew Prior, who was the best imitator of his style and humour. It is to be found in his Alma, and is a good defence of our poet for abruptly breaking the thread of his narration at the end of this Canto:

" But shall we take the muse abroad,
To drop her idly on the road,

And leave her subject in the middle,
As Butler did his bear and fiddle?
Yet he, consummate master, knew
When to recede, and where pursue:
His noble negligences teach
What other folks despair to reach:
He, perfect master, climbs the rope,
And balances your fear and hope.
If, after some distinguish'd leap,
He drops his pole, and seems to slip,
Straight gath'ring all his active strength,
He rises higher half his length;
With wonder you approve his sleight,
And owe your pleasure to your fright;
But like poor Andrew, I advance,
False mimic of my master's dance,
Around the cord a while I sprawl,
And then, though low, in earnest fall."

PART I.---CANTO II.

The Argument.

The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies best men-of-war;
Whom, in a bold harangue, the Knight
Defies, and challenges to fight;
H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fiddler prisoner;
Conveys him to enchanted castle,
There shuts him fast in wooden bastile.

THERE was an ancient sage philosopher,
That had read Alexander Ross over;
And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting and of love:
Just so romances are, for what else
Is in them all but love and battles?
O' th' first of these we've no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter:
In which to do th' injur'd right
We mean, in what concerns just fight.

Certes our authors are to blame,
For to make some well-sounding name
A pattern fit for modern knights
To copy out in frays and fights;
(Like those that a whole street do raze,
To build a palace in the place,)
They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,
Or wives, or children, so they can
Make up some fierce dead-doing man,
Compos'd of many ingredient valours,
Just like the manhood of nine tailors.
So a wild Tartar, when he spies
A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit;
As if just so much he enjoy'd
As in another is destroy'd.
For when a giant's slain in fight,
And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy case, no doubt,
A man should have his brains beat out
Because he's tall, and has large bones,
As men kill beavers for their stones.

But as for our part, we shall tell
The naked truth of what befel;
And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
With neither faction shall take part,
But give to each his due desert;
And never coin a formal lie on't,
To make the Knight o'ercome the giant.
This b'ing profess'd, we hope's enough,
And now go on where we left off.
They rode, but authors having not
Determin'd whether pace or trot,
(That is to say, whether tollutation,
As they do term't, or succussation.)
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppose they did, no matter how:
Yet some, from subtle hints, have got
Mysterious light it was a trot:
But let that pass: they now begun
To spur their living engines on:
For as whipp'd tops, and bandy'd balls,
The learned hold are animals;
So horses they affirm to be
Mere engines made by geometry,

And were invented first from engines,
As Indian Britons were from Penguins.
So let them be; and, as I was saying,
They their live engines ply'd, not staying
Until they reach'd the fatal champaign
Which th' enemy did then encamp on;
The dire Pharsalian plain, where battle
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant cattle,
And fierce auxiliary men,
That came to aid their brethren;
Who now began to take the field,
As knight from ridge of steed beheld:
For as our modern wits behold,
Mounted a pick-back on the old,
Much farther off; much farther he,
Rais'd on his aged beast, could see:
Yet not sufficient to descry
All postures of th' enemy;
Wherefore he bids the squire ride further,
T' observe their numbers and their order;
That when their motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Meanwhile he stopp'd his willing steed,
To fit himself for martial deed.

Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
Either to give blows, or to ward;
Courage and steel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better or for worse.
His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preserving vittle;
These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free's sword from retentive scabbard:
And after many a painful pluck,
From rusty durance he bail'd tuck:
Then shook himself, to see that prowess
In scabbard of his arms sat loose;
And, rais'd upon his desp'rate foot,
On stirrup-side he gaz'd about,
Portending blood, like blazing star,
The beacon of approaching war.
Ralpho rode on with no less speed
Than Hugo in the forest did:
But far more in returning made;
For now the foe he had survey'd,
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
With van, main battle, wings, and rear.
I' th' head of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero march'd, expert and able.

Instead of trumpet and of drum,
That makes the warrior's stomach come,
Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer
By thunder turn'd to vinegar;
(For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
Who has not a month's mind to combat?)
A squeaking engine he apply'd
Unto his neck, on north-east side,
Just where the hangman does dispose,
To special friends, the knot of noose:
For 'tis great grace when statesmen strait
Dispatch a friend, let others wait.
His warped ear hung o'er the strings,
Which was but souse to chitterlings;
For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,
Are fit for music, or for pudden:
From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
Of minstrelsy, by string or wind.
His grisly beard was long and thick,
With which he strung his fiddle-stick:
For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe,
For what on his own chin did grow.
Chiron, the four-legg'd bard, had both
A beard and tail of his own growth;

And yet by authors 'tis averr'd,
He made use only of his beard.
In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth
Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth,
Where bulls do choose the boldest king,
And ruler, o'er the men of string;
(As once in Persia, 'tis said,
Kings were proclaim'd by horse that neigh'd;)
He, bravely vent'ring at a crown,
By chance of war was beaten down,
And wounded sore: his leg then broke,
Had got a deputy of oak:
For when a shin in fight is cropt,
The knee with one of timber's propt;
Esteem'd more hon'rable than the other,
And takes place, tho' the younger brother.
 Next march'd brave Orsin, famous for
Wise conduct, and success in war;
A skilful leader, stout, severe,
Now Marshal to the champion Bear.
With truncheon tipt with iron head,
The warrior to the lists he led:
With solemn march, and stately pace,
But far more grave and solemn face;

Grave as the Emperor of Pegu,
Or Spanish potentate, Don Diego.
This leader was of knowledge great,
Either for charge or for retreat;
He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
To fall back and retreat as well.
So lawyers, lest the Bear defendant,
And plaintiff Dog, should make an end on't,
Do stave and tail with writs of error,
Reverse of judgment, and demurrer,
To let them breathe awhile, and then
Cry whoop, and set them on again.
As Romulus a wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd prey
Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
Bred up, where discipline most rare is,
In military garden, Paris.
For soldiers heretofore did grow
In gardens just as weeds do now;
Until some splay-foot politicians
T' Apollo offer'd up petitions,
For licensing a new invention
They'd found out of an antique engine,

To root out all the weeds that grow
In public gardens, at a blow,
And leave th' herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,
My friends, that is not to be done.
Not done! quo' Statesman; yes, an't please ye,
When 'tis once known, you'll say 'tis easy.
Why then let's know it, quoth Apollo;
We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.
A drum! (quoth Phœbus) troth, that's true,
A pretty invention, quaint and new:
But though of voice and instrument
We are th' undoubted president,
We such loud music don't profess;
The Devil's master of that office,
Where it must pass; if't be a drum,
He'll sign it with Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.
To him apply yourselves, and he
Will soon dispatch you for his fee.
They did so; but it prov'd so ill,
They'd better let them grow there still.
But to resume what we discoursing
Were on before, that is, stout Orsin;
That which so oft by sundry writers
Has been apply'd t' almost all fighters,

More justly may b' ascrib'd to this,
Than any other warrior, (viz.)
None ever acted both parts bolder,
Both of a chieftain and a soldier.
He was of great descent, and high
For splendor and antiquity,
And from celestial origine
Deriv'd himself in a right line.
Not as the ancient heroes did,
Who, that their base births might be hid,
(Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a windore,)
Made Jupiter himself and others
O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,
To get on them a race of champions,
(Of which old Homer first made lampoons.)
Arctophylax, in northern sphere,
Was his undoubted ancestor;
From him his great forefathers came,
And in all ages bore his name.
Learned he was in med'c'nal lore,
For by his side a pouch he wore
Replete with strange hermetic powder,
That wounds nine miles point-blank would solder,

By skilful chymist with great cost
Extracted from a rotten post;
But of a heav'nlier influence
Than that which mountebanks dispense;
Tho' by Promethean fire made,
As they do quack that drive that trade.
For as, when slovens do amiss
At others' doors, by stool or piss,
The learned write, a red-hot spit
Being prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey mischief from the dung
Unto the part that did the wrong:
So this did healing, and as sure
As that did mischief, this would cure.
 Thus virtuous Orsin was endu'd
With learning, conduct, fortitude
Incomparable; and as the prince
Of poets, Homer, sung long since,
A skilful leech is better far
Than half a hundred men of war;
So he appear'd, and by his skill,
No less than dint of sword, could kill.
 The gallant Bruin march'd next him,
With visage formidably grim,

And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin:
Clad in a mantle *delle guerre*
Of rough, impenetrable fur;
And in his nose, like Indian king,
He wore, for ornament, a ring;
About his neck a threefold gorget,
As rough as trebled leathern target;
Armed, as heralds, cant and langued,
Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged.
For as the teeth in beasts of prey
Are swords, with which they fight in fray;
So swords, in men of war, are teeth
Which they do eat their vittle with.
He was by birth, some authors write,
A Russian, some a Muscovite;
And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
Of whom we in diurnals read,
That serve to fill up pages here,
As with their bodies ditches there:
Scrimansky was his cousin-german,
With whom he serv'd and fed on vermin:
And when these fail'd, he'd suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws.

And tho' his countrymen, the Huns,
Did stew their meat between their bums
And th' horses backs o'er which they straddle,
And ev'ry man ate up his saddle,
He was not half so nice as they,
But ate it raw when't came in's way.
He had trac'd countries far and near,
More than Le Blanc the traveller;
Who writes, he spous'd in India,
Of noble house, a lady gay,
And got on her a race of worthies
As stout as any upon earth is.
Full many a fight for him between
Talgol and Orsin oft had been;
Each striving to deserve the crown
Of a sav'd citizen; the one
To guard his Bear, the other fought
To aid his Dog; both made more stout,
By several spurs of neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and blood:
But Talgol, mortal foe to cows,
Never got aught of him but blows;
Blows, hard and heavy, such as he
Had lent, repaid with usury.

Yet Talgol was of courage stout,
And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought;
Inur'd to labour, sweat and toil,
And, like a champion, shone with oil:
Right many a widow his keen blade,
And many fatherless, had made.
He many a boar and huge dun-cow,
Did like another Guy, o'erthrow;
But Guy with him in fight compar'd,
Had like the boar or dun-cow far'd.
With greater troops of sheep h' had fought,
Than Ajax, or bold Don Quixote;
And many a serpent of fell kind,
With wings before, and stings behind,
Subdu'd; as, poets say, long agone,
Bold Sir George, St. George, did the dragon.
Nor engine, nor device polemic,
Disease, nor doctor epidemic,
Though stor'd with deletery med'cines,
(Which whosoever took is dead since,)
E'er sent so vast a colony
To both the under worlds as he;
For he was of that noble trade
That demi-gods and heroes made,

Slaughter, and knocking on the head,
The trade to which they all were bred,
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but base, if mean.
The former rides in triumph for it,
The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So sacred with vile bungling.
 Next these the brave Magnano came,
Magnano! great in martial fame:
Yet when with Orsin he wag'd fight,
'Tis sung he got but little by't.
Yet he was fierce as forest boar,
Whose spoils upon his back he wore,
As thick as Ajax' sevenfold shield,
Which o'er his brazen arms he held;
But brass was feeble to resist
The fury of his armed fist;
Nor could the hardest iron hold out
Against his blows, but they would through't.
 In magic he was deeply read,
As he that made the brazen head;
Profoundly skill'd in the black art,
As English Merlin for his heart;

But far more skilful in the spheres
Than he was at the sieve and shears.
He could transform himself in colour,
As like the devil as a collier;
As like as hypocrites in show
Are to true saints, or crow to crow.
 Of warlike engines he was author,
Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter:
The cannon, blunderbuss, and saker,
He was th' inventor of, and maker:
The trumpet and the kettle-drum
Did both from his invention come.
He was the first that e'er did teach
To make, and how to stop a breach.
A lance he bore with iron pike,
Th' one half would thrust, the other strike;
And when their forces he had join'd,
He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.
 He Trulla lov'd, Trulla more bright
Than burnish'd armour of her knight:
A bold virago, stout and tall,
As Joan of France, or English Mall.
Through perils both of wind and limb,
Through thick and thin she follow'd him,

In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forsook.
At breach of wall, or hedge surprise,
She shar'd i' th' hazard and the prize;
At beating quarters up, or forage,
Behav'd herself with matchless courage,
And laid about in fight more busily
Than the Amazonian dame Penthesile.
And though some critics here cry shame,
And say our authors are to blame,
That (spite of all philosophers,
Who hold no females stout but bears;
And heretofore did so abhor
That women should pretend to war,
They would not suffer the stoutest dame
To swear by Hercules's name)
Make feeble ladies, in their works,
To fight like termagants and Turks;
To lay their native arms aside,
Their modesty, and ride astride;
To run a-tilt at men, and wield
Their naked tools in open field,
As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,
And she that would have been the mistress

Of Gundibert; but he had grace,
And rather took a country lass:
They say 'tis false without all sense,
But of pernicious consequence
To government, which they suppose
Can never be upheld in prose;
Strip Nature naked to the skin,
You'll find about her no such thing.
It may be so; yet what we tell,
Of Trulla that's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by those have seen't,
Or what's as good, produc'd in print:
And if they will not take our word,
We'll prove it true upon record.
 The upright Cerdon next advanc'd,
Of all his race the valiant'st:
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song,
Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong:
He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
The weak against the strongest side:
Ill has he read that never hit
On him in Muses' deathless writ.
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That through a bull-hide shield would pierce,

And cut it in a thousand pieces,
Tho' tougher than the Knight of Greece his,
With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor,
Was comrade in the ten years' war:
For when the restless Greeks sat down
So many years, before Troy town,
And were renown'd, as Homer writes,
For well-soal'd boots, no less than fights;
They ow'd that glory only to
His ancestor, that made them so.
Fast friend he was to reformation,
Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion;
Next rectifier of wry law,
And would make three t' cure one flaw.
Learned he was, and could take note,
Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote:
But preaching was his chiefest talent,
Or argument, in which b'ing valiant,
He us'd to lay about and stickle,
Like ram or bull at conventicle:
For disputants, like rams and bulls,
Do fight with arms that spring from skulls.
Last Colon came, bold man of war,
Destin'd to blows by fatal star;

Right expert in command of horse,
But cruel and without remorse.
That which of Centaur long ago
Was said, and has been wrested to
Some other knights, was true of this,
He and his horse were of a piece.
One spirit did inform them both,
The self-same vigour, fury, wrath:
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had a harder heart;
Although his horse had been of those
That fed on man's flesh, as fame goes;
Strange food for horse! and yet, alas!
It may be true; for flesh is grass.
Sturdy he was, and no less able
Than Hercules to clean a stable:
As great a drover, and as great
A critic too, in hog or neat.
He ript the womb up of his mother,
Dame Tellus, 'cause she wanted fother
And provender wherewith to feed
Himself, and his less cruel steed.
It was a question whether he
Or's horse were of a family

More worshipful; till antiquaries,
(After they'd almost por'd out their eyes,)
Did very learnedly decide
The bus'ness on the horse's side,
And prov'd not only horse, but cows,
Nay pigs, were of the elder house:
For beasts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.
These worthies were the chief that led
The combatants, each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage,
Ready and longing to engage.
The num'rous rabble was drawn out
Of sev'ral counties round about,
From villages remote, and shires
Of east and western hemispheres;
From foreign parishes and regions,
Of diff'rent manners, speech, religions,
Came men and mastiffs; some to fight
For fame and honour, some for sight.
And now the field of death, the lists
Were enter'd by antagonists,
And blood was ready to be broach'd,
When Hudibras in haste approach'd,

With Squire and weapons to attack 'em;
But first thus from his horse bespake 'em:
What rage, O citizens! what fury,
Doth you to these dire actions hurry?
What *œstrum*, what phrenetic mood,
Makes you thus lavish of your blood,
While the proud Vies your trophies boast,
And unreveng'd walks Waller's ghost?
What towns, what garrisons, might you
With hazard of this blood subdue,
Which now y' are bent to throw away
In vain untriumphable fray?
Shall saints in civil bloodshed wallow
Of saints, and let the cause lie fallow?
The cause, for which we fought and swore
So boldly, shall we now give o'er?
Then, because quarrels still are seen
With oaths and swearings to begin,
The Solemn League and Covenant
Will seem a mere God-dam-me-rant,
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as drunkards that fall out:
For as we make war for the King
Against himself, the self-same thing,

Some will not stick to swear, we do
For God and for Religion too:
For, if Bear-baiting we allow,
What good can Reformation do?
The blood and treasure that's laid out
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are these the fruits o' th' Protestation,
The prototype of Reformation,
Which all the saints, and some, since martyrs,
Wore in their hats like wedding-garters,
When 'twas resolv'd by either House
Six Members' quarrel to espouse?
Did they for this draw down the rabble,
With zeal and noises formidable,
And make all cries about the town
Join throats to cry the Bishops down?
Who having round begirt the palace,
(As once a month they do the gallows,)
As Members gave the sign about,
Set up their throats with hideous shout.
When tinkers bawl'd aloud to settle
Church-Discipline, for patching kettle;
No sow-gelder did blow his horn
To geld a cat, but cry'd Reform;

The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,
And trudg'd away to cry No Bishop;
The mouse-trap men laid save-alls by,
And 'gainst Ev'l Counsellors did cry;
Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the Church;
Some cry'd the Covenant, instead
Of pudding-pies and gingerbread;
And some for brooms, old boots and shoes,
Bawl'd out to purge the Common-House;
Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry
A Gospel-preaching Ministry;
And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,
No Surplices nor Service-book:
A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to Reformation.
And is this all? Is this the end
To which these carr'ings on did tend?
Hath Public Faith, like a young heir,
For this tak'n up all sorts of ware,
And run int' ev'ry tradesman's book,
Till both turn'd bankrupts and are broke?
Did Saints for this bring in their plate,
And crowd as if they came too late?

For when they thought the cause had need on't,
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
Did they coin piss-pots, bowls, and flaggons,
Int' officers of horse and dragoons?
And into pikes and musqueteers
Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers?
A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,
Did start up living men as soon
As in the furnace they were thrown,
Just like the dragon's teeth b'ing sown.
Then was the Cause of gold and plate,
The Brethrens' off'rings, consecrate,
Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it
The Saints fell prostrate, to adore it:
So say the Wicked—and will you
Make that sarcasmus scandal true
By running after Dogs and Bears,
Beasts more unclean than calves or steers?
Have pow'rful Preachers ply'd their tongues,
And laid themselves out and their lungs;
Us'd all means, both direct and sinister,
I' th' pow'r of Gospel-preaching Minister?
Have they invented tones to win
The women, and make them draw in

The men, as Indians with a female
Tame elephant inveigle the male?
Have they told Prov'dence what it must do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to?
Discover'd th' Enemy's design,
And which way best to countermine?
Prescrib'd what ways it hath to work,
Or it will ne'er advance the Kirk?
Told it the news o' th' last express,
And after good or bad success
Made prayers, not so like petitions
As overtures and propositions
(Such as the Army did present
To their Creator, th' Parl'ament)
In which they freely will confess
They will not, cannot acquiesce,
Unless the Work be carry'd on
In the same way they have begun,
By setting Church and Commonweal
All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
On which the Saints were all agog,
And all this for a Bear and Dog?
The Parl'ament drew up petitions
To 'tself, and sent them, like commissions,

To well-affected persons down,
In ev'ry city and great town;
With power to levy horse and men,
Only to bring them back agen?
For this did many, many a mile,
Ride manfully in rank and file,
With papers in their hats, that show'd
As if they to the pillory rode.
Have all these courses, these efforts,
Been try'd by people of all sorts,
Velis et remis, omnibus nervis,
And all t' advance the Cause's service;
And shall all now be thrown away
In petulant intestine fray?
Shall we, that in the Cov'nant swore
Each man of us to run before
Another, still in Reformation
Give Dogs and Bears a dispensation?
How will Dissenting Brethren relish it?
What will Malignants say? *Videlicet,*
That each man swore to do his best
To damn and perjure all the rest;
And bid the devil take the hin'most,
Which at this race is like to win most.

They'll say our bus'ness to Reform
The Church and State, is but a worm;
For to subscribe, unsight unseen,
To an unknown Church discipline,
What is it else but beforehand
T' engage and after understand?
For when we swore to carry on
The present Reformation,
According to the purest mode
Of churches best reform'd abroad,
What did we else but make a vow
To do we know not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree
Where, or what churches these should be:
And is indeed the self-same case
With those that swore *et cæteras*;
Or the French League, in which men vow'd
To fight to the last drop of blood.
These slanders will be thrown upon
The cause and work we carry on,
If we permit men to run headlong
T' exorbitances fit for bedlam,
Rather than gospel-walking times,
When slightest sins are greatest crimes.

But we the matter so shall handle
As to remove that odious scandal:
In name of King and Parl'ament,
I charge ye all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the peace between
Your brethren and your countrymen,
And to those places straight repair
Where your respective dwellings are.
But to that purpose first surrender
The Fiddler, as the prime offender,
Th' incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and engineer of mischief;
That makes division between friends,
For profane and malignant ends.
He, and that engine of vile noise,
On which illegally he plays,
Shall *(dictum factum)* both be brought
To condign pun'shment, as they ought:
This must be done, and I would fain see
Mortal so sturdy as to gainsay;
For then I'll take another course,
And soon reduce you all by force.
This said, he clapt his hand on sword,
To shew he meant to keep his word.

But Talgol, who had long supprest
Inflamed wrath in glowing breast,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as flame in furnace,
Thus answer'd him: Thou vermin wretched,
As e'er in measled pork was hatched;
Thou tail of worship, that dost grow
On rump of justice as of cow;
How dar'st thou with that sullen luggage
O' th' self, old ir'n, and other baggage,
With which thy steed of bones and leather
Has broke his wind in halting hither,
How durst th', I say, adventure thus
T' oppose thy lumber against us?
Could thine impertinence find out
No work t' employ itself about,
Where thou, secure from wooden blow,
Thy busy vanity might'st show?
Was no dispute a-foot between
The caterwauling brethren?
No subtle question rais'd among
Those out-o'-their wits, and those i' th' wrong;
No prize between those combatants
O' th' times, the land and water saints;

Where thou might'st stickle without hazard
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard,
And not for want of bus'ness come
To us to be thus troublesome,
To interrupt our better sort
Of disputants, and spoil our sport?
Was there no felony, no bawd,
Cut-purse, or burglary abroad?
No stolen pig, nor plunder'd goose,
To tie thee up from breaking loose?
No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,
For which thou statute might'st alledge,
To keep thee busy from foul evil
And shame due to thee from the devil?
Did no Committee sit, where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee,
And set th' a task, with subornation,
To stitch up sale and sequestration;
To cheat, with holiness and zeal,
All parties and the commonweal?
Much better had it been for thee
He 'ad kept thee where th' art us'd to be,
Or sent thee on bus'ness any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither:

But if th' hast brain enough in skull
To keep itself in lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of stones
And cudgels to thy hide and bones,
Tremble, and vanish while thou may'st,
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.
At this the knight grew high in wroth,
And, lifting hands and eyes up both,
Three times he smote on stomach stout,
From whence, at length, these words broke out:
Was I for this entitled Sir,
And girt with trusty sword and spur,
For fame and honour to wage battle,
Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle?
Not all that pride that makes thee swell
As big as thou dost blown-up veal;
Nor all thy tricks and sleights to cheat,
And sell thy carrion for good meat;
Not all thy magick to repair
Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,
Make nat'ral death appear thy work,
And stop the gangreen in stale pork;
Not all the force that makes thee proud,
Because by bullock ne'er withstood;

Though arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives,
And axes, made to hew down lives;
Shall save or help thee to evade
The hand of Justice, or this blade,
Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry,
For civil deed and military.
Nor shall these words of venom base,
Which thou hast from their native place,
Thy stomach, pump'd to fling on me,
Go unreveng'd, though I am free;
Thou down the same throat shalt devour 'em,
Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em:
Nor shall it e'er be said that wight
With gantlet blue and bases white,
And round blunt truncheon by his side,
So great a man at arms defy'd
With words far bitterer than wormwood,
That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,
But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.
 This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd
His gun-shot that in holsters watch'd,
And, bending cock, he levell'd full
Against th' outside of Talgol's skull,

Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,
Nor henceforth cow or bullock murther:
But Pallas came in shape of Rust,
And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust
Her Gorgon shield, which made the cock
Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock.
Meanwhile fierce Talgol, gath'ring might,
With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight:
But he, with petronel upheav'd
Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd;
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to such a kind of fight,
And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.
Then Hudibras, with furious haste,
Drew out his sword; yet not so fast
But Talgol first, with hardy thwack,
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back.
But when his nut-brown sword was out,
With stomach huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon:
The trusty cudgel did oppose
Itself against dead-doing blows,

To guard his leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd itself again.
And though the sword (some understood)
In force had much the odds of wood,
'Twas nothing so; both sides were balanc't
So equal, none knew which was valiant'st:
For wood with honour b'ing engag'd,
Is so implacably enrag'd,
Though iron hew and mangle sore,
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
And now both knights were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot pursuits of death,
Whilst all the rest amaz'd stood still,
Expecting which should take, or kill.
This Hudibras observ'd; and fretting
Conquest should be so long a-getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow:
But Talgol wisely avoided it
By cunning sleight; for, had it hit,
The upper part of him the blow
Had slit as sure as that below.
Meanwhile th' incomparable Colon,
To aid his friend, began to fall on:

Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew
A dismal combat 'twixt them two;
Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood,
This fit for bruise, and that for blood.
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang,
While none that saw them could divine
To which side conquest would incline;
Until Magnano, who did envy
That two should with so many men vie,
By subtle stratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where thistles grew on barren ground,
In haste he drew his weapon out,
And, having cropt them from the root,
He clapt them underneath the tail
Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail.
The angry beast did straight resent
The wrong done to his fundament,
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h' had been beside his sense,
Striving to disengage from thistle,
That gall'd him sorely under his tail;

Instead of which, he threw the pack
Of Squire and baggage from his back;
And blund'ring still, with smarting rump,
He gave the Knight's steed such a thump
As made him reel. The Knight did stoop,
And sat on further side aslope.
This Talgol viewing, who had now
By sleight escap'd the fatal blow,
He rally'd, and again fell to 't;
For catching foe by nearer foot,
He lifted with such might and strength
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And dash'd his brains (if any) out:
But Mars, that still protects the stout,
In pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the Bear convey'd,
The Bear, upon whose soft fur-gown
The Knight with all his weight fell down.
The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,
And head-long Knight, from bruise or wound;
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.
As Sancho on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt, ours far'd as well

In body, though his mighty spirit,
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
The Bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down and worsted by the Knight;
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To shake off bondage from his snout;
His wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from
His jaws of death he threw the foam;
Fury in stranger postures threw him,
And more than ever herald drew him.
He tore the earth, which he had sav'd
From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd,
And vex'd the more because the harms
He felt were 'gainst the law of arms:
For men he always took to be
His friends, and dogs the enemy;
Who never so much hurt had done him,
As his own side did falling on him.
It griev'd him to the guts that they,
For whom he 'ad fought so many a fray,
And serv'd with loss of blood so long,
Should offer such inhuman wrong;
Wrong of unsoldier-like condition,
For which he flung down his commission,

And laid about him, till his nose
From thrall of ring and cord broke loose.
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,
And made way through th' amaz'd crew;
Some he o'erran, and some o'erthrew,
But took none; for by hasty flight
He strove t' escape pursuit of Knight,
From whom he fled with as much haste
And dread, as he the rabble chas'd:
In haste he fled, and so did they,
Each and his fear a sev'ral way.
 Crowdero only kept the field,
Not stirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down, and wounded sore
I' th' Fiddle, and a leg that bore
One side of him; not that of bone,
But much its better, th' wooden one.
He spying Hudibras lie strow'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, supposed wound,
And loss of urine, in a swound,
In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb
That hurt i' th' ancle lay by him,

And fitting it for sudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight;
For getting up on stump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd, for breach
Of Crowd and skin, upon the wretch
Sole author of all detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent.
 But Ralpho (who had now begun
T' adventure resurrection
From heavy squelch, and had got up
Upon his legs, with sprained crup,)
Looking about, beheld pernicion
Approaching Knight from fell musician:
He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his steed
(As rats do from a falling house)
To hide itself from rage of blows,
And, wing'd with speed and fury, flew
To rescue Knight from black and blue;
Which ere he could achieve, his sconce
The leg encounter'd twice and once.
And now 'twas rais'd to smite agen,
When Ralpho thrust himself between;

He took the blow upon his arm,
To shield the Knight from further harm;
And, joining wrath with force, bestow'd
On th' wooden member such a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propt before.
To him the Squire right nimbly run,
And setting conqu'ring foot upon
His trunk, thus spoke: What desp'rate frenzy
Made thee (thou whelp of Sin) to fancy
Thyself and all that coward rabble
T' encounter us in battle able?
How durst th', I say, oppose thy Curship
Gainst arms, authority, and worship,
And Hudibras or me provoke,
Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,
And the other half of thee as good
To bear out blows as that of wood?
Could not the whipping-post prevail,
With all its rhet'rick, nor the jail,
To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,
And ancle free from iron gin?
Which now thou shalt—but first our care
Must see how Hudibras does fare.

This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,
And set him on his bum upright.
To rouse him from lethargick dump,
He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump
Knock'd on his breast, as if't had been
To raise the spirits lodg'd within:
They, waken'd with the noise, did fly
From inward room to window eye,
And gently op'ning lid, the casement,
Look'd out, but yet with some amazement.
This gladded Ralpho much to see,
Who thus bespoke the Knight. Quoth he,
Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,
A self-denying conqueror;
As high, victorious, and great,
As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give yourself but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That's victory. The foe, for dread
Of your Nine-worthiness, is fled,
All save Crowdero, for whose sake
You did th' espous'd Cause undertake;
And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
To be dispos'd as you think meet,

Either for life, or death, or sale,
The gallows, or perpetual jail:
For one wink of your pow'rful eye
Must sentence him to live or die.
His Fiddle is your proper purchase,
Won in the service of the Churches;
And by your doom must be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a Crowd:
For though success did not confer
Just title on the conqueror;
Though dispensations were not strong
Conclusions whether right or wrong;
Although Outgoings did confirm,
And Owning were but a mere term;
Yet as the wicked have no right
To th' creature, though usurp'd by might,
The property is in the Saint,
From whom th' injuriously detain't:
Of him they hold their luxuries,
Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,
Their riots, revels, masks, delights,
Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites;
All which the Saints have title to,
And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.

What we take from 'em is no more
Than what was ours by right before:
For we are their true landlords still,
And they our tenants but at will.
 At this the Knight began to rouse,
And by degrees grew valorous:
He star'd about, and seeing none
Of all his foes remain but one,
He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him,
Vowing to make Crowdero pay
For all the rest that ran away.
But Ralpho now, in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withstood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit
Is rais'd too high; this slave does merit
To be the hangman's bus'ness sooner
Than from your hand to have the honour
Of his destruction; I that am
A Nothingness in deed and name,
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,
Or ill intreat his Fiddle or case:
Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?

Will you employ your conqu'ring sword
To break a fiddle, and your word?
For though I fought and overcame,
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name:
For great commanders always own
What's prosp'rous by the soldier done.
To save, where you have pow'r to kill,
Argues your pow'r above your will;
And that your will and pow'r have less
Than both might have of selfishness.
This pow'r, which now alive, with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead
Would no more keep the slave in awe,
Than if you were a Knight of straw;
For Death would then be his conqueror,
Not you, and free him from that terror.
If danger from his life accrue,
Or honour from his death, to you,
'Twere policy and honour too
To do as you resolv'd to do:
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valour much,
To say it needs, or fears a crutch.
Great conqu'rors greater glory gain
By foes in triumph led, than slain:

The laurels that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
And living foes: the greatest fame
Of cripple slain can be but lame:
One half of him's already slain,
The other is not worth your pain;
Th' honour can but on one side light,
As worship did, when y' were dubb'd Knight:
Wherefore I think it better far
To keep him prisoner of war,
And let him fast in bonds abide,
At court of justice to be try'd;
Where if h' appear so bold or crafty,
There may be danger in his safety;
If any member there dislike
His face, or to his beard have pique,
Or if his death will save or yield,
Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd;
Tho' he has quarter, ne'ertheless
Y' have pow'r to hang him when you please.
This has been often done by some
Of our great conqu'rors, you know whom;
And has by most of us been held
Wise justice, and to some reveal'd:

For words and promises, that yoke
The conqueror, are quickly broke:
Like Samson's cuffs, though by his own
Direction and advice put on.
For if we should fight for the Cause
By rules of military laws,
And only do what they call just,
The Cause would quickly fall to dust.
This we among ourselves may speak;
But to the wicked or the weak
We must be cautious to declare
Perfection-truths, such as these are.
 This said, the high outrageous mettle
Of Knight began to cool and settle.
He lik'd the Squire's advice, and soon
Resolv'd to see the bus'ness done;
And therefore charg'd him first to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place and use
The wooden member to reduce;
But force it take an oath before,
Ne'er to bear arms against him more.
 Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,
And, having ty'd Crowdero fast,

He gave Sir Knight the end of cord,
To lead the captive of his sword
In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,
And them to further service brought.
The Squire in state rode on before,
And on his nut-brown whinyard bore
The trophee Fiddle and the case,
Leaning on shoulder like a mace.
The Knight himself did after ride,
Leading Crowdero by his side;
And tow'd him if he lagg'd behind,
Like boat against the tide and wind.
Thus grave and solemn they march on,
Until quite through the town they'd gone,
At further end of which there stands
An ancient castle, that commands
Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabrick
You shall not see one stone nor a brick,
But all of wood, by pow'rful spell
Of magick made impregnable:
There's neither iron-bar nor gate,
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,
And yet men durance there abide,
In dungeon scarce three inches wide:

With roof so low, that under it
They never stand, but lie or sit;
And yet so foul, that whoso is in,
Is to the middle-leg in prison;
In circle magical confin'd
With walls of subtle air and wind,
Which none are able to break thorough
Until they're freed by head of borough.
Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous Knight
And bold Squire from their steeds alight
At th' outward wall, near which there stands
A Bastile, built t' imprison hands;
By strange enchantment made to fetter
The lesser parts, and free the greater.
For though the body may creep through,
The hands in grate are fast enough;
And when a circle 'bout the wrist
Is made by beadle exorcist,
The body feels the spur and switch,
As if't were ridden post by witch
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er stirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a spire,
On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire,

The Fiddle, and its spoils, the case,
In manner of a trophee, place;
That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
And let Crowdero down thereat.
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like hermit poor in pensive place,
To dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the survivor of his feet;
But th' other that had broke the peace,
And head of Knighthood, they release,
Though a delinquent false and forged,
Yet b'ing a stranger, he's enlarged,
While his comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapp'd up fast in prison for't:
So justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

NOTES,

HISTORICAL, CRITICAL, AND EXPLANATORY.

PART I. CANTO II.

Argument, V. 8. *There shuts him fast in wooden bastile.*] There is no particular in which Butler is more remarkable, than for the propriety and happiness of his allusions. To call a pair of stocks a pair of stocks, would have been a great degradation of the dignity of his hero; and therefore he got over the difficulty by bestowing on them the epithet of wooden bastile, borrowed from the French bastile, then the most celebrated state prison in Europe, and which it is too well known here to be related, was destroyed at the commencement of the French revolution, in 1789.

V. 2. *That had read Alexander Ross over.*] Alexander Ross was a Scotch divine, and one of the chaplains to Charles I. He wrote a book entitled 'A View of all Religions in the World, from the Creation to his own Time.' In naming him our poet probably had nothing more in view than to ridicule those compilers who, without any portion of taste or judgment, and with very little learning, esteem themselves capable of treating of the most abstruse subjects.

V. 5-6. *Just so romances are, for what else*
Is in them all than love and battles?] This is a satire on romances, where the chief incidents are made up of love-adventures, or quarrels.

V. 15-6. *Like those that a whole street do raze,*
To build a palace in the place.] Our poet probably here alludes to the building of Somerset-house in the Strand, for which one parish church, and three episcopal houses in the Strand, were

pulled down. This action rendered the Protector Somerset, to whom the building belonged, extremely unpopular, and was one of the causes that led to his fall. Had Butler lived in our days, his complaint would have been reversed, for he would have seen palaces razed to build streets. Ely Place, in Holborn, stands on the spot which, in Butler's time, was occupied by the episcopal palace and gardens of the bishops of Ely; and in the recollection of the youngest, streets have risen up in Bloomsbury and Piccadilly, on the sites occupied a few years ago by the palaces of the Dukes of Bedford and York.

V. 22. *Just like the manhood of nine tailors.*] Nine tailors, it is commonly said, make a man. The effeminacy of their employment seems to have entailed upon the race of tailors more ridicule and reproaches than any other class of men are subject to; and perhaps it were desirable in an enlarged view of political economy that, if possible, none but females should be employed in the labours of the needle. In Shakspeare's time the craft was liable to the same sarcasms and contempt that it is at present. In the Taming of the Shrew, Petruchio uses his tailor with as much contempt as if he had really been but the ninth part of a man.

"——— Thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:——
Brav'd in my own house with a skein of thread!
Away thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so bemete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think of prating whilst thou liv'st."

V. 23-4. *So a wild Tartar, when he spies*
A man that's handsome, valiant, wise, &c.] The Spectator says, That the wild Tartars are ambitious of destroying a man of the most extraordinary parts and accomplishments, as thinking that, upon his decease, the same talents, whatsoever post they qualified him for, enter of course into his destroyer. The North American Indians are said to hold a similar opinion; and this gave birth to a splendid burst of eloquence in the House of Peers, on the trial of Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, for participating in counsellor Layer's conspiracy. The witty, but profligate, Duke of Wharton, who warmly espoused the cause of Atter-

bury, turned to the bench of bishops, and addressing the right reverend prelates, said, "he could not imagine how the reverend peers in lawn could possibly be so zealous in the prosecution of the learned member of their order, unless they were possessed with the infatuation of the North American Indians, and thought that, by gaining the bishop's preferments, they should become endowed also with his learning and his talents."

V. 30. *And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright.*] Butler here alludes to the heroes of romance, who either cleft their adversaries in twain by a side stroke, or divided them into two parts, by splitting them from the skull to the middle. This might, perhaps, have been done by swords such as the ancient heroes of romance fought with, but it is much to be doubted whether modern swords would serve for such achievements.

V 47-8. *That is to say, whether tollutation,*

As they do term't, or succussation.] These are Latin words, which answer to the phrases of the English menage *cantering or trotting.*

V. 57. *Mere engines made by geometry.*] Descartes, who died at the court of Christiana, Queen of Sweden, in 1654, taught, that horses, and other brute animals, had no life in them, but were mere engines, moved by certain springs like clock-work, having neither sense nor perception of any thing. Those philosophers who thought with Descartes, might, with no greater absurdity, hold whipping-tops to be animals.

V. 59-60. *And were invented first from engines,*

As Indian Britons were from Pénguins.] To understand the humour of this passage, it ought to be mentioned, that a tradition has long prevailed, that America was discovered by Madoc, brother to David ap Owen, Prince of Wales, nearly two centuries before the voyage of Columbus. This is believed in some parts of America to the present day, and various relations have been published to prove the existence of Welsh Indians on that continent, to say nothing of an epic poem, written by an author of our own age, expressly to describe the adventures of Madoc; but certainly there is nothing to give credibility to the tradition, except that it is not impossible such an expedition might have occurred. The learned Mrs. Carter's explanation of this passage,

which appears among the notes of Dr. Grey's edition of Hudibras, is too valuable to be omitted here. "The author's explanation of the last line," says she, "which is an illustration of the first, must, I think, be the clue which must lead us to the meaning of these lines. He tells us, that some authors have endeavoured to prove, from the bird called Penguin, and other Indian words, that the Americans are originally derived from Britons; that is, that these are Indian Britons; and, agreeable to this, some authors have endeavoured to prove from engines, that horses are mere engines made by geometry. But have these authors proved their points? Certainly not. Then it follows that horses, which are mere engines made by geometry, and Indian Britons, are mere creatures of the brain, invented creatures; and if they are only invented creatures, they may well be supposed to be invented from engines and penguins, from whence these authors had endeavoured, in vain, to prove their existence. Upon the whole, I imagine, that, in these and the lines immediately preceding, three sorts of writers are equally bantered by our author: those who hold machines to be animals, those who hold animals to be machines, and those who hold that the Americans are derived from Britons." Warburton, who justly may rank among the first commentators upon the British poets, observes upon these lines, "That the thought is extremely fine, and well exposes the folly of a philosopher, for attempting to establish a principle of great importance in his science on as slender a foundation as an etymologist advances an historical conjecture."

V. 65. *The dire Pharsalian plain.*] Pharsalia, a city in Thessaly, famous for the battle fought by Julius Cæsar against Pompey, in the neighbouring plain, which put a period to the liberties of the Roman commonwealth.

V. 71-2. *For as our modern wits behold,*

Mounted a pick-back on the old.] Sir William Temple, in his Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning, observes, "That, as to knowledge, the moderns must have more than the ancients, because they have the advantage both of theirs and their own; which is commonly illustrated by a dwarf standing upon a giant's shoulders, or seeing more or further than he." It may, however, in point of fact be very well doubted, whether the moderns have

the advantage over the ancients or no, since we are well assured that many branches of knowledge which were perfectly well known to the ancients are irrecoverably lost to the moderns. If we may judge of the state of knowledge among mankind, from the state of population, which is perhaps a safer criterion than any other to judge by, unquestionably the ancient world was infinitely more populous than the modern. And if we look at the happiest periods of modern history, when the arts and sciences were cultivated with the most success, who for a moment could compare them with that bright portion of Athenian History, which is comprised between the era of Pericles and Alexander?

V. 97-8. *Portending blood, like blazing star,*

The beacon of approaching war.] From the most ancient times all extraordinary appearances in the air have, by the vulgar, been accounted preternatural prodigies, or signs, exhibited by the power of heaven, to put mortals on their guard against approaching calamities. Such was the comet which appeared when the emperor Charles V. sickened, increased as his disorder increased, and at last shooting its fiery body point-blank against the monastery of St. Justus, where he lived, in the very hour the emperor died the comet vanished. Pliny says, "comets are called dire, because they portend cruel and horrible disasters, as famine, wars, discomfiture, havoc, slaughter, the destruction of cities, the devastation of countries, and the untimely end of the human species." *Plinii Nat. Hist.* l. xi. c. xxv.

V. 99-100. *Ralpho rode on with no less speed*

Than Hugo in the forest did.] One of the great difficulties in our older poets is, to understand their allusions to works which, however well known in their own times, have long since fallen into oblivion. The Hugo mentioned in the above passage, is a personage who figures in Sir William Davenant's poem of Gondibert. He was scout-master to Gondibert; and when he and his party of hunters were in danger of an ambuscade from Oswald and his forces, he sent little Hugo to reconnoitre the enemy.

"The Duke this falling storm does now discern,
Bids little Hugo fly, but 'tis to view
The foe, and their first count'nance learn,
Whilst firm he in a square his hunters drew.

And Hugo soon, light as his courser's heels,
Was in their faces troublesome as wind,
And like to it so wingedly he wheels,
No one could catch what all with trouble find."

V. 106. *Crowdero march'd*, &c.] In the Key to Hudibras, published by Sir Roger L'Estrange, we are informed, that by *Crowdero* was meant one Jackson, a milliner, who lived in the New Exchange in the Strand. He had formerly been in the Parliamentarian service, and lost a leg in it, which had reduced him to decay, so that he was obliged to go about from alehouse to alehouse, earning his bread by playing upon the fiddle. Our poet very judiciously places him at the head of his catalogue, for country diversions are generally attended with a fiddler or bag-piper, who march first in procession. It may be observed in this place, that we have here the exact characters of what we may easily conceive the usual attendants at a bear-baiting to have been, fully drawn, and a list of warriors conformable to the practice of epic poets.

V. 113-4. *A squeaking engine he apply'd*
Unto his neck, on north-east side.] Dr. Grey in his note upon this passage, says, "Why the north-east side? Do fiddlers always, or most generally, stand or sit according to the points of the compass, so as to answer this description? No, surely. I lately heard of an ingenious explication to this passage, taken from the position of the body when it is buried, which being always the head to the west, and the feet to the east, consequently the left side of the neck, that part where the fiddle is usually placed, must be due north-east."

V. 115-6. *Just where the hangman does dispose,*
To special friends, the knot of noose.] In execution the noose is always placed under the left ear: the reason of this is, that the pressure of the halter upon the great jugular vein stopping the circulation of the blood, may the sooner put the criminal out of his misery.

V. 129. *Chiron, the four-legg'd bard.*] Chiron, a centaur, son to Saturn and Phillyris, living in the mountains, where, being much given to hunting, he became very knowing in the virtues of plants, and one of the most famous physicians in his time. He imparted his skill to Esculapius, and was afterwards Achilles's governor, until, being wounded by Hercules, and desiring to die, Ju-

piter placed him in heaven, where he forms the sign of Sagittarius, or the Archer.

V. 137-8. *As once in Persia, 'tis said,*

Kings were proclaim'd by horse that neigh'd.] According to Herodotus and other historians, Darius was proclaimed King of Persia in the following manner. Seven princes (of whom Darius was one) having slain the usurpers of the throne of Persia, entered into a consultation among themselves about settling of the government, and agreed, that the monarchy should be continued in the same manner as it had been established by Cyrus: and that for the determining which of them should be monarch, they should meet on horseback the next morning against the rising of the sun, at a place appointed for that purpose; and that he whose horse should first neigh should be king. The groom of Darius being informed of what was agreed on, made use of a device which secured the crown to his master; for, the night before, having tied a mare to the place where they were the next morning to meet, he brought Darius's horse thither, and put him to cover the mare, and, therefore, as soon as the princes came thither at the time appointed, Darius's horse, at the sight of the place, remembering the mare, ran thither and neighed, whereon he was forthwith saluted king by the rest, and accordingly placed on the throne.

V. 141-2. —— *his leg then broke,*

Had got a deputy of oak.] Crowdero having lost a leg in the wars, had got its place supplied by a wooden one. Howell, in his Familiar Letters, tells a story of a captain, who had got a wooden leg, which was booted over, so as to look like an ordinary limb. Being in an engagement, he had it shattered to pieces by a cannon ball, upon which his soldiers cried out, *a surgeon, a surgeon,* for the captain; to which he replied, no, no, *a carpenter, a carpenter will serve the turn.*—Another story somewhat of a similar kind is to be found in Pinkethman's Jests. "I have heard," says he, "of a brave sea officer, who having lost a leg and an arm in the service, once ordered the ostler, upon his travels, to unbuckle his leg, which he did; then he bid him unscrew his arm, which was made of steel, which he did, but seemingly surprised, which the officer perceiving, he bid him unscrew his neck, at which the ostler scoured off, taking him for the devil."

V. 146. *And takes place, tho' the younger brother.*] Alluding to the awkward steps a man with a wooden leg makes in walking, who always sets it first.

V. 147. *Next march'd brave Orsin,* &c.] The person alluded to by the name of Orsin is said, by Sir Roger L'Estrange, to have been one Joshua Gosling, who kept bears at Paris Gardens, in Southwark; but who, however, had more consistency than most of the fanatics of his time, for he stood hard and fast for the Rump Parliament.

V. 155-6. *Grave as the Emperor of Pegu,*
Or Spanish Potentate, Don Diego.] The Travels of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, who had resided a long time at the court of the Emperor of Pegu, was a popular book in the time of Butler, and notwithstanding its author has been stigmatized by Congreve as a liar of the first magnitude, the relations of subsequent travellers have abundantly confirmed his accounts of the remote countries which he visited. He relates of the Emperor of Pegu, that whenever he goes abroad he keeps himself fixed immoveably in one posture on his throne, which is carried on men's shoulders, and never deigns to turn to the right or to the left, or to take notice of any thing that is passing under his eyes. The gravity of the Spanish nation is so well known, that it would be superfluous here to say any thing on the subject.

V. 167. *As Romulus a wolf did rear.*] According to the fabulous history of the foundation of Rome, Romulus was nursed by a wolf. The Spectator remarking upon the subject of ancient heroes supposed to have been nursed by different animals, observes, that "Romulus and Remus were said to have been nursed by a wolf; Telephus, the son of Hercules, by a hind; Peleus, the son of Neptune, by a mare; and Ægisthus, by a goat: not that they had actually sucked such creatures, as some simpletons have imagined, but their nurses had been of such a nature and temper, and infused such into them." This is as feasible an explanation as any that can be given, of what, though not absolutely impossible, is certainly very far out of the ordinary course of nature.

V. 168. *So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear.*] That is, he was maintained by the diversion which his bear afforded the rabble. Our

poet might likewise have had the story of Valentine and Orson in his mind, who, as the legend goes, were suckled by a she-bear.

V. 172. *In military garden, Paris.*] This was a place of vulgar resort in Southwark, where bears were formerly baited, and which was called after the name of the proprietor, as Ranelagh had its name from the earls of Ranelagh, to whom the gardens and buildings originally belonged.

V. 173-4. *For soldiers heretofore did grow*
In gardens just as weeds do now.] The bear-gardens being places where the dissolute associated, they furnished a large proportion of the soldiers who served in the parliamentary army in the civil war.

V. 175. —— *splay-foot politicians.*] Gardeners, from exercising their feet a great deal in digging, may be supposed to have in proportion larger feet than ordinary men, and Butler therefore calls them "*splay-foot politicians.*

V. 177. *For licensing a new invention.*] This and the following lines are fully explained in Boccalini's Advertisement from Parnassus, Cent. 1. Ad. XVI. p. 27. ed. 1656, which begins thus: "Ambassadors from all the gardeners in the world are come to the court, who have acquainted his Majesty, that were it either from the bad condition of their seed, the naughtiness of the soil, or from evil celestial influences, so great abundance of weeds grew up in their gardens, as, not being able to undergo the charges they were at in weeding them out, and of cleansing their gardens, they should be enforced either to give them over, or else to enhance the price of their pompions, cabbages, and other herbs, unless his Majesty would help them to some new instrument, by means whereof they might not be at such excessive charge in keeping their gardens. His Majesty did much wonder at the gardeners' foolish request, and being full of indignation, answered their ambassadors, that they should tell those that sent them, that they should use their accustomed manual instruments, their spades and mattocks, for no better could be found or wished for, and cease from demanding such impertinent things. The ambassadors did then courageously reply that they made this request, being moved thereunto by the great benefits which they saw his Majesty had been pleased to grant to princes;

who, to purge their states from evil weeds and seditious plants, which, to the great misfortune of good men, do grow there in such abundance, had obtained the miraculous instruments of drum and trumpet, at the sound whereof mallow, henbane, dog-caul, and other pernicious plants of unuseful persons, do of themselves willingly forsake the ground, to make room for lettuce, burnet, sorrel, and other useful herbs of artificers and citizens, and wither of themselves and die, amongst the brakes and brambles, out of the garden (their country,) the which they did much prejudice; and that the gardeners would esteem it a great happiness, if they could obtain such an instrument from his Majesty. To this Apollo answered, That if princes could as easily discern seditious men, and such as were unworthy to live in this world's garden, as gardeners might know henbane and nettles from spinach and lettuce, he would only have given them halters and axes for their instruments, which are the true pick-axes by which the seditious herbs (vagabonds which, being but the useless luxuries of human fecundity, deserve not to eat bread) may be rooted up. But since all men were made after the same manner, so as the good could not be known from the bad by the leaves of the face, or stalks of stature, the instruments of drum and trumpets were granted for public peace sake to princes, the sound whereof was cheerfully followed by such plants as took delight in dying, to the end that by the frequent use of gibbets, wholesome herbs should not be extirpated instead of such as were venemous. The ambassadors would have replied again, but Apollo, with much indignation, bid them hold their peace, and charged them to be gone from Parnassus with all speed; for it was altogether impertinent and ridiculous to compare the purging of the world from seditious spirits with the weeding of noisome herbs out of a garden."

V. 194. *He'll sign it with Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*] The abbreviation of the Clerk of the Lords and Commons in Parliament. The House of Commons, even before the Rump had murdered the king, and expelled the House of Lords, usurped many branches of the royal prerogative, and particularly this for granting licenses for new inventions; which licenses, as well as their orders, were signed by the clerk of the House; having borrowed the me-

thod of drums from Boccalini, who makes Apollo send the inventor of this engine to the devil, by whom he supposes the House of Commons to be governed.

V. 212. *Who, that their base births might be hid.*] Bayle, in his Philosophical and Historical Dictionary, art. *Salmacis*, argues very curiously the question of the ancient heroes giving themselves out to be the descendants of immortal deities. This opinion probably had its rise in the following circumstances. In the ancient temples the most obscene rites were often perpetrated between the priests and the female votaries of the different deities; and when ever a woman became pregnant, as it would have been a high scandal to have charged any of the priests with the offence, the fault was laid to the deity in whose temple the amour had been carried on. In India, at the present day, there are maintained in the Hindoo temples vast numbers of singing and dancing girls, as well for purposes of public worship, as for the private recreation of the priests, and whenever any of them happen to become pregnant, their offspring are said to be the children of the particular image in whose temple they may happen to be born.

V. 218. *Of which old Homer first made lampoons.*] Several of the Grecian and Trojan heroes are represented by Homer as vainly boasting of their births, when they should have been in the heat of action; and amongst these Diomedes, in Iliad xiv. l. 124.

" A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus springs,
May speak to counsels, and assemble kings.
Hear then in me the great Œnides' son,
Whose honour'd dust (his race of glory run)
Lies 'whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall,
Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall."

Thus Idomeneus, Iliad xiii. 564.

" From Jove, enamour'd of a mortal dame,
Great Minos, guardian of his country, came:
Deucalion, blameless prince! was Minos' heir,
His first-born I, the third from Jupiter."

And Æneas does the same when he is going to engage Achilles, who had insulted him. Iliad xx. 245.

" To this Anchises' son:———Such words employ
To one that fears thee, some unwarlike boy;

Such we disdain: the best may be defy'd
With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride,
Unworthy the high race from which we came,
Proclaim'd so loudly by the voice of fame;
Each from illustrious fathers draws his line,
Each goddess-born, half human, half divine.
Thetis' this day, or Venus' offspring dies,
And tears shall trickle from celestial eyes."

V. 219. *Arctophylax, in northern sphere.*] A constellation in the northern hemisphere, near the greater bear, called Bootes.

V. 231. *Tho' by Promethean fire made.*] Prometheus was the son of Japetus, and brother of Atlas, concerning whom the poets have feigned, that, having first formed men of the earth and water, he stole fire from heaven to put life into them; and that having thereby displeased Jupiter, he commanded Vulcan to tie him to Mount Caucasus with iron chains, and that a vulture should prey upon his liver continually. But the most rational interpretation of the fable is, "That Prometheus was an astrologer, and constant in observing the stars upon that mountain, and that, among other things, he found out the art of making fire, either by means of a flint, or by contracting the sun's beams in a glass." Swift, in his Intelligencer, gives the history of Prometheus in the following words: "There is an old heathen story," says he, "that Prometheus, who was a potter of Greece, took a frolic to turn all the clay in his shop into men and women, separating the fine from the coarse, in order to distinguish the sexes. It was pleasant enough to see with what contrivance and order he disposed of his journeymen in their several apartments, and how judiciously he assigned each of them his work, according to his natural talents and capacity, so that every member and part of the human frame was finished with the utmost exactness and beauty. In one chamber you might see a leg-shaper, in another a skull-roller, in a third an arm-stretcher, in a fourth a gut-winder, for each workman was distinguished by a proper term of art, such as a knuckle-turner, tooth-grinder, rib-cooper, muscle-maker, tendon-drawer, paunch-blower, vein-brancher, and the like. But Prometheus himself made the eyes, the ears, and the heart, which, because of their nice and intricate structure, were chiefly the business of a master-workman. Be-

sides this, he completed the whole by fitting and joining the several parts together, according to the best symmetry and proportion. The statues are now upon their legs; life, the chief ingredient, is wanting. Prometheus takes a ferula in his hand, (a reed in the island of Chios, having an old pith), steals up the back stairs to Apollo's lodging, lights it clandestinely at the chariot of the sun; so down he creeps upon his tip-toes to his warehouse, and in a very few minutes, by the application of the flame to the nostrils of his clay images, sets them all a stalking and staring through one another, but entirely insensible of what they were doing: they looked so like the latter end of a lord-mayor's feast, he could not bear the sight of them. He then saw it was absolutely necessary to give them passions, or life would be an insipid thing; and so, from the superabundance of them in other animals, he culls out enough for his purpose, which he blended and tempered so well before infusion, that his men and women became the most amiable creatures that thought can conceive."

V. 235. *The learned write, a red-hot spit.*] Butler here and before sarcastically derides those who were great admirers of the sympathetic powder and weapon-salve; which were in high repute in those days, and much promoted by the celebrated Sir Kenelm Digby, who wrote a treatise professedly on the subject, entitled a Discourse concerning the Cure of Wounds by Sympathy. The metallic tractors of the present day operate, where they are successful, upon a somewhat similar principle, and in the same way the old women's charms for the cure of the ague, tooth-ache, &c.

V. 245-6. *A skilful leech is better far*
Than half a hundred men-of-war.] Homer speaking of Machaon, the son of Esculapius, who was one of the physicians to the Grecian army at the siege of Troy, says,

" A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal."

Spenser, in his Fairy Queen, uses the word leech in the same sense that Butler here does, to imply a physician:

" Her words prevail'd, and then the learned leech
His cunning hand 'gan to his wounds to lay,
And all things else, the which his art did teach;
Which, having seen from thence, arose away

The mother of dread darkness, and let stay
Aveugle's son there in the leech's cure."

Dr. Grey says, persons skilled in the distempers of cows, and other horned cattle, are, in several counties, to this day, called "cow-leeches."

V. 257. —— *gorget.*] A neck-piece of plate worn by the officers of foot soldiers.

V. 259. —— *and langued.*] A term in heraldry, which expresses such animals whose tongue appearing out of the mouth is borne of a different colour from that of the body.

V. 265-6. *He was by birth, some authors write,*
A Russian, some a Muscovite.] In Butler's time, the Russian empire was called indifferently either Russia or Muscovy, and therefore the bear being a native of it, might either have been called a Russian or a Muscovite. At the present day most of the bears exhibited in England are called Russian bears, though the greater part that come into this country are procured from Swedish Finland and the forests of Poland. There are likewise some of these animals brought every year from Hudson's Bay.

V. 267. *And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred.*] The irregular soldiers of the Russian army, who, in Butler's time, were accounted the most savage and uncivilized barbarians in Europe.

V. 271. *Scrimansky was his cousin-german.*] Probably a noted bear of those times, to whose name a Polish or Cossack termination of *sky* was given.

V. 275-6. *And tho' his countrymen, the Huns,*
Did stew their meat between their bums.] Ammianus Marcellinus describes the Huns as putting slices of raw meat upon the backs of their horses, which served them in the first instance for saddles, and afterwards for food, when the moisture of the flesh was dried up.

V. 299. *Yet Talgol,* &c.] This personage, Sir Roger L'Estrange informs us, was a butcher in Newgate Market, who obtained a captain's commission in the rebel forces, for his bravery at the battle of Naseby. His proper name was Jackson.

V. 302. *And, like a champion, shone with oil.*] That is, Dr. Grey observes, he was a greasy butcher. But the humour of the passage is heightened when we consider, that the wrestlers, in the

public games of Greece, rarely encountered until all their joints and members had been soundly rubbed, fomented, and suppled with oil, whereby all strains were prevented, and the combatants were enabled to display their activity to the utmost advantage.

V. 305-6. ——— *and huge dun cow,*

Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow.] Guy, Earl of Warwick, was a famous English champion, who flourished in the reign of King Athelstan, about the beginning of the tenth century. The legend of his killing the dun cow, must be so familiar to every reader, that it would be superfluous to give more of it here than what is contained in the following lines:

" On Dunsmore Heath I also slew
A monstrous wild and cruel beast,
Call'd the Dun Cow of Dunsmore Heath,
Which many people had oppress'd:
Some of her bones in Warwick yet
Still for a monument do lie,
Which to ev'ry looker's view,
As wond'rous strong they may espy."

V. 309-10. *With greater troops of sheep h' had fought*

Than Ajax, &c.] Ajax contended with Ulysses for the armour of Achilles, which being adjudged by the Grecians in favour of Ulysses, Ajax grew mad, and fell upon some flocks of sheep, taking them for the princes that had given the award against him; and after having made great slaughter among them, he at length slew himself.

Ib. ——————— *or bold Don Quixote.*] Butler here alludes to Don Quixote's adventure with the flock of sheep, which he mistook for an army, commanded by the giant Alifanfaron, of Taprobana. Part I. Book iii. Chap. iv.

V. 311-2. *And many a serpent of fell kind,*

With wings before, and stings behind.] The reader should here keep in mind, that our author does nothing more than enlarge upon Talgol's profession, with that license which is excusable in a poet. The monstrous serpent which he here describes, is nothing more than the wasp or hornet, which is troublesome to butchers' shops in the heat of summer, and which they are accustomed to kill by means of a leather flap fastened at the end of a stick.

V. 314. *Bold Sir George, St. George, did the Dragon.*] St. George, the patron of England, and of the noble Order of the Garter, was Bishop of Cappadocia, and suffered martyrdom in the Dioclesian persecution. The legend of his killing the dragon was invented to signify his extirpating a certain heresy with which his diocese was infected.

V. 315. *Nor engine, nor device polemic.*] The racks and different tortures of the Inquisition, and all sorts of persecution on account of difference of religious opinions.

V. 317. *Tho' stor'd with deletery med'cines.*] Our poet in all likelihood here alludes to a practice which there is too much reason for believing once prevailed in the Romish church, of administering poison to their adversaries, in order to get rid of them.

V. 331. ——— *Magnano,* &c.] Sir Roger L'Estrange says, he was one Simeon Wait, a tinker, as famous an independent preacher as Burroughs, who, with equal blasphemy, styled Oliver Cromwell the archangel giving battle to the devil.

V. 344. *As he that made the brazen head.*] Roger Bacon, a learned friar of Oxford, who flourished in the thirteenth century.

V. 346. *As English Merlin,* &c.] Merlin seems, in various countries, to have been a common name for enchanters, as both Spanish, French, and Italian Merlins, are to be met with in the writers of romance. The English Merlin, if we may believe the account of Geoffrey of Monmouth, flourished at the latter end of the fifth century.

V. 347. *But far more skilful in the spheres.*] That is, he was more of an astrologer than a magician, and could perform more extraordinary things by observing the stars, than by the use of any magical ceremonies, like those of the sieve and shears.

V. 350. *As like the devil as a collier.*] An old proverbial saying, "Like to like, as the devil said to the collier."

V. 355. *The cannon, blunderbuss, and saker.*] There is something highly humorous in Butler's making the tinker the inventor of these weapons of destruction, as the ancient poets feigned Vulcan, the blacksmith of the gods, to be the forger of those celestial arms wherewith the deities engaged in combat.

V. 359-60. *He was the first that e'er did teach*
To make, and how to stop a breach.] This is another allusion to Magnano's profession of a tinker; of which class of

men it is not uncommonly said, " that in order to mend one hole they make two."

V. 365. *He Trulla lov'd,* &c.] This virago, who afterwards makes a very conspicuous figure in the adventures of Hudibras, is supposed to have been the daughter of one James Spencer, who was debauched by Magnano, the tinker. She is called Trulla, because the tinker's wife, or mistress, was commonly called his *trull.*

V. 368. *As Joan of France,* &c.] Joan la Pucelle, or the Maid of Orleans, who defeated the English in several pitched battles, but, being at length taken prisoner, was burnt for a witch at Rouen, in 1430.

Ib. ——— *or English Mall.*] Alluding probably to Mary Carlton, or Kentish Moll, but more commonly the German Princess, a person notorious at the time this first part of Hudibras was published. She was transported to Jamaica in 1671, but returning from transportation before the expiration of her sentence, she was hanged at Tyburn, Jan. 22, 1672.

V. 378. *Than th' Amazonian dame, Penthesile.*] Penthesile, Queen of the Amazons, carried succours to the Trojans, and after having given noble proofs of her valour, she was killed by Achilles. There are other heroines of the same name to be met with in the ancient poets, but the Penthesile whom we have mentioned was the most celebrated.

V. 385-6. *They would not suffer the stoutest dame*
To swear by Hercules's name.] The Romans had particular forms of oaths for men and women to swear by. Thus Macrobius informs us, that the men were not allowed to swear by Castor, nor the women by Hercules.

V. 389-90. *To lay their native arms aside,*
Their modesty, and ride astride.] The proper arms of the softer sex are their beauty and tears; but when they betake themselves to martial exercises, they lose that influence over the other sex which a proper adherence to the laws of nature would have enabled them to retain. It is not unlikely that in this and some preceding passages, Butler meant to ridicule those female warriors in Ariosto and Tasso, who laying aside the delicacy of their sex, take the field like so many knights-errant. Formerly it was the custom for English women to ride astride like men, but

Anne, the queen of Richard II. and daughter of the Emperor Charles IV. taught the English women that way of riding upon horseback which is now in use.

V. 393. *As stout Armida, bold Thalestris.*] Armida was the mistress of Orlando Furioso. Thalestris, a queen of the Amazons, is reported by Quintus Curtius to have met Alexander the Great, attended by three hundred of her women, thirty days journey, in order to have a child by him.

V. 395-6. *Of Gundibert; but he had grace,*
And rather took a country lass.] Rhodalind, daughter of Aribert, King of Lombardy, is the person who wanted to have been the mistress of Gondibert, but he preferred Birtha, daughter of Astragon, a Lombard lord, and celebrated philosopher and physician.

" Yet with as plain a heart as love untaught
In Birtha wears, I there to Birtha make
A vow, that Rhodalind I never sought,
Nor now would, with her love her greatness take.
Let us with secrecy our loves protest,
Hiding such precious wealth from public view;
The proffer'd glory I will first suspect
As false, and shun it when I find it true."

V. 399-400. *To government, which they suppose*
Can never be upheld in prose.] Warburton, the most sagacious and penetrating of all the English critics, says, that this passage is designed to ridicule Sir William Davenant's preface to Gondibert, where he endeavours to show, that neither divines, leaders of armies, statesmen, nor ministers of the law, can uphold the government without the aid of poetry.—It may be observed, that Davenant was a needy court-writer, a poetaster rather than a poet, and he was studious to recommend his art as necessary to the government, as a merchant of the present day would recommend his traffic as necessary to the revenue. Lord Wharton used to boast, that he effected a revolution, which cost a monarch three crowns, by a song (Lilliburlero): but what bard has yet been able to uphold a tottering and decrepit state by the magic of his poesy? Davenant lived and died in poverty; he had nothing but the barren laurel, while the worthless minions of the dissipated Charles basked in the sunshine of the royal favour.

V. 409. *The upright Cerdon next advanc'd.*] Sir Roger L'Estrange informs us that this personage was a "one-ey'd" cobbler (like his brother colonel Hewson), and a great reformer.

V. 413-4. *He rais'd the low, and fortify'd*
The weak against the strongest side.] Warburton conjectures that our poet here alludes to Cerdon's profession of a cobbler, who supplies a heel torn off, and mends a bad sole. Butler, in his Tale of the Cobbler and Vicar of Bray, (vide Posthumous Works,) has the following lines:

"So going out into the streets,
He bawls with all his might,
If any of you tread awry,
I'm here to set you right.
I can repair your leaky boots,
And underlay your soles;
Back-sliders I can underprop,
And patch up all your holes."

V. 415-6. *Ill has he read that never hit*
On him, in Muses' deathless writ.] "Because the cobbler is a very common subject in old ballads." *Warburton.*—Tailors and cobblers, perhaps, furnish more matter for merriment in our old ballads than all the other handicrafts put together. They seem to have been, from the earliest times, a sort of common property, a general fund of laughter, or ridicule, upon which the wits of all countries might draw for their amusement. Little Hunchback, in the Thousand and One Nights, and Snipshu, in the Persian Tales, are natives of Europe, and equally citizens of London or Paris, as of Bagdad or Samarcand.

V. 419-20. *And cut it in a thousand pieces,*
Tho' tougher than the knight of Greece his.] The Grecian warriors at the siege of Troy were, for the most part, armed with shields made of the hides of bulls, which were almost impenetrable to the weapons which were then in use. Of this description was Ajax's shield, as described in Iliad V.

"Stern Telamon, behind his ample shield,
As from a brazen tow'r, o'erlook'd the field;
Huge was its orb, with seven thick folds o'ercast
Of tough bull-hides, of solid brass the last,

(The work of Tychicus, who in Hylé dwell'd,
And in all arts of armoury excell'd,)
This Ajax bore before his manly breast,
And, threat'ning, thus his adverse chief address'd."

It was a much easier matter to cut half a dozen score of bull-hides as a cobbler, than to pierce the shield of such a warrior as Ajax.

V. 421-2. *With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor*
Was comrade in the ten years' war.] Warburton says, the thumb of a cobbler being black, is a sign of his being diligent in his business, and that he gets money, according to the old rhyme:

"The higher the plumb-tree, the riper the plumb;
The richer the cobbler, the blacker his thumb."

V. 425-6. *And were renown'd, as Homer writes,*
For well soal'd boots, no less than fights.] Dr. Grey, in his edition of Hudibras, has the following note upon this passage, which, as it is sufficiently ample, is probably all that can be said upon the subject. "In a curious Dissertation upon Boots, written in express ridicule of Colonel Hewson (probably shadowed in the character of Cerdon), is a humorous passage, which seems to explain the lines under consideration. 'The second use is a use of reproof, to reprove all those that are self-willed, and cannot be persuaded to buy them waxed boots; but to such as these, examples move more than precepts, wherefore I'll give one or two.—I read of Alexander the Great, that, passing over a river in Alexandria, without his winter boots, he took such extreme cold in his feet, that he suddenly fell sick of a violent fever, and four days after died at Babylon. The like I find in Plutarch, of that noble Roman, Sertorius; and also in Homer of Achilles, that leaving his boots behind him, and coming barefoot into the Temple of Pallas, while he was worshipping on his knees at her altar, he was pierced in the heel by a venomed dart by Paris, the only part of him that was vulnerable, of which he suddenly died; which accident had never happened to him, as Alexander Ross, that little Scotch mythologist, observes, had he not two days before pawned his boots to Ulysses, and so was forced to come without them to the Trojan sacrifice. He also further observes, that

this Achilles, of whom Homer has writ such wonders, was but a shoemaker's boy of Greece, and that when Ulysses sought him out, he at last found him at the distaff spinning of shoemakers' thread. Now this boy was so beloved, that, as soon as it was reported abroad that the oracle had chosen him to rule the Grecians and conquer Troy, all the journeymen in the country listed themselves under him, and these were the myrmidons wherewith he got all his honour, and overcame the Trojans."—*Phœnix Britannicus*, p. 268.

V. 435. *But preaching was his chiefest talent.*] In the time of the great rebellion mechanics of all sorts were preachers, and some of them much followed and admired by the mob. "I am to tell thee, Christian reader," says Dr. Featley, preface to his "Dipper Dipped," wrote 1645, and published 1647, p. 1. "this new year of new changes, never heard of in former ages, namely, of stables turned into temples (and I will beg leave to add, temples turned into stables, as was that of St. Paul's and many more), stalls into quires, shop-boards into communion-tables, tubs into pulpits, aprons into linen ephods, and mechanics of the lowest rank into priests of the high places. I wonder that our door-posts and walls sweat not upon which such notes as these have lately been affixed: *on such a day, such a brewer's clerk exerciseth, such a tailor expoundeth, such a waterman teacheth.* If cooks, instead of mincing their meat, fall upon dividing of the word; if tailors leap up from the shop-board into the pulpit, and patch up sermons out of stolen shreds; if not only of the lowest of the people, as in Jeroboam's time, priests are consecrated to the most high God:—do we marvel to see such confusion in the church as there is?" In another tract, entitled, "The Reformado precisely characterised by a modern Churchwarden,"—"Here," says he, "are felt-makers who can roundly deal with the blockheads and neutral demicasters of the world; cobblers who can give good rules for upright walking, and handle Scripture to a bristle; coachmen, who know how to lash the beastly enormities and curb the headstrong insolences of this brutish age, stoutly exhorting us to stand up for the truth, lest the wheel of destruction roundly overrun us. We have weavers that can sweetly inform us of the shuttle-swiftness of the times, and practically tread out the vicissitude of all sublunary

things, till the web of our life be cut off; and here are mechanics of my profession, who can separate the pieces of salvation from those of damnation, measure out every man's portion, and cut it out by a thread, substantially pressing the points till they have fashionably filled up their work with a well-bottomed conclusion." Mr. Thomas Hall, in proof of this scandalous practice, published a tract, called "The Pulpit guarded by Seventeen Arguments," 1651, occasioned by a dispute at Henley, in Warwickshire, August 20, 1650, against Laurence Williams, a nailer, public preacher; Thomas Palmer, baker, public preacher; Thomas Hind, a plough-wright, public preacher; Henry Oakes, a weaver, preacher; Hum. Rogers, late a baker's boy, public preacher.

"God keep the land from such translators,
From preaching cobblers, pulpit praters,
Of order and allegiance haters."

V. 441. —— *Colon*, &c.] By the character of Colon was designed one Perry, an ostler.

V. 445-6. *That which of Centaur long ago*
Was said, and has been wrested to.] Warburton supposes this passage was intended to ridicule the false eloquence of romance writers and bad historians, who, to set out the unwearied diligence of their hero, often expressed themselves in this manner: "he was so much on horseback, that he was of a piece with his horse, like a Centaur.

V. 453-4. *Although his horse had been of those*
That fed on man's flesh, as fame goes.] According to the ancient poets, Diomedes, King of Thrace, fed his horses upon human flesh. He was slain by Hercules, and his body thrown to be devoured by those horses to which the tyrant had exposed others.

V. 456. ——*for flesh is grass.*] A ridicule on the Presbyterians, who constantly interlarded their common conversation with Scripture phrases, and made as free with the Bible as modern wits do with play-books.

V. 458. *Than Hercules to clean a stable.*] Hercules in one day cleansed the stable of Augeas, King of Elis, by turning the course of the river Alpheus through it. This stable had never been cleansed, although three thousand oxen stabled in it thirty years;

whence, when we would express a work of immense toil and labour in proverbial speech, we call it *cleansing the stable of Augeas.*

V. 461-2. *He ript the womb up of his mother,*

Dame Tellus, 'cause she wanted fother.] Poetry delights in making the meanest things look sublime and mysterious: that agreeable way of expressing the wit and humour our poet was master of, is partly manifested in this verse: a poetaster would have been contented with giving this thought in Butler the appellation of ploughing, which is all that it signifies.

V. 473-4. *For beasts, when man was but a piece*

Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.] Man being the last created; cows, pigs, and other animals were undoubtedly of the elder house. The translator of Dubartus's Divine Weeks thus expresses the same thought:

" Now of all creatures, which His word did make,
Man was the last that living breath did take;
Not that he was the least, or that God durst
Not undertake so noble a work at first;
Rather, because he should have made in vain
So great a prince, without on whom to reign."

The pious Dubartus seems to have had a much higher opinion of the dignity of man's nature than the Hindoo philosopher and legislator Menu, who thus forcibly but singularly describes the body of this *great prince:* " A mansion with bones for its rafters and beams; with nerves and tendons for cords; with muscles and blood for mortar; with skin for its outward covering; filled with no sweet perfume, but loaded with fæces and urine. A mansion infested by age and by sorrow, the seat of malady, harassed with pains, haunted with the quality of darkness, and incapable of standing long; such a mansion of the vital soul let its occupier always cheerfully quit."—*Institutes of Menu.—Works of Sir W. Jones.*

V. 475-6. *These worthies were the chief that led*

The combatants, &c.] The characters of the leaders of the bear-baiting being now given, a question may arise, why the Knight opposes persons of his own stamp, and of his own way of thinking in that recreation? It is plain that he took them to be so, by his manner of addressing them in the famous harangue that follows. An answer may be given several ways: he thought

himself bound, in commission and conscience, to suppress a game which he and his Squire had so learnedly judged to be unlawful, and therefore he could not dispense with it even in his brethren: he insinuates, that they were ready to engage with the same pious designs with himself, and the liberty they took was by no means suitable to the character of reformers. In short, he uses all his rhetoric to cajole, and threats to terrify them to desist from their darling sports, for the plausible saving their cause's reputation.

V. 484. *Of diff'rent manners, speech, religion.*] Never were there so many different sects and religions in any nation as were then in England. Mr. Case, in a thanksgiving sermon, preached before the Parliament, on occasion of the taking of Chester, told them, "That there was such a numerous increase of errors and heresies, that he blushed to repeat what some had affirmed, namely, that there were no less than one hundred and fourscore several heresies propagated and spread in the neighbouring city (London,) and many of them of such a nature (says he) as I may truly say, in Calvin's language, the errors and innovations under which they groaned of late years were but tolerable trifles, children's play, compared with these damnable doctrines of devils." And Mr. Ford, a celebrated divine of those times, observed in an assize sermon preached at Reading, "That, in the little town of Reading, he was verily persuaded, if Augustine's and Epiphanius's catalogues of heresies were lost, and all other modern and ancient records of that kind, yet it would be no hard matter to restore them, with considerable enlargements, from that place; that they have Anabaptism, Familianism, Socinianism, Pelagianism, Ranting, and what not; and that the devil was served in heterodox assemblies as frequently as God in theirs, and that one of the most eminent church livings in that county was possessed by a blasphemer, one in whose house he believed some there could testify that the devil was as visibly familiar as any one of the family."

V. 493-4. *What rage, O citizens! what fury,*
Doth you to these dire actions hurry?] A paraphrase of those lines of Lucan, beginning *Quis furor, O cives,* &c. and thus translated by Sir Arthur Gorges:

"Dear citizens, what brain-sick charms,
What outrage of disorder'd arms,

Leads you to feast your envious foes,
To see you gor'd with your own blows ?
Proud Babylon your force doth scorn,
Whose spoils your trophies might adorn;
And Crassus' unrevenged ghost,
Roams wailing through the Parthian coast."

V. 495. *What œstrum*, &c.] Œstrum is not only a Greek word for madness, but signifies also a gad-bee or horse-fly which torments the cattle in summer, and makes them run about as if they were mad. In Bewick's History of Quadrupeds, the following relation occurs in the account of the Rein-deer. "Besides the gnat, the gad-fly is a common pest to the rein deer. In the autumn, this insect deposits its eggs in their skin, where the worms burrow and often prove fatal to them. The moment a single fly is seen, the whole herd is in motion: they know their enemy, and endeavour to avoid it by tossing up their heads, and running among one another; but all this too often proves ineffectual. Every morning and evening during the summer, the herdsman returns to his cottage with the deer to be milked, where a large fire of moss is prepared to drive off the gnats, and keep the deer quiet whilst milking."

V. 497. *While the proud Vies*, &c.] This refers to the great defeat given to Sir William Waller at the Devises; for though he made a considerable figure among the generals of the rebel parliament before this defeat, yet afterwards he made no figure, but appeared as the ghost or shadow of what he had been before. Sir John Denham, in a loyal song, speaking of the bursting of eight barrels of gunpowder at this battle, whereby Sir Ralph Hopton was in danger of being killed, has the following lines:

"You heard of that wonder, of the lightning and thunder,
Which made the lie so much the louder;
Now list to another, that miraculous brother,
Which was done by a firkin of powder.
O what a damp, it struck through the camp!
But as for honest Sir Ralph,
It blew him to the Vies, without head or eyes."

V. 502. *In vain untriumphable fray.*] This is an allusion to the Roman custom, which denied a triumph to a conqueror in civil

war; the reason of which was, because the men there slain were citizens, and not strangers.

V. 503-4. *Shall saints in civil bloodshed wallow*

Of saints, and let the cause lie fallow?] Walker, in his History of Independency, observes, "that all the cheating, cevetous, ambitious persons of the land were united together under the title of the *godly*, the *saints*, and shared the fat of the land among them. In another place he calls them saints who were canonized no where but in the devil's calendar. And Sir Roger l'Estrange, their mortal enemy, says of them, "when I consider the behaviour of these pretended saints to the members of the church of England, whom they plundered unmercifully, and to brother saints of other sects, whom they did not spare in that respect when a proper occasion offered, I cannot help comparing them with Dr. Rondibilis, in Rabelais, who told Panurge, "that from wicked folks he never got enough, and from honest people he refused nothing."

V. 513-4. ——— *make war for the King*

Against himself, &c.] The Presbyterians when they first took up arms against the King, maintained still that they fought for him; for they pretended to distinguish his political person from his natural one. His political person, they said, must be and was with the Parliament, though his natural person was at war with them: and therefore, when at the end of his speech, the Knight charges them to keep the peace, he does it in the name of the King and Parliament; that is, the political, not the natural King. This was the method observed by the rebels at the breaking out of the civil war; but, after their forces had gained great advantages over the royal party, they became less delicate in their measures. In 1645, when Sir Thomas Fairfax was appointed generalissimo of the parliamentary forces, it was remarked, that in his commission the preservation of the King's person and name was omitted, he being constituted general to the Parliament only; and not to the King and Parliament, as the preceding commissions had run; and a very different method of carrying on the war now commenced; the army by him and Cromwell was new modelled, and the destruction of the person, as well as the authority of the King,

seemed aimed at. This metaphysical distinction between the personal and the political capacity of the King, is also ridiculed by Butler in his parable of the Lion and the Fox, where he says:

"You know when civil broils grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why,
That I was one of those that went
To fight for king and parliament.
When that was over, I was one
Fought for the parliament alone:
And though to boast it argues not,
Pure merit me a halberd got;
And as Sir Samuel can tell
I us'd the weapon passing well."

V. 518. *What good can reformation do?*] This was the cant of some of their preachers, even in their public sermons. Their way of reforming is strongly ridiculed by the author of an Elegy upon the incomparable King Charles I.

"Brave reformation, and a thorough one too,
Which, to enrich yourselves, must all undo.
Pray tell us (those that can) what fruits have grown
From all your seeds in blood and treasure sown?
What would you mend, when your projected state
Doth from the best in form degenerate?
Or why should you (of all) attempt the cure,
Whose facts not gospel tests nor laws endure?
But like unwholesome exhalations met,
From your conjunction, only plagues beget.
And in your circle, as imposthumes fill,
Which by their venom the whole body kill."

V. 524. *Wore in their hats like wedding-garters.*] When the mob went up to Whitehall, clamouring to have justice done upon the Earl of Stafford, they rolled up the protestation, or some piece of paper resembling it, and wore it in their hats, as a badge of their zeal.

V. 526. *Six members' quarrel to espouse.*] The six members were Lord Kimbolton, Sir Arthur Haslerig, Mr. Pym, Mr. Hollis, Mr. Hampden, and Mr. Stroud, whom the King ordered to be

apprehended, and their papers seized, charging them with plotting with the Scots, and favouring the tumultuous meetings of the people: but the House of Commons voted against the arrest of their persons or papers; whereupon the King having preferred articles against those members, he went with his guard to the House to demand them; but they, having notice, withdrew, and concealed themselves in the city.

V. 530. *Join throats to cry the bishops down.*] The bishops were peculiarly obnoxious to the Presbyterians, who were not satisfied until their order were destroyed. "Good Lord," says the author of the True Informer, a tract published at Oxford, in 1643, "what a deal of dirt was thrown in the bishops' faces! what infamous ballads were sung! what a thick cloud of epidemical hatred hung suddenly over them! so far, that a dog with a black and white face was called a bishop." Howell, in his Familiar Letters, tells a pleasant story of a dispute respecting bishops, which he overheard between a vintner and shoemaker at Edinburgh, in the year 1639. "Over a *chopin* of white wine," says he, "my vintner and shoemaker fell into a hot dispute about bishops. The shoemaker grew very furious, and called them '*the firebrands of hell, the panders of the whore of Babylon, and the instruments of the devil; and that they were of his institution, not God's.*' My vintner took him up sharply, and said, 'hold, neighbour, there; do not you know, as well as I, that Titus and Timothy were bishops? that our Saviour is entitled, *the bishop of our souls?* that the word bishop is as frequently mentioned in Scripture, as the name pastor, elder, or deacon? then why did you inveigh so bitterly against them?' The shoemaker answered, 'I know the name and office to be good, but they have abused it.' My vintner replies, 'well then, you are a shoemaker by profession, imagine that you, or a hundred, or a thousand, or a hundred thousand of your trade, shall play the knaves, and sell calf-skin leather boots for neat's leather, or do any other cheats; must we therefore go barefoot? must the gentle craft of shoemakers therefore fall to the ground? It is the fault of the men, not of the calling.' The shoemaker was so gravel'd at this, that he was put to his *last*, for he had not a word to say more, and so my vintner got the day."

V. 557-8. *Hath public faith, like a young heir,*
For this ta'en up all sorts of ware.] This thought seems to have been borrowed from Walker's History of Independency. "The most observable thing," says he, "is to see this old Parliament, like a young prodigal, take up money upon difficult terms, and entangle all they had for a security." They took up ammunition, provisions, and clothes for their army, promising to pay for them as soon as they could raise money; and tradesmen took their words, and trusted them with their goods, upon a promise of eight pounds per cent. interest, as is mentioned by most of the historians of those times. Vast quantities of plate were likewise brought into the Parliament treasury, to be coined into money for the payment of the soldiers. But the Parliament broke their public faith, and performed few of their promises; so that many of the tradesmen that trusted them broke, and many of those that brought in their plate were cheated of both their principal and interest. "Never was there such double dealing (says Howell) by any public assembly; for when the lenders upon the public faith came to demand their money, they could not have it, unless they doubled their first sum, together with the interest they received, and then they should have the value in church and crown lands; but if they doubled not both interest and principal, they should not be capable of having any lands allowed for their money. Divers (says he) to my knowledge, have ruined themselves thereby; and though they clamoured and spoke high language at the Parliament doors, and were promised satisfaction, yet could not get a penny to this day. Divers interlopers were accustomed to buy these public faith bills for half-a-crown in the pound."

V. 561-2. *Did saints for this bring in their plate,*
And crowd as if they came too late?] One of these pretended saints, who generally in his prayers pleads poverty, yet thanks God upon this occasion for enabling him to subscribe some plate to the parliament. "O! my good Lord God, accept of my due thanks for all kinds of mercies, spiritual and temporal, to me and mine; in special I praise thee for my riches in plate, by which I am enabled to subscribe fifteen pounds in plate for the use of the Parliament, as I am called upon to do it by the commissioners this day." Mr. George Swathe's Prayers, p. 37. In Withers' Opobalsamum Anglicanum are the following lines:

" ——————————— without stay
Our callings and estates we flung away;
Our plate, our coin, our jewels, and our rings,
Arms, ornaments, and all our precious things,
To you we brought it as bountifully in,
As if they had old rusty horse-shoes been."

V. 569-70. *A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,*
Did start up living men as soon.] A contemporary author observes, "That the Parliament were able to raise forces, and arm them well, by reason of the great masses of plate which to that purpose were heaped up in Guildhall, where not only the wealthiest citizens and gentlemen, who were near dwellers, brought in their large bags and goblets, but the poorer sort presented their mites also, insomuch that it was a common jeer of men disaffected to the cause, to call it "the Thimble and Bodkin Army." The same farce was acted at the commencement of the French revolution, when the Parisian women carried their trinkets to the bar of the National Convention, and the church plate and bells were ordered to be melted down for the service of the armies.

V. 572. *Just like the dragon's teeth b'ing sown.*] Alluding to the fable of Cadmus, who having slain a dragon which had killed many of his companions, he took the teeth and sowed them in the ground, out of each of which sprung an armed man.

V. 575. *Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it.*] The molten calf which the Israelites set up in the wilderness. The author of a book entitled English and Scotch Presbytery, observed upon the Parliamentary ordinance commanding the people to bring in their plate, "That the seditious zealots contributed as freely as the idolatrous Israelites, to make a golden calf; and those that did not bring in their plate, they plundered their houses, and took it away by force: and at the same time commanded the people to take up arms, under pain of being hanged."

V. 578. *Made that sarcasmus,* &c.] To heighten the ridicule of the knight's character, he is continually coining or using uncommon words. The phrase here means nothing more than insulting or abusive.

V. 581. *Have powerful preachers ply'd their tongues.*] The preachers were indefatigable in their endeavours to prevail on the

people to grant voluntary loans for the use of the Parliament. One of them, preaching upon this subject at Guildhall, used the following expressions: "If ever, gentlemen, you might use this speech of Bernardius Ochinus (which he hinted at before,) O happy penny, you may use it now! Happy money, that will purchase religion, and purchase a reformation for my posterity! O happy money, and blessed to God, I have it to lend! and I 'count it the greatest opportunity that God did ever offer to the godly of this kingdom, to give them some money to lend to this cause: and I remember in this ordinance of Parliament it is called advance money; it is called an ordinance to advance money towards the maintaining the Parliament forces; and truly it is the highest advance of money to make money an instrument to advance religion: the Lord give your hearts to believe this. For my part, I speak it in the name of myself, and in the names of these reverend ministers; we will not only speak to persuade you to contribute, but every one of us that God hath given any estate to, we will all to our utmost power; we will not only say *ite*, but *venite*."

V. 585. *Have they invented tones to win.*] Alluding to the whining tones in which puritanical teachers were accustomed to deliver their discourses.

V. 587-8. *The men, as Indians with a female*
Tame elephant inveigle the male.] The following account of taking and taming wild elephants is to be found in Bewick's History of Quadrupeds. "In the midst of a forest abounding with elephants, a large piece of ground is marked out, and surrounded with strong palisades, interwoven with branches of trees: one end of the inclosure is narrow; from which it widens gradually, so as to take in a vast extent of country. Several thousand men are employed on the occasion, who place themselves in such a manner as to prevent the wild elephants from making their escape: they kindle large fires at certain distances, and make a dreadful noise with drums and various kinds of discordant instruments, calculated for the purpose of stunning and terrifying the poor animals: whilst another party, consisting of some thousands, with the assistance of tame female elephants, trained for the purpose, drive the wild elephants slowly towards the great gate of the inclosure, the whole train of hunters closing in after them,

shouting and making a great noise, till they are driven, by insensible degrees, into the narrow part of the inclosure, through which there is an opening into a smaller space, strongly fenced in and guarded on all sides. As soon as one of the elephants enters this strait, a strong bar closes the passage from behind, and he finds himself completely environed. On the top of this narrow passage some of the huntsmen stand with goads in their hands, urging the creature forward to the end of the passage, where there is an opening just wide enough to let him pass. He is now received into the custody of two females, who stand on each side of him, and press him into the service. If he be likely to prove refractory, they begin to discipline him with their trunks, till he is reduced to obedience, and suffers himself to be led to a tree, where he is bound by the leg with stout thongs, made of untanned elk or buck-skin. The tame elephants are then led back to the inclosure, and others are made to submit in the same manner. They are all suffered to remain fast to the trees for several days. Attendants are placed by the side of each animal, who supply him with food by little and little, till he is brought, by degrees, to be sensible of kindness and caresses, and allows himself to be led to the stable. In the space of fourteen days his absolute submision is completed. During that time he is fed daily with cocoa-nut leaves, and led once a day to the water by the tame ones. He becomes accustomed to the voice of his keeper, and at last quietly resigns his prodigious powers to the dominion and service of man."

V. 589. *Have they told Prov'dence what it must do.*] It was a common practice for the preachers in their sermons to inform God of the transactions of the times. "Oh! my good Lord God," says Mr. G. Swathe, Prayers, p. 12, "I hear the king hath set up his standard at York against the Parliament and city of London.—Look thou upon them, take their cause into thine own hand; appear thou in the cause of thy saints; the cause in hand:—It is thy cause, Lord; we know that the king is misled, deluded, and deceived by the popish, arminian, temporising, rebellious, malignant, faction and party, &c. To such a height did their extravagancies proceed, "that they would," says Dr. Echard, "in their prayers and sermons, tell God, that they would be willing to be at any charge and trouble for him, and to do, as it were, any kindness for

the Lord; the Lord might now trust them, and rely upon them, they should not fail him: they should not be unmindful of his business: his work should not stand still, nor his designs be neglected. They must needs say, that they had formerly received some favors from God, and have been, as it were, beholden to the Almighty, but they did not much question but that they should find some opportunity of making some amends for the many good things, and (as I may so say) civilities, which they had received from him: indeed, as for those that are weak in the faith, and are yet but babes in Christ, it is fit that such should keep at some distance from God, should kneel before him, and stand (as I may so say) cap in hand to the Almighty: but as for those that are strong in all gifts and grown up in all grace, and are come to a fulness and ripeness in the Lord Jesus, it is comely enough to take a great chair, and sit at the end of the table, and, with their cocked hats on their heads, to say, God, we thought it not amiss to call upon thee this evening, and let thee know how affairs stand; we have been very watchful since we were last with thee, and they are in a very hopeful condition; we hope that thou wilt not forget us, for we are very thoughtful of thy concerns: we do somewhat long to hear from thee; and if thou pleasest to give us such a thing (victory) we shall be (as I may so say) good to thee in something else, when it lies in our way."

V. 602. *They will not, cannot acquiesce.*] Alluding probably to their blasphemous expostulations with God from the pulpit. Mr. Vines, one of the pulpit-orators of those distracted times, used the following words in St. Clement's church, near Temple Bar: "O Lord, thou hast never given us a victory this long while, for all our frequent fastings: what dost thou mean, O Lord? to fling into a ditch, and there to leave us?" And one Robinson, in his prayer at Southampton, August 25, 1642, expressed himself in the following manner: "O God, O God! many are the hands that are lift up against us, but there is one God, it is thou thyself, O Father, who does us more mischief than they all." Another of them, one Harris, in a fast sermon preached before the Commons, said to them, "Gather upon God, and hold him fast as Jacob did; press him with his precepts, with his promises, with his hand, with his seal, with his oath, till we (if I may speak it reverently enough)

put the Lord out of countenance, put him, as you would say, to the blush, unless we be masters of our requests."

V. 609. *The Parl'ament drew up petitions.*] When the seditious members of the House of Commons wanted to have any thing pass the House, which they feared would meet with opposition, they would draw up a petition to the Parliament, and send it to their friends in the country to get it signed, and brought it up to the Parliament by as many as could be prevailed upon to do it. Their way of doing it, as Lord Clarendon observes in his History of the Rebellion, "was to prepare a petition, very modest and dutiful for the form, and for the matter not very unreasonable; and to communicate it at some public meeting, where care was taken it should be received with approbation: the subscription of a very few hands filled the paper itself where the petition was written, and therefore many more sheets were annexed for the reception of the numbers, which gave all the credit, and procured all the countenance to the undertaking. When a multitude of hands were procured, the petition itself was cut off, and a new one framed, agreeable to the design in hand, and annexed to a long list of names which was subscribed to the former; by this means many men found their names subscribed to petitions of which they before had never heard."

V. 621. *Velis et remis, omnibus nervis.*] With both sails and oars, their whole strength.

V. 637-8. *For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,*

To an unknown church-discipline.] Lord Clarendon, in his Observations on the Solemn League and Covenant, says, "They promised to reform the church according to the best reformed churches, though none of them knew, neither could they agree, which churches were best reformed, and very few, if any, of them knew which was the true form of those churches."

V. 639-40. *What is it else, but beforehand*

T' engage, and after understand?] Of this kind was the casuistry of the mayor and jurates of Hastings, one of the Cinque Ports, who would have had some of the assistants to swear in general to assist them, and afterwards they should know the particulars; and when they scrupled, they told them, "They need not be so scrupulous, though they did not know what they

swore unto; it was no harm, for they had taken the same oath themselves to do that which they were to assist them in."

V. 647-8. *For no three of us will agree*

Where, or what churches these should be.] Amidst the general cry among the sectaries for a reform of the church discipline, there were no two of them that could agree what that reform ought to be: they were united in their hatred of monarchy and episcopacy, but in all other points there was an irreconcileable discordance of opinion among them.

V. 650. *With those that swore et cæteras.*] In the convocation which sat at the beginning of the year 1640, there was an oath framed, which all the clergy were bound to take, in which was this clause: "Nor will I ever give my consent to alter the government of this church, by archbishops, bishops, deans, archdeacons," &c. This was loudly clamoured at, and called swearing to they knew not what. Our poet in this place has plainly shown his impartiality; the faulty and ridiculous on the one side, as well as the other, feel the lash of his pen. The satire is fine and pungent in comparing the *et cætera* oath with the covenant oath; neither of which were strictly defensible. His brother satyrist Cleveland, also could not permit so great an absurdity to pass by him unlashed; but does it in the person of a Puritan zealot, and thereby cuts doubly:

"Who swears *et cætera*, swears more oaths at once
Than Cerberus out of his triple sconce:
Who views it well, with the same eye beholds
The old half-serpent in his num'rous folds
Accurs'd——
O Booker! Booker! how com'st thou to lack
This sign in thy prophetic almanack?
——— I cannot half untruss
Et cætera, it is so abominous.
The Trojan nag was not so fully lin'd;
Unrip *et cætera*, and you shall find
Og the great commissary, and, which is worse,
The apparator upon his skew-bald horse.
Then finally my babe of grace, forbear
Et cætera, 'twill be too far to swear:

For 'tis, to speak in a familiar style,
A Yorkshire wea bit, longer than a mile."

V. 651. *Or the French league*, &c.] The holy league in France, for excluding Henry IV. from the crown, and extirpating the Protestant religion in that kingdom, was founded upon the same principles as the solemn league and covenant in this country, and differed only in circumstances, both being equally the offspring of the wildest fanaticism.

V. 667-8. *But to that purpose first surrender*
The Fiddler, &c.] This was meant as a ridicule on the clamour of the Parliament against the king's servants, whom they denominated "evil counsellors," and demanded to have them given up to justice.

V. 675. ——— *dictum factum.*] Said and done.

V. 689. *Thou tail of worship*, &c.] A reflection upon the justices of the peace in those times; many of whom, as has already been observed, were of the lowest ranks of the people, and the best probably were butchers, carpenters, horse-keepers, and the like. The Parliament appointed mean persons justices of the peace, that they might the more easily govern them; and Cromwell afterwards took the same method in the choice of high sheriffs, whom he appointed from yeomen, or the lowest tradesmen that he could confide in, the expense of retinue and treating the judges being taken away. It is scarcely necessary to say, that in those times no qualification in landed or personal property, as is the case at present, was required to enable a person to act as a justice of the peace. The same is the practice in America at the present day, where it is by no means uncommon to find the keeper of a hedge ale-house, or a farmer living in a log-hut, a justice of the peace.

V. 699. ——— *Secure from wooden blow.*] That is, from the assaults of a cudgel.

V. 702. *The caterwauling brethren.*] Butler probably designed this as a sneer upon the Assembly of divines, whose curious and subtle debates he likewise ridicules in his Remains. "Mr. Selden," says he, "visits the assembly as Persians used to see wild asses fight; when the Commons have tired him with new law, these brethren refresh him with their mad gospel: they lately were gra-

velled betwixt Jerusalem and Jericho; they knew not the distance betwixt those two places; one cried twenty miles, another ten. It was concluded seven, for this reason, that fish was brought from Jericho to Jerusalem-market:" Mr. Selden smiled and said, "perhaps the fish were salt fish, and so stopped their mouths." As to their annotations, many of them were no better than Peter Harrison's, who observed of the two *tables of stone*, that they were made of *Shittim wood*.

V. 706. —— *the land and water saints.*] The Presbyterians and Anabaptists.

V. 708. —— *mazzard.*] Face.

V. 713. *Was there no felony*, &c.] These and the licensing of ale-houses, &c. were more properly cognizable by him as a justice of the peace, than the interruption of sports, in which the people from time immemorial had been accustomed to indulge.

V. 718. *For which thou statute might'st alledge.*] The justice might plead the law for his interfering in certain cases; but Talgol argues, that in the present instance he steps beyond the limits of his jurisdiction.

V. 721. *Did no committee sit*, &c.] Some account has already been given of committees and their oppressions, to which the author of the poem entitled "Sir John Birkenhead revived," alludes in the following lines:

"The plough stands still, and trade is small,
For goods, lands, towns, and cities;
Nay, I dare say, the devil and all
Pay tribute to committees."

Walker, in his History of Independency, observes, "That to historize them at large (namely, the grievances from the committees) would require a volume as big as the Book of Martyrs: and that the people were then generally of opinion, that they might as easily find charity in hell as in any committee; and that the king hath taken down one star-chamber, and the Parliament have set up a hundred."

V. 725. *To cheat, with holiness and zeal.*] Taylor, the water-poet, speaking of such fanatical hypocrites, says,

"I want the knowledge of the thriving art,
A holy outside, and a hollow heart."

In some of the country parts of the north of England, they have a proverbial expression, which is very often applied to the modern Puritan, *a street-saint, a house-devil.*

V. 741-2. *Was I for this entitled Sir,*

And girt with trusty sword and spur.] The knight commences his reply to Talgol's invectives somewhat in the manner of his illustrious prototype, Don Quixote, upon similar occasions. He boasts proudly of his title, which entitles him to be addressed Sir, and alludes to his privilege of wearing a sword and spurs, by virtue of his knighthood.

V. 751. *Make nat'ral death appear thy work.*] Hudibras reproaching the butcher with many of the cheats of his trade, accuses him of trimming up the flesh of cattle that had died of natural diseases for sale, the same as if they had been slaughtered.

V. 767-8. *Nor shall it e'er be said, that wight*

With gauntlet blue, and bases white.] Alluding, in all probability, to the butcher's wearing a blue frock and white apron, a common dress for persons of this avocation.

V. 769. *And round blunt truncheon,* &c.] The butcher's steel upon which he whets his knife.

V. 772. —— *or Grizel stir mood.*] Chaucer, in his Clerk of Oxford's Tale, gives an account of the remarkable trials made by Walter, Marquis of Saluce, in Lower Lombardy, in Italy, upon the patience of his wife Grizel, by sending a ruffian to take from her her daughter and son, two little infants, under the pretence of murdering them; in stripping her of her costly robes, and sending her home to her poor father in a tattered condition, pretending that he had obtained a divorce from the pope, for the satisfaction of his people, to marry another lady of equal rank with himself. To all these trials she cheerfully submitted: upon which he took her home to his palace; and his pretended lady and her brother, who were brought to court, proved to be her son and daughter.

V. 781-2-3. *But Pallas came in shape of rust,*

And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust

Her Gorgon shield, &c.] This and another passage in this canto, are the only places where deities are introduced in this poem. It may be asked, as it was not intended for an epic poem, and consequently none of the heroes in it need supernatu-

ral assistance, how then comes Pallas to be ushered in here, and Mars afterwards? Probably to ridicule Homer and Virgil, whose heroes scarcely perform any action, even the most feasible, without the sensible aid of a deity; and to manifest that it was not want of abilities, but choice, that made our poet avoid such subterfuges. He has given us a sample of his judgment in this way of writing in the passage before us, which, taken in its naked meaning, is only, that the Knight's pistol was, for want of use, grown so rusty that it would not fire, or, in other words, that the rust was the cause of his disappointment.

V. 787. ——— *Petronel.*] A horse-pistol.

V. 811-12. *Though iron hew and mangle sore,*
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.] That is, though sharper wounds may be inflicted by a sword, it is more disgraceful to a man of honour to be beaten by a cudgel.

V. 843-4. *He clapt them underneath the tail*
Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail.] This trick was likewise practised upon Don Quixote's Rosinante, and Sancho's Dapple. "That mischief," says the inimitable historian of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, describing his adventures and those of his Squire at Barcelona, "from which all mischief is produced, ordained, that two bold and impudent boys, more mischievous than mischief itself, should squeeze themselves into the crowd, and approaching Rosinante and Dapple, clap a handful of furze under the tail of each: the poor animals feeling the severity of this new kind of spurs, augmented the pain by pressing their tails more closely to their buttocks: so that, after a thousand plunges, they came with their riders to the ground, to the unutterable shame and indignation of Don Quixote; who, with great dispatch, delivered the posteriors of his companion from this disagreeable plumage; while Sancho performed the same kind office for his friend Dapple."

V. 864. *But Mars, who still protects the stout.*] We may here observe the judgment of the poet. Mars is introduced to the Knight's advantage, as Pallas had been before to his disappointment: it was reasonable that the god of war should come to his assistance, since a goddess had interested herself on the side of his enemies, agreeable to Homer and Virgil. Had the Knight di-

rectly fallen to the ground, he had probably been disabled from future action, and consequently the battle would have been too soon determined. Besides, we may observe a beautiful gradation to the honour of the hero: he falls upon the bear, the bear breaks loose, and the spectators run; so that the Knight's fall is the primary cause of this rout, and he might justly, as he afterwards did, ascribe the honour of the victory to himself.

V. 865. *In pudding-time.*] That is, in the lucky or critical moment, when his assistance was most required.

V. 871-2. *Like feather-bed betwixt a wall*

And heavy brunt of cannon ball.] Alluding, probably, to some old books of fortification. In sea-engagements the bedding of the men are stowed upon the quarters of the ship, to defend the crew from the effect of musket-shot.

V. 873. *As Sancho on a blanket fell.*] Alluding to Sancho's famous adventure at the inn, which Don Quixote mistook for a castle, and where he was tossed in a blanket by four clothiers of Segovia, three pin-makers from the great square of Cordova, and a couple of shopkeepers from the market-place of Seville; all of them brisk jolly fellows, and mischievous wags.—*Don Quixote*, Vol. I. Book III. Chap. III.

V. 884. *And more than ever herald drew him.*] It is common with heralds and painters of signs to draw animals more furious than they are in nature.

V. 897-8. *Wrong of unsoldier-like condition,*

For which he flung down his commission.] A ridicule on the petulant behaviour of the military men in the civil wars: it being the usual way for those of either party, at a distressful juncture, to come to the King or Parliament with some unreasonable demands, which if not complied with, they would throw up their commissions, and go over to the opposite side, pretending that they could not in honour serve any longer under such unsoldier-like indignities.

V. 919-20. ——— *supposed wound,*

And loss of urine, &c.] The effect of fear probably in our Knight. In the piece entitled Dunstable Downs, published in Butler's Remains, we find that a similar disaster befel our Knight on another occasion, who, being taxed with the fact, answered,

" ——— no man is master
Of his posteriors in disaster.
The alderman, who once let fly,
Upon th' account of danger nigh,
Is not so much to blame, I'm sure,
As him that did the cause procure.
Upon the whole, I hope our scent
Wont so annoy your government,
But that we may have justice still,
Altho' we smell a little ill."

V. 932. *T' adventure resurrection.*] Another ridicule on the affectation of the sectaries in using Scripture phrases only.

V. 955. —— *thou whelp of sin.*] Among other terms of reproach bestowed by the sectaries on the clergy of the established church, they were frequently called *dogs*, sometimes *dumb dogs and greedy dogs*, and other times the blind whelps of an ignorant devotion.

V. 969-70. —— *but first our care*
Must see how Hudibras does fare.] Ralpho was at this time too concerned for his master to hold long disputation with the Fiddler; he leaves him, therefore, to assist the Knight, who lay senseless. This passage may be compared with a parallel one in the Iliad, b. XV. Apollo finds Hector insensible, lying near a stream; he revives him, and animates him with his former vigour, but withal asks, how he came into that disconsolate condition? Hector answers, that he had almost been stunned to the shades by a blow from Ajax. The comparison that may be made between the two cases is, that Hector does not return to himself in so lively a manner as Hudibras; and this is the more wonderful, because Hector is assisted by a deity, and Hudibras only by a servant.

" There Hector, seated by the stream, he sees
His sense returning with the coming breeze;
Again his pulses beat, his spirits rise,
Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes!
The fainting hero, as the vision bright,
Stood shining o'er him, half unseal'd his sight;
What blest immortal, what commanding breath,
Thus wakens Hector from the sleep of death?

E'en yet, methinks, the gliding ghosts I spy,
And hell's black horrors swim before my eye."

V. 973-4. *To rouse him from lethargick dump,*
He tweak'd his nose, &c.] The usefulness of this practice is thus set forth by Lapet, the coward, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of the Nice Valour, or Passionate Madness, act iii.

" *Lap.* For the twinge by the nose,
'Tis certainly unsightly, so my tables say;
But helps against the head-ach wond'rous strangely.
Shamont. Is 't possible?
Lap. Oh, your crush'd nostrils slakes your oppilation,
And makes your pent powers flush to wholesome sneezes.
Sham. I never thought there had been half that virtue
In a wrung nose before.
Lap. Oh! plenitude, Sir."

V. 984. *A self-denying conqueror.*] Alluding to the self-denying ordinance, by which all the members of the two Houses, except such as were exempted by particular act of parliament, were obliged to quit their civil and military employments.

V. 1005. *Though dispensations,* &c.] Dispensations, outgoings, carryings on, nothingness, ownings, and several other words to be met with in this poem, were, as has before been intimated, the cant word of those times.

V. 1009. *Yet as the wicked have no right.*] It was a principle maintained by the rebels of those days, that dominion is founded in grace, and therefore, if a man wanted grace (in their opinion), if he was not a saint or a godly man, he had no right to any lands, goods, or chattels; the saints, as the Squire says, had a right to all, and might take it whenever they had power to do it. Walker, in his History of Independency, observes, " That this faction, like the devil, cried, " All's mine.' " And they took themselves (or pretended to do so) to be the only elect or chosen ones; they might drink, and whore, and revel, and do what they pleased; God saw no sin in them, though these were damnable sins in others.

" To sum up all, he would aver,
And prove a saint could never err,
And that let saints do what they will,
That saints were saints, and are so still."

V. 1045-6. *For tho' I fought and overcame,*
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name.] A sneer upon the Parliament, who frequently infringed articles of capitulation granted by their generals; especially when they found them too advantageous for the enemy. There was a remarkable instance of this kind upon the surrender of Pendennis castle, August 26, 1646. General Fairfax had granted the besieged admirable terms: sixteen honourable articles were sent in to the brave governor, Arundel, and he underwrote,

"These articles are condescended unto by me,
"*John Arundel, of Trerise.*"

When the Parliament discovered that, at the surrender, the castle had not sufficient provisions for twenty-four hours, they were for infringing the articles, and had not performed them June 26, 1650, which occasioned the following letter from General Fairfax to the Speaker.

"Mr. Speaker,

"I would not trouble you again concerning the articles granted upon the rendition of Pendennis, but that it is conceived that your own honor and the faith of your army is so much concerned in it; and do find, that the preservation of articles granted upon valuable considerations gives great encouragement to your army. I have inclosed this petition, together with the officer's last report to me on this behalf: all which I commend to your wisdom.

"Your humble servant,
"June 26, 1650. "*T. Fairfax.*"

Dr. Grey, in his comments upon this note, says, Charles XII. of Sweden would not only have made good the articles, but have rewarded so brave a governor, as he did Colonel Canitz, the defender of the fort of Dunamond, with whose conduct he was so well pleased, that, as he marched out of the fort, he said to him, "You are my enemy, and yet I love you as well as my best friend; for you have behaved yourself like a brave soldier in the defence of this fort against my troops; and to show you that I can esteem and reward valour even in my enemies, I make you a present of these five thousand ducats."

V. 1069-70. —— *the greatest fame*
Of cripple slain can be but lame.] That is, no great

share of reputation could accrue to the Knight from putting to death such a helpless cripple as Crowdero. In the Memoirs of the Count du Rochfort there is a pleasant story, which bears some analogy to the present circumstances of Hudibras, of a challenge sent from M. Madaillan to the Marquis of Rivarolles, who, a few days before, had lost a leg, unknown to Madaillan, by a cannon-ball before Puicerda. The Marquis accepted the challenge, and promised the next morning early to fix both the time and place; at which time he sent a surgeon to Madaillan, desiring he would give him leave to cut off one of his legs; intimating by his operator, "that he knew he was too much of a gentleman to fight him at an advantage; and, as he had lost a leg in battle, he desired he might be put in the same condition, and then he would fight him with his own weapons." But a report coming to the ears of the marshals of France, they prohibited them fighting, and afterwards made them friends.

V. 1084. *Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd.*] The Puritans never wanted some pretended revelation to justify the excesses they were guilty of. When they had taken a prisoner, though they gave him quarter, and promised to save his life, yet if any of them afterwards thought it not proper that he should be saved, it was only saying that it was revealed to him that such a one should die, and they hanged him up, notwithstanding the promises before made.

V. 1088. *Of our great conqu'rors, you know whom.*] Colonel Harrison, a celebrated republican commander, and one of the regicides that suffered after the restoration, was notorious for having killed several after quarter given by others, using these words in doing it, "Cursed be he who doeth the work of the Lord negligently." Butler probably had in view also General Fairfax, who stained his laurels at Colchester, by shooting Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, two young gentlemen greatly beloved. Noble, in his Lives of the English Regicides, says, "their deaths were neither according to the rights of war, nor the semblance of justice; and so little decency was observed towards them, that they were not permitted time so much as to write to their friends, or make any preparation whatever for the change that was doomed them. Their deaths created an universal pity; even his Majesty forgot his own sufferings, to drop the tear of compassion for their

unmerited fate: when a gentleman came into the royal presence, who was in mourning for one of them, the king wept."

V. 1095-6. *For if we should fight for the cause*

By rules of military laws, &c.] The Puritans never observed the strict letter of military law, except when it suited their own convenience. But this probably was not so much owing to any peculiar ferocity of character in them, as to the circumstances of the contest in which they were engaged. Civil wars are of all others the most sanguinary, each party considering the opposite party as traitors, and deserving of death, for taking up arms against their country.

V. 1111. *But force it take an oath before.*] This ludicrous thought of forcing the wooden member of the Fiddler to take an oath not to bear arms against the Knight again, was probably designed as a sneer upon the rebels, who, when they released a prisoner taken in their wars, which they seldom did without exchange or ransom, (except he was a stranger,) obliged him to swear not to bear arms against them any more; though the rebels in the like case were now and then absolved from their oaths by their hypocritical clergy. When the King had discharged all the common soldiers that were taken prisoners at Brentford (except such as had voluntarily offered to serve him) upon their oaths, that they would no more bear arms against his Majesty, two of their camp-chaplains, Dr. Downing and Mr. Marshall, for the better recruiting the Parliament army, publicly avowed, "That the soldiers taken at Brentford, and discharged and released by the King upon their oaths that they would never again bear arms against him, were not obliged by that oath, but by their power they absolved them thereof; and so engaged these miserable wretches in a second rebellion."—"Had these pretenders to sanctity," says Dr. Grey, "but considered in how honourable a manner the old heathen Romans behaved on such occasions, they would have found sufficient reason to have been ashamed, for Addison informs us, that several Romans, that had been taken prisoners by Hannibal, were released by obliging themselves by an oath to return again to his camp. Among these there was one who, thinking to elude the oath, went the same day back to the camp, on pretence of having forgot something; but this prevarication was so shock-

ing to the Roman senate, that they ordered him to be apprehended and delivered up to Hannibal." Of the extreme veneration in which the ancients held the sanctity of an oath, some idea may be formed from the following relation, which is to be found in Herodotus, b. VI. "Glaucus was esteemed a man of singular probity, and having a large sum of money deposited in his hands, and an opportunity of keeping it from the owners, if he would forswear himself, consulted the oracle at Delphi what he should do. When he had proposed his question, the Priestess of Apollo answered thus:

'If present profit claim thy chief regard,
Be bold, and swear, and take the obvious prize:
Just dealings cannot save thee from the grave.
But the oath's guardian hath a nameless son,
Who, swift and strong, tho' without hand or foot,
Pursues, o'ertakes, and seizes and destroys
The whole devoted race, whilst honest men
Leave lasting blessings to their children's children.'

Glaucus, hearing this, intreated the god to forgive him what he had said. The Priestess answered, 'To tempt the god, and to commit the action, is all the same.' Glaucus, however, sent to recal his Milesian guests, and delivered them the money. At present there remains no house or progeny of Glaucus, but it is rooted out from Sparta."

V. 1130. *An ancient castle.*] This is a poetical description of a pair of stocks and whipping-post. It is so pompous and sublime, that we are surprised so noble a structure could be raised from so ludicrous a subject. We perceive wit and humour in the strongest light in every line of the description, and how happily imagined is the pun in v. 1142! How ceremonious are the conquerors in displaying the trophies of their victory, and imprisoning the unhappy captive! What a dismal figure does he make at the dark prospect before him! All these circumstances were necessary to be fully exhibited, that the reader might commiserate the heroic Knight, when a change of fortune unhappily brought him into Crowdero's place.

V. 1174. *Yet b'ing a stranger, he's enlarg'd.*] The wooden leg was excused being put in the stocks, though it had done the most

mischief, because it was a stranger. This is an allusion probably to the case of Sir Bernard Gascoign, who was condemned at Colchester, with Sir Charles Lucas, and Sir George Lisle, (see note to v. 1088,) and was respited from execution, being an Italian, and a person of some interest in his country.

V. 1177-8. *So justice, while she winks at crimes,*
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.] This is a moral reflection applied to a ludicrous subject, and follows very naturally upon the reflection on Crowdero's real leg suffering confinement for the fault of his wooden one.

PART I.---CANTO III.

The Argument.

The scatter'd rout return and rally,
Surround the place; the Knight does sally,
And is made pris'ner: then they seize
Th' enchanted fort by storm, release
Crowdero, put th' Squire in's place;
I should have first said Hudibras.

Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after-claps!
For though Dame Fortune seem to smile,
And leer upon him for a while,
She'll after shew him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
This any man may sing or say
I' th' ditty call'd, 'What if a Day?'

For Hudibras, who thought he'd won
The field, as certain as a gun,
And having routed the whole troop,
With victory was cock-a-hoop,
Thinking he'd done enough to purchase
Thanksgiving-day among the Churches,
Wherein his mettle and brave worth
Might be explain'd by holder-forth;
And register'd by fame eternal,
In deathless pages of Diurnal,
Found in few minutes, to his cost,
He did but count without his host,
And that a turnstile is more certain
Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune.
For now the late faint-hearted rout,
O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,
Chas'd by the horror of their fear
From bloody fray of Knight and Bear,
(All but the Dogs, who in pursuit
Of the Knight's victory stood to't,
And most ignobly fought to get
The honour of his blood and sweat,)
Seeing the coast was free and clear
O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,

Took heart again, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to stand it out;
For by this time the routed Bear,
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a safe retreat,
Like a bold chieftain fac'd about;
But wisely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haste
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,
Retiring still, until he found
He'd got the advantage of the ground,
And then as val'antly made head
To check the foe, and forthwith fled,
Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick
Of warriour stout and politick,
Until, in spite of hot pursuit,
He gain'd a pass, to hold dispute
On better terms, and stop the course
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole body to recoil;
But still their numbers so increas'd,
He found himself at length oppress'd,

And all evasions so uncertain,
To save himself for better fortune,
That he resolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And sell his hide and carcase at
A price as high and desperate
As e'er he could. This resolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himself among
The enemy, i' th' greatest throng:
But what could single valour do
Against so numerous a foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds were such.
But one against a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good:
For while one party he oppos'd,
His rear was suddenly inclos'd,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight against a foe so great.
For now the Mastives, charging home,
To blows and handy-gripes were come;
While manfully himself he bore,
And setting his right foot before,

He rais'd himself, to shew how tall
His person was above them all.
This equal shame and envy stirr'd
In th' enemy, that one should beard
So many warriours, and so stout,
As he had done, and stav'd it out,
Disdaining to lay down his arms,
And yield on honourable terms.
Enraged thus, some in the rear
Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where,
Till down he fell; yet falling fought,
And, being down, still laid about:
As Widdrington, in doleful dumps,
Is said to fight upon his stumps.
But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably slain,
If Trulla and Cerdon, in the nick,
To rescue him had not been quick:
For Trulla, who was light of foot
As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot
(But not so light as to be borne
Upon the ears of standing corn,
Or trip it o'er the water quicker
Than witches when their staves they liquor,

As some report,) was got among:
The foremost of the martial throng:
There pitying the vanquish'd Bear,
She call'd to Cerdon, who stood near,
Viewing the bloody fight; to whom,
Shall we (quoth she) stand still hum-drum,
And see stout Bruin, all alone,
By numbers basely overthrown?
Such feats already he's achiev'd
In story not to be believ'd,
And 'twould to us be shame enough
Not to attempt to fetch him off.
I would (quoth he) venture a limb
To second thee, and rescue him;
But then we must about it straight,
Or else our aid will come too late:
Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.
This said, they wav'd their weapons round
About their heads, to clear the ground,
And joining forces, laid about
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
As if the devil drove, to run.

Meanwhile th' approach'd the place where Bruin
Was now engag'd to mortal ruin:
The conqu'ring foe they soon assail'd,
First Trulla stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,
Until their Mastives loos'd their hold;
And yet, alas! do what they could,
The worsted Bear came off with store
Of bloody wounds, but all before.
For as Achilles, dipt in pond,
Was anabaptiz'd free from wound,
Made proof against dead-doing steel
All over, but the Pagan heel;
So did our champion's arms defend
All of him but the other end,
His head and ears, which in the martial
Encounter lost a leathern parcel.
For as an Austrian archduke once
Had one ear (which in ducatoons
Is half the coin) in battle par'd
Close to his head, so Bruin far'd;
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side
Like scriv'ner newly crucify'd,
Or like the late corrected leathern
Ears of the circumcised brethren.

But gentle Trulla into th' ring
He wore in's nose convey'd a string,
With which she march'd before, and led
The warriour to a grassy bed,
As authors write, in a cool shade
Which eglantine and roses made,
Close by a softly murm'ring stream,
Where lovers us'd to loll and dream:
There leaving him to his repose,
Secured from pursuit of foes,
And wanting nothing but a song
And a well-tun'd theorbo hung
Upon a bough, to ease the pain
His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain,
They both drew up, to march in quest
Of his great leader and the rest.
 For Orsin (who was more renown'd
For stout maintaining of his ground,
In standing fight, than for pursuit,
As being not so quick of foot)
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that pursu'd the chace,
But found himself left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind.

Griev'd to behold his bear pursued
So basely by a multitude,
And like to fall, not by the prowess,
But numbers, of his coward foes,
He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas,
Forcing the valleys to repeat
The accents of his sad regret:
He beat his breast and tore his hair,
For loss of his dear crony Bear,
That Echo, from the hollow ground,
His doleful wailings did resound
More wistfully, by many times,
That in small poets' splayfoot rhymes,
That make her, in their ruthful stories,
To answer to int'rrogatories,
And most unconscionably depose
To things of which she nothing knows;
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin!
Art thou fled to my—: Echo, Ruin?
I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step
For fear: Quoth Echo, Marry guep.

Am not I here to take thy part?
Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart?
Have these bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it
For thy dear sake: Quoth she, Mum budget.
Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish
Thou turn'dst thy back? Quoth Echo, Pish.
To run from those th' hadst overcome
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.
But what a vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine enemy?
Or, if thou hast no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet shame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grutch to spend his blood in
His honour's cause? Quoth she, A puddin.
This said, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly stomach burn'd;
Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place
Of sorrow, now began to blaze:
He vow'd the authors of his woe
Should equal vengeance undergo,

And with their bones and flesh pay dear
For what he suffer'd, and his Bear.
This b'ing resolv'd, with equal speed
And rage he hasted to proceed
To action straight, and, giving o'er
To search for Bruin any more,
He went in quest of Hudibras,
To find him out where'er he was;
And, if he were above ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.
But scarce had he a furlong on
This resolute adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that crew
Whom Hudibras did late subdue.
Honour, revenge, contempt, and shame,
Did equally their breasts inflame.
'Mong these the fierce Magnano was,
And Talgol, foe to Hudibras,
Cerdon and Colon, warriours stout
And resolute as ever fought;
Whom furious Orsin thus bespoke:
Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook
The vile affront that paltry ass,
And feeble scoundrel, Hudibras,

With that more paltry ragamuffin,
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
Have put upon us, like tame cattle,
As if th' had routed us in battle?
For my part, it shall ne'er be said
I for the washing gave my head:
Nor did I turn my back for fear
O' th' rascals, but loss of my Bear,
Which now I'm like to undergo;
For whether these fell wounds, or no,
He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
Is more than all my skill can foretel;
Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome.
But if I can but find them out
That caus'd it (as I shall, no doubt,
Where'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk)
I'll make them rue their handiwork,
And wish that they had rather dar'd
To pull the devil by the beard.
 Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orsin, th' hast
Great reason to do as thou say'st,
And so has every body here,
As well as thou hast, or thy Bear:

Others may do as they see good;
But if this twig be made of wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur,
And th' other mungrel vermin, Ralph,
That brav'd us all in his behalf.
Thy Bear is safe and out of peril,
Though lugg'd indeed and wounded very ill;
Myself and Trulla made a shift
To help him out at a dead lift,
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's safe enough:
There let him rest; for if we stay,
The slaves may hap to get away.
 This said, they all engag'd to join
Their forces in the same design,
And forthwith put themselves in search
Of Hudibras upon their march:
Where leave we them awhile, to tell
What the victorious Knight befel;
For such, Crowdero being fast
In dungeon shut, we left him last.
Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow
Nowhere so green as on his brow,

Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conqu'ring toil, he now retir'd
Unto a neighb'ring castle by,
To rest his body, and apply
Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise
He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues;
To mollify th' uneasy pang
Of ev'ry honourable bang;
Which b'ing by skilful midwife drest,
He laid him down to take his rest.
 But all in vain: h' had got a hurt,
O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort,
By Cupid made, who took his stand
Upon a widow's jointure-land
(For he, in all his am'rous battles,
No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels),
Drew home his bow, and, aiming right,
Let fly an arrow at the Knight.
The shaft against a rib did glance,
And gall him in the purtenance;
But time had somewhat 'swag'd his pain,
After he found his suit in vain;
For that proud dame, for whom his soul
Was burnt in's belly like a coal,

(That belly which so oft did ake
And suffer griping for her sake,
Till purging comfits and ants' eggs
Had almost brought him off his legs),
Us'd him so like a base rascallion
That old Pyg—(what d' ye call him)—malion,
That cut his mistress out of stone,
Had not so hard a hearted one.
She had a thousand jadish tricks,
Worse than a mule that flings and kicks;
'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,
As insolent as strange and mad:
She could love none but only such
As scorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a strange riddle of a lady;
Not love, if any lov'd her: hey-day!
So cowards never use their might
But against such as will not fight;
So some diseases have been found
Only to seize upon the sound.
He that gets her by heart must say her
The back way, like a witch's prayer.
Meanwhile the Knight had no small task
To compass what he durst not ask:

He loves, but dares not make the motion;
Her ignorance is his devotion:
Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed
Rides with his face to rump of steed,
Or rowing scull, he's fain to love;
Look one way, and another move:
Or like a tumbler that does play
His game, and look another way,
Until he seize upon the coney;
Just so does he by matrimony.
But all in vain; her subtle snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out,
Which she return'd with too much scorn
To be by man of honour borne:
Yet much he bore, until the distress
He suffer'd from his spightful mistress
Did stir his stomach, and the pain
He had endur'd from her disdain,
Turn'd to regret so resolute,
That he resolv'd to wave his suit,
And either to renounce her quite
Or for a while play least in sight.
This resolution b'ing put on,
He kept some months, and more had done,

But being brought so nigh by Fate,
The vict'ry he achiev'd so late
Did set his thoughts agog, and ope
A door to discontinu'd hope,
That seem'd to promise he might win
His dame too, now his hand was in ;
And that his valour, and the honour
H' had newly gain'd, might work upon her.
These reasons made his mouth to water
With am'rous longings to be at her :
Quoth he, unto himself, Who knows
But this brave conquest o'er my foes
May reach her heart, and make that stoop,
As I but now have forc'd the troop ?
If nothing can oppugn love,
And virtue envious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do
That brings both love and virtue too ?
But thou bring'st valour too, and wit,
Two things that seldom fail to hit.
Valour's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,
Which women oft are taken in :
Then, Hudibras, why should'st thou fear
To be, that art, a conqueror ?

Fortune th' audacious doth *juvare*,
But lets the timidous miscarry:
Then, while the honour thou hast got
Is spick and span new, piping-hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,
And trust thy fortune with the rest.
Such thoughts as these the Knight did keep,
More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep:
And as an owl, that in a barn
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,
Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes
As if he slept, until he spies
The little beast within his reach,
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch;
So from his couch the Knight did start,
To seize upon the widow's heart,
Crying, with hasty tone and hoarse,
Ralpho, dispatch, to horse, to horse.
And 'twas but time; for now the rout,
We left engag'd to seek him out,
By speedy marches were advanc'd
Up to the fort where he ensconc'd,
And all the avenues had possest
About the place, from east to west.

That done, a while they made a halt
To view the ground, and where t' assault:
Then call'd a council, which was best
By siege or onslaught, to invest
The enemy; and 'twas agreed
By storm and onslaught to proceed.
This b'ing resolv'd, in comely sort
They now drew up t' attack the fort;
When Hudibras, about to enter
Upon another-gates adventure,
To Ralpho call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching storm.
Whether Dame Fortune, or the care
Of angel bad, or tutelar,
Did arm, or thrust him on a danger
To which he was an utter stranger,
That foresight might, or might not, blot
The glory he had newly got,
Or to his shame it might be said,
They took him napping in his bed;
To them we leave it to expound
That deal in sciences profound.
His courser scarce he had bestrid,
And Ralpho that on which he rid,

When, setting ope the postern gate,
Which they thought best to sally at,
The foe appear'd drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the field.
This somewhat startled the bold Knight,
Surpris'd with th' unexpected sight:
The bruises of his bones and flesh
He thought began to smart afresh;
Till, recollecting wonted courage,
His fear was soon converted to rage;
And thus he spoke: The coward foe,
Whom we but now gave quarter to,
Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears
As if they had outrun their fears.
The glory we did lately get,
The Fates command us to repeat;
And to their wills we must succumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.
This is the same numerick crew
Which we so lately did subdue;
The self-same individuals that
Did run, as mice do from a cat,
When we courageously did wield
Our martial weapons in the field,

To tug for victory: and when
We shall our shining blades agen
Brandish in terrour o'er our heads,
They'll straight resume their wonted dreads.
Fear is an ague, that forsakes
And haunts, by fits, those whom it takes;
And they'll opine they feel the pain
And blows they felt, to-day again.
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.
 This said, his courage to inflame,
He call'd upon his mistress' name;
His pistol next he cock'd anew,
And out his nut-brown whinyard drew,
And, placing Ralpho in the front,
Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt,
As expert warriours use: then ply'd
With iron heel his courser's side,
Conveying sympathetic speed
From heel of Knight to heel of steed.
 Meanwhile the foe, with equal rage
And speed, advancing to engage,
Both parties now were drawn so close,
Almost to come to handy-blows:

When Orsin first let fly a stone
At Ralpho; not so huge a one
As that which Diomed did maul
Æneas on the bum withal,
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have sent him to another world,
Whether above ground or below,
Which saints twice dipt are destin'd to.
The danger startled the bold Squire,
And made him some few steps retire;
But Hudibras advanc'd to's aid,
And rous'd his spirits, half-dismay'd.
He, wisely doubting lest the shot
Of th' enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a distance gall, press'd close,
To come pell-mell to handy-blows,
And, that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd still in an oblique line;
But prudently forbore to fire,
Till breast to breast he had got nigher,
As expert warriours use to do
When hand to hand they charge their foe.
This order the advent'rous Knight,
Most soldier-like, observ'd in fight;

When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle,
And for the foe began to stickle:
The more shame for her Goodyship,
To give so near a friend the slip.
For Colon, choosing out a stone,
Levell'd so right, it thump'd upon
His manly paunch with such a force
As almost beat him off his horse.
He loos'd his whinyard and the rein,
But, laying fast hold on the mane,
Preserv'd his seat: and as a goose
In death contracts his talons close,
So did the Knight, and with one claw
The tricker of his pistol draw.
The gun went off; and as it was
Still fatal to stout Hudibras,
In all his feats of arms, when least
He dream't of it, to prosper best,
So now he far'd; the shot, let fly
At random 'mong the enemy,
Pierc'd Talgol's gabardine, and grazing
Upon his shoulder, in the passing
Lodg'd in Magnano's brass habergeon,
Who straight, A surgeon, cry'd, A surgeon:

He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
Did Murder, Murder, Murder, yell.
This startled their whole body so,
That if the Knight had not let go
His arms, but been in warlike plight,
He'd won (the second time) the fight;
As, if the Squire had but fall'n on,
He had inevitably done.
But he, diverted with the care
Of Hudibras his hurt, forbare
To press th' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the rest dishearten.
For he with Cerdon b'ing engag'd
In close encounter, they both wag'd
The fight so well, 'twas hard to say
Which side was like to get the day.
And now the busy work of Death
Had tir'd them so, th' agreed to breathe,
Preparing to renew the fight,
When the disaster of the Knight,
And th' other party, did divert
Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.
Ralpho press'd up to Hudibras,
And Cerdon where Magnano was,

Each striving to confirm his party
With stout encouragements and hearty.
Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let revenge and honour stir
Your spirits up; once more fall on,
The shatter'd foe begins to run:
For if but half so well you knew
To use your vict'ry as subdue,
They durst not, after such a blow
As you have given them, face us now,
But from so formidable a soldier
Had fled like crows when they smell powder.
Thrice have they seen your sword aloft
Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft;
But if you let them recollect
Their spirits, now dismay'd and checkt,
You'll have a harder game to play
That yet y' have had, to get the day.
Thus spoke the stout Squire, but was heard
By Hudibras with small regard:
His thoughts wore fuller of the bang
He lately took, than Ralph's harangue:
To which he answer'd, Cruel Fate
Tells me thy counsel comes too late.

The knotted blood within my hose,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal crisis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.
I am for action now unfit
Either of fortitude or wit,
Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,
Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.
I am not apt upon a wound,
Or trivial basting, to despond,
Yet I'd be loth my days to curtal;
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that w' had time enough as yet
To make an honourable retreat,
'Twere the best course, but if they find
We fly, and leave our arms behind,
For them to seize on, the dishonour
And danger too is such, I'll sooner
Stand to it boldly and take quarter,
To let them see I am no starter.
In all the trade of war no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat:
For those that run away and fly
Take place at least o' th' enemy.

This said, the Squire with active speed
Dismounted from his bony steed,
To seize the arms which, by mischance,
Fell from the bold Knight in a trance:
These being found out, and restor'd
To Hudibras, their nat'ral lord,
As a man may say, with might and main
He hasted to get up again.
Thrice he essay'd to mount aloft,
But by his weighty bum as oft
He was pull'd back, till, having found
Th' advantage of the rising ground,
Thither he led his warlike steed,
And, having plac'd him right, with speed
Prepar'd again to scale the beast;
When Orsin, who had newly drest
The bloody scar upon the shoulder
Of Talgol, with Promethean powder,
And now was searching for the shot
That laid Magnano on the spot,
Beheld the sturdy Squire aforesaid,
Preparing to climb up his horse-side:
He left his cure, and, laying hold
Upon his arms, with courage bold

Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begin to rally;
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy man be 's dole.
This said, like to a thunderbolt
He flew with fury to th' assault,
Striving th' enemy to attack
Before he reach'd his horse's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his beast with active vau'ting,
Wriggling his body to recover
His seat, and cast his right leg over:
When Orsin, rushing in, bestow'd
On horse and man so heavy a load,
The beast was startled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough Squire like a sack,
Or stout king Richard, on his back;
Till stumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and cast into a swoon.
Meanwhile the Knight began to rouse
The sparkles of his wonted prowess:
He thrust his hand into his hose,
And found, both by his eyes and nose,

'Twas only choler, and not blood,
That from his wounded body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the Squire,
Inflam'd him with despiteful ire:
Courageously he fac'd about,
And drew his other pistol out;
And now had half-way bent the cock,
When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock
With sturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,
That down it fell and did no harm;
Then, stoutly pressing on with speed,
Assay'd to pull him off his steed.
The Knight his sword had only left,
With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
Or at the least cropp'd off a limb,
But Orsin came, and rescu'd him.
He with his lance attack'd the Knight
Upon his quarters opposite:
But as a bark, that in foul weather,
Toss'd by two adverse winds together,
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to;
So far'd the Knight between two foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppose:

Till Orsin, charging with his lance
At Hudibras, by spiteful chance
Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunn'd
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the Knight began to cheer up,
And, raising up himself on stirrup,
Cry'd out, *Victoria!* lie thou there,
And I shall straight dispatch another
To bear thee company in death;
But first I'll halt a while, and breathe:
As well he might; for Orsin, griev'd
At th' wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,
Ran to relieve him with his lore,
And cure the hurt he gave before.
Meanwhile the Knight had wheel'd about
To breathe himself, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground, where best
He might the ruffled foe infest.
This b'ing resolv'd, he spurr'd his steed,
To run at Orsin with full speed,
While he was busy in the care
Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware:
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy;

And seeing th' enemy prepar'd,
Drew up and stood upon his guard.
Then like a warriour right expert
And skilful in the martial art,
The suble Knight straight made a halt,
And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,
Until he had reliev'd the Squire,
And then (in order) to retire,
Or, as occasion should invite,
With forces join'd renew the fight.
Ralpho, by this time disentranc'd,
Upon his bum himself advanc'd,
Though sorely bruis'd; his limbs all o'er
With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore:
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone,
When Hudibras to aid him came:
Quoth he (and call'd him by his name),
Courage! the day at length is ours,
And we once more, as conquerours,
Have both the field and honour won;
The foe is profligate, and run;
I mean all such as can, for some
This hand hath sent to their long home;

And some lie sprawling on the ground,
With many a gash and bloody wound.
Cæsar himself could never say
He got two vict'ries in a day
As I have done, that can say, twice I
In one day, *veni*, *vidi*, *vici*.
The foe's so numerous, that we
Cannot so often *vincere*
As they *perire*, and yet enow
Be left to strike an after-blow:
Then lest they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the bus'ness o'er,
Get up and mount thy steed; dispatch,
And let us both their motions watch.
Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were
In case for action, now be here;
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An arse, for fear of being bang'd,
It was for you I got these harms,
Advent'ring to fetch off your arms.
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd
Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
My limbs of strength: unless you stoop
And reach your hands to pull me up,

I shall lie here, and be a prey
To those who now are run away.
That thou shalt not, quoth Hubibras:
We read the ancients held it was
More honourable far, *servare*
Civem, than slay an adversary:
The one we oft to-day have done,
The other shall dispatch anon;
And, though thou'rt of a different church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.
This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher,
And steer'd him gently t'wards the Squire,
Then, bowing down his body, stretch'd
His hand out, and at Ralpho reach'd;
When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like lightening behind.
She had been long in search about
Magnano's wound, to find it out,
But could find none, nor where the shot
That had so startled him was got;
But, having found the worst was past,
She fell to her own work at last,
The pillage of the prisoners,
Which in all feats of arms was hers:

And now to plunder Ralph she flew,
When Hudibras his hard fate drew
To succour him; for as he bow'd
To help him up, she laid a load
Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
On th' other side, that down he fell.
Yield, scoundrel base (quoth she), or die;
Thy life is mine, and liberty:
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
And dars't presume to be so hardy
To try thy fortune o'er afresh,
I'll wave my title to thy flesh,
Thy arms and baggage, now my right,
And, if thou hast the heart to try't,
I'll lend thee back thyself a while,
And once more, for that carcase vile,
Fight upon tick.—Quoth Hudibras,
Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lass,
And I shall take thee at thy word:
First let me rise, and take my sword.
That sword which has so oft this day
Through squadrons of my foes made way,
And some to other worlds dispatcht,
Now, with a feeble spinster matcht,

Will blush, with blood ignoble stain'd,
By which no honour's to be gain'd.
But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,
Consider, whilst thou may'st, what 'tis
To interrupt a victor's course
B' opposing such a trivial force:
For if with conquest I come off
(And that I shall do sure enough),
Quarter thou canst not have nor grace,
By laws of arms, in such a case;
Both which I now do offer freely.
I scorn (quoth she), thou coxcomb silly,
(Clapping her hand upon her breech,
To shew how much she priz'd his speech),
Quarter or counsel from a foe;
If thou canst force me to it, do:
But lest it should again be said,
When I have once more won thy head,
I took thee napping, unprepar'd,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.
This said, she to her tackle fell,
And on the Knight let fall a peal
Of blows so fierce, and press'd so home,
That he retir'd, and followed 's bum.

Stand to 't, quoth she, or yield to mercy;
It is not fighting *arsie-versie*
Shall serve thy turn. This stirr'd his spleen
More than the danger he was in,
The blows he felt or was to feel,
Altho' th' already made him reel.
Honour, despite, revenge, and shame,
At once into his stomach came;
Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm
Above his head, and rain'd a storm
Of blows so terrible and thick,
As if he meant to hash her quick.
But she upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diversion broke them,
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with usury,
Which long she fail'd not of; for now
The knight with one dead-doing blow
Resolving to decide the fight,
And she with quick and cunning sleight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was so great
As almost sway'd him to the ground.
No sooner she th' advantage found,

But in she flew: and, seconding
With home-made thrust the heavy swing,
She laid him flat upon his side,
And, mounting on his trunk astride,
Quoth she, I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, base scum:
Say, will the law of arms allow
I may have grace and quarter now?
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
And stain thine honour than thy sword?
A man of war to damn his soul,
In basely breaking his parole!
And when before the fight th' hadst vow'd
To give no quarter in cold blood;
Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,
To make me 'gainst my will take quarter,
Why dost not put me to the sword,
But cowardly fly from thy word?
 Quoth Hudibras, The day's thine own;
Thou and thy stars have cast me down:
My laurels are transplanted now,
And flourish on thy conqu'ring brow;
My loss of honour's great enough,
Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff;

Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,
But cannot blur my lost renown:
I am not now in Fortune's power;
He that is down can fall no lower.
The ancient heroes were illustr'ous
For being benign, and not blustrous
Against a vanquish'd foe: their swords
Were sharp and trenchant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out
T' employ their courtesies about.
 Quoth she, Although thou hast deserv'd,
Base Slubberdegullion, to be serv'd,
As thou didst vow to deal with me
If thou hadst got the victory,
Yet I shall rather act a part
That suits my fame than thy desert:
Thy arms, thy liberty, beside
All that's on th' outside of thy hide,
Are mine by military law,
Of which I will not bate one straw;
The rest, thy life and limbs, once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I restore.
 Quoth Hudibras, It is too late
For me to treat or stipulate;

What thou command'st I must obey!
Yet those whom I expugn'd to-day,
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too,
Both Dogs and Bear, upon their parole,
Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.
Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was 't not thou
That gave Crowdero quarter too?
Crowdero whom, in irons bound,
Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pound,
Where still he lies, and with regret
His gen'rous bowels rage and fret.
But now thy carcase shall redeem,
And serve to be exchang'd for him.
This said, the Knight did straight submit,
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he disrob'd his gabardine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith divesting
The mantle that she wore, said, jesting,
Take that, and wear it for my sake;
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.

And as the French we conquer'd once
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches and the gathers,
Port-cannons, periwigs, and feathers,
Just so the proud insulting lass
Array'd and dighted Hudibras.
 Meanwhile the other champions, yerst
In hurry of the fight disperst,
Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day,
To share i' th' honour and the prey,
And out of Hudibras his hide
With vengeance to be satisfy'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden show'r,
But Trulla thrust herself between,
And, striding o'er his back again,
She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,
And vow'd they should not break her word:
Sh' had given him quarter, and her blood,
Or theirs, should make that quarter good;
For she was bound by law of arms
To see him safe from further harms.
In dungeon deep Crowdero, cast
By Hudibras, as yet lay fast;

Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,
His great heart made perpetual moans;
Him she resolv'd that Hudibras
Should ransom, and supply his place.
This stopp'd their fury, and the basting
Which towards Hudibras was hasting;
They thought it was but just and right
That what she had achiev'd in fight
She should dispose of how she pleas'd;
Crowdero ought to be releas'd,
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this she pitch'd upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in.
The Knight and Squire first they made
Rise from the ground where they were laid,
Then mounted both upon their horses,
But with their faces to the arses.
Orsin led Hudibras's beast,
And Talgol that which Ralpho prest;
Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
And Colon, waited as a guard on;
All ush'ring Trulla in the rear,
With th' arms of either prisoner.

In this proud order and array
They put themselves upon their way,
Striving to reach the enchanted Castle,
Where stout Crowdero' in durance lay still.
Thither with greater speed than shows
And triumph over conquer'd foes
Do use t' allow, or than the Bears,
Or pageants borne before lord-mayors,
Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd,
In order soldier-like contriv'd,
Still marching in a warlike posture,
As fit for battle as for muster.
The Knight and Squire they first unhorse,
And, bending 'gainst the fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the magical redoubt.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter:
For he was skilful in Black Art
No less than he that built the fort,
And with an iron mace laid flat
A breach, which straight all enter'd at,
And in the wooden dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground:

Him they release from durance base,
Restor'd t' his Fiddle and his case,
And liberty, his thirsty rage
With luscious vengeance to assuage:
For he no sooner was at large,
But Trulla straight brought on the charge,
And in the self-same limbo put
The Knight and Squire where he was shut;
Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-hole,
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
Enchanted mansion to know sorrow,
In the same order and array
Which they advanc'd, they march'd away.
But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop
To Fortune, or be said to droop,
Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers.
 Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind,
Is, *sui juris*, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
Whate'er the other moiety feels.
'Tis not restraint or liberty
That makes men prisoners or free;

But perturbations that possess
The mind or equanimities.
The whole world was not half so wide
To Alexander, when he cry'd
Because he had but one to subdue,
As was a paltry narrow tub to
Diogenes; who is not said
(For aught that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,
Because h' had ne'er another tub.
The Ancients make two sev'ral kinds
Of prowess in heroic minds,
The active and the passive val'ant,
Both which are *pari libra* gallant;
For both to give blows, and to carry,
In fights are equi-necessary:
But in defeats the passive stout
Are always found to stand it out
Most desp'rately, and to outdo
The active 'gainst a conqu'ring foe.
Though we with blacks and blues are suggil'd,
Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgel'd,
He that is valiant and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by't.

Honour's a lease for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant : 'tis a chattel
Not to be forfeited in battle.
If he that in the field is slain
Be in the bed of honour lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in Honour's truckle-bed.
For as we see th' eclipsed sun
By mortals is more gaz'd upon
Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
He shines in serene sky most bright;
So valour in a low estate
Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.
 Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow;
But none that see how here we sit
Will judge us overgrown with wit.
As Gifted Brethren, preaching by
A carnal hour-glass, do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to say,
But not how much; so well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off:

For who, without a cap and bauble,
Having subdued a Bear and rabble,
And might with honour have come off,
Would put it to a second proof?
A politick exploit, right fit
For Presbyterian zeal and wit.
 Quoth Hudibras, That cuckoo's tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon:
When thou at any thing would'st rail,
Thou maks't Presbytery thy scale
To take the height on't, and explain
To what degree it is profane.
Whats'ever will not with (thy what-d'-ye-call)
Thy Light jump right, thou call'st Synodical;
As if Presbyt'ry were a standard
To seize whats'ever's to be slander'd.
Dost not remember how this day
Thou to my beard wast bold to say
That thou could'st prove Bear-beating equal
With Synods, orthodox and legal?
Do, if thou canst; for I deny't,
And dare thee to 't with all thy light.
 Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to do

That has but any guts in 's brains,
And could believe it worth his pains:
But since you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've light enough to do it.
Synods are mystical Bear-gardens,
Where Elders, Deputies, Churchwardens,
And other Members of the Court,
Manage the Babylonish sport;
For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bear-ward,
Do differ only in a mere word.
Both are but sev'ral synagogues
Of carnal men, and Bears and Dogs:
Both antichristian assemblies,
To mischief bent as far 's in them lies:
Both stave and tail, with fierce contests,
The one with men, the other beasts.
The diff'rence is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth;
And that they bait but Bears in this,
In th' other Souls and Consciences:
Where Saints themselves are brought to stake
For Gospel-light and Conscience' sake;
Expos'd to Scribes and Presbyters,
Instead of Mastive Dogs and Curs;

Than whom they've less humanity,
For these at souls of men will fly.
This to the Prophet did appear,
Who in a vision saw a Bear,
Prefiguring the beastly rage
Of Church-rule in this latter age,
As is demonstrated at full
By him that baited the Pope's bull.
Bears nat'rally are beasts of prey,
That live by rapine; so do they.
What are their Orders, Constitutions,
Church-censures, Curses, Absolutions,
But sev'ral mystic chains they make,
To tie poor Christians to the stake?
And then set Heathen officers,
Instead of Dogs, about their ears.
For to prohibit and dispense,
To find out, or to make offence;
Of hell and heaven to dispose,
To play with souls at fast and loose;
To set what characters they please,
And mulcts on sin or godliness;
Reduce the Church to Gospel-order,
By rapine, sacrilege, and murder;

To make Presbytery supreme,
And Kings themselves submit to them;
And force all people, though against
Their consciences, to turn Saints;
Must prove a pretty thriving trade,
When Saints monopolists are made:
When pious frauds and holy shifts
Are Dispensations and Gifts,
There godliness becomes mere ware,
And ev'ry Synod but a fair.
 Synods are whelps o' th' Inquisition,
A mongrel breed of like pernicion,
And, growing up, became the sires
Of Scribes, Commissioners, and Triers:
Whose bus'ness is, by cunning sleight,
To cast a figure for men's light;
To find, in lines of beard and face,
The physiognomy of Grace;
And by the sound and twang of nose,
If all be sound within disclose,
Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
As men try pipkins by the ringing;
By black caps underlaid with white
Give certain guess at inward light,

Which Serjeants at the Gospel wear,
To make the Sp'ritual Calling clear.
The handkerchief about the neck
(Canonical cravat of Smeck,
From whom the institution came,
When Church and State they set on flame,
And worn by them as badges then
Of Spiritual Warfaring-men)
Judge rightly if Regeneration
Be of the newest cut in fashion.
Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
That Grace is founded in dominion:
Great piety consists in pride;
To rule is to be sanctify'd:
To domineer, and to controul,
Both o'er the body and the soul,
Is the most perfect discipline
Of Church-rule, and by right divine.
Bell and the Dragon's chaplains were
More moderate than these by far:
For they (poor knaves) were glad to cheat,
To get their wives and children meat;
But these will not be fobb'd off so,
They must have wealth and power too;

Or else with blood and desolation
They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.
Sure these themselves from primitive
And Heathen priesthood do derive,
When Butchers were the only Clerks,
Elders, and Presbyters of Kirks;
Whose directory was to kill,
And some believe it is so still.
The only diff'rence is, that then
They slaughter'd only beasts, now men.
For then to sacrifice a bullock,
Or, now and then, a child to Moloch,
They count a vile abomination,
But not to slaughter a whole nation.
Presbytery does but translate
The papacy to a free state:
A commonwealth of Popery,
Where ev'ry village is a See
As well as Rome, and must maintain
A tithe-pig metropolitan;
Where ev'ry Presbyter and Deacon
Commands the keys for cheese and bacon,
And every hamlet's governed
By 's Holiness, the Church's head,

More haughty and severe in's place
Than Gregory and Boniface.
Such Church must, surely, be a monster
With many heads: for if we conster
What in th' Apocalypse we find,
According to th' Apostle's mind,
'Tis that the whore of Babylon
With many heads did ride upon;
Which heads denote the sinful tribe
Of Deacon, Priest, Lay-elder, Scribe.
Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,
Whose little finger is as heavy
As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelate,
And bishop-secular. This zealot
Is of a mongrel diverse kind,
Clerick before and Lay behind;
A lawless linsey-woolsey brother,
Half of one order, half another;
A creature of amphibious nature,
On land a beast, a fish in water:
That always preys on grace or sin,
A sheep without, a wolf within.
This fierce inquisitor has chief
Dominion over men's belief

And manners; can pronounce a saint
Idolatrous, or ignorant,
When superciliously he sifts
Through coarsest boulter others' gifts:
For all men live and judge amiss
Whose talents jump not just with his;
He'll lay on Gifts with hands, and place
On dullest noddle Light and Grace,
The manufacture of the Kirk.
Those pastors are but th' handywork
Of his mechanick paws, instilling
Divinity in them by feeling;
From whence they start up Chosen Vessels,
Made by contact, as men get measles.
So Cardinals, they say, do grope
At th' other end the new-made Pope.
 Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras, soft fire,
They say, does make sweet malt. Good Squire,
Festina lentè, not too fast,
For haste (the proverb says) makes waste,
The quirks and cavils thou dost make
Are false, and built upon mistake:
And I shall bring you, with your pack
Of fallacies, t' Elenchi back;

And put your arguments in mood
And figure to be understood.
I'll force you by right ratiocination
To leave your vitilitigation,
And make you keep to th' question close
And argue *dialecticos.*
The question then, to state it first,
Is, which is better or which worst,
Synods or Bears? Bears I avow
To be the worst, and Synods thou;
But to make good th' assertion,
Thou say'st they're really all one.
If so, not worse; for if they're *idem,*
Why then *tantundem dat tantidem.*
For if they are the same, by course
Neither is better, neither worse.
But I deny they are the same,
More than a maggot and I am.
That both are *animalia*
I grant, but not *rationalia*:
For though they do agree in kind,
Specifick difference we find;
And can no more make bears of these,
Than prove my horse is Socrates.

That Synods are Bear-gardens, too,
Thou dost affirm; but I say No:
And thus I prove it, in a word;
Whats'ever Assembly's not empow'r'd
To Censure, Curse, Absolve, and ordain,
Can be no Synod; but Bear-garden
Has no such pow'r; *ergo*, 'tis none:
And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown.
But yet we are beside the quest'on
Which thou didst raise the first contest on:
For that was, Whether Bears are better
Than Synod-men? I say *Negatur*.
That Bears are beasts, and Synods men,
Is held by all: they're better then,
For Bears and Dogs on four legs go,
As beasts; but Synod men on two.
'Tis true they all have teeth and nails;
But prove that Synod-men have tails:
Or that a rugged shaggy fur
Grows o'er the hide of Presbyter;
Or that his snout and spacious ears
Do hold proportion with a Bear's.
A Bear's a savage beast, of all
Most ugly and unnatural;

Whelp'd without form, until the dam
Has lickt it into shape and frame:
But all thy light can ne'er evict,
That ever Synod-man was lickt,
Or brought to any other fashion
Than his own will and inclination.
But thou dost further yet in this,
Oppugn thyself and sense; that is,
Thou would'st have Presbyters to go
For Bears and Dogs, and Bearwards too:
A strange chimera of beasts and men,
Made up of pieces het'rogene;
Such as in Nature never met
In eodem subjecto yet.
Thy other arguments are all
Supposures hypothetical,
That do but beg; and we may choose
Either to grant them or refuse.
Much thou hast said, which I know when
And where thou stol'st from other men
(Whereby 'tis plain thy Light and Gifts
Are all but plagiary shifts),
And is the same that Ranter sed,
Who, arguing with me, broke my head,

And tore a handful of my beard;
The self-same cavils then I heard,
When b'ing in hot dispute about
This controversy, we fell out;
And what thou know'st I answer'd then,
Will serve to answer thee again.
 Quoth Ralpho, Nothing but th' abuse
Of human learning you produce;
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain;
A trade of knowledge as replete
As others are with fraud and cheat;
An art t' incumber Gifts and wit,
And render both for nothing fit;
Makes Light inactive, dull and troubled,
Like little David in Saul's doublet:
A cheat that scholars put upon
Other men's reason and their own;
A fort of errour, to ensconce
Absurdity and ignorance,
That renders all the avenues
To truth impervious and abstruse,
By making plain things in debate,
By art perplext and intricate:

For nothing goes for Sense or Light,
That will not with old rules jump right;
As if rules were not in the schools
Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.
This Pagan, Heathenish, invention
Is good for nothing but contention:
For as in sword and buckler fight
All blows do on the target light,
So, when men argue, the great'st part
O' th' contest falls on terms of art,
Until the fustian stuff be spent,
And then they fall to the argument.
Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast
Outrun the constable at last:
For thou art fallen on a new
Dispute, as senseless as untrue,
But to the former opposite,
And contrary as black to white:
Mere *disparata;* that concerning
Presbytery, this human learning;
Two things s' averse, they never yet
But in thy rambling fancy met.
But I shall take a fit occasion
T' evince thee by' ratiocination,

Some other time in place more proper
Than this we're in; therefore let's stop here,
And rest our weary'd bones awhile,
Already tir'd with other toil.

NOTES,

HISTORICAL, CRITICAL, AND EXPLANATORY.

PART I. CANTO III.

V. 1-2. *Ay me! what perils do environ*
The man that meddles with cold iron!] This canto opens with some burlesque reflections on the dangers and vicissitudes that attend the profession of arms. Johnson, in his noble imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal, begins his character of Charles XII. of Sweden in these words:

"On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide."

V. 9-10. *This any man may sing or say*
I' th' ditty called, "What if a day?"] The words alluded to by Butler are to be met with in an old ballad entitled a Friend's Advice, an excellent ditty concerning the variable changes of the world:

"What if a day, or a month, or a year,
Crown thy delights
With a thousand wisht contentings;
Cannot the chance of a night or an hour
Cross thy delights
With as many sad tormentings?"

V. 16. *Thanksgiving-day among the churches.*] The Parliament were wont to order public thanksgivings in their churches for every little advantage obtained in any slight skirmish; and the preachers (or holders-forth, as Butler properly enough styles them) would in their prayers and sermons, very much enlarge upon the subject, multiply the number slain and taken prisoners to a very

high degree; and most highly extol the leader for his valour and conduct.

V. 20. *In deathless pages of Diurnal.*] The newspaper then printed every day in favour of the rebels was called a *Diurnal;* of which the following facetious account is to be met with in "Cleveland's Character of a London Diurnal," published 1644. "A diurnal (says he) is a puny chronicle, scarce penfeathered with the wings of time. It is a history in sippets, the English Iliad in a nut-shell, the true apocryphal Parliament book of Maccabees in single sheets. It would tire a Welsh pedigree to reckon how many *aps* it is removed from an annal; for it is an extract only from the younger house, like a shrimp to a lobster. The original sinner of this kind was Dutch Gallo-Belgicus, the protoplast, and the modern Mercuries but Hans en Kelders. The Countess of Zealand was brought to bed of an almanack, or as many children as days in the year; it may be the legislative lady is of that lineage: so she spawns the diurnals, and they of Westminster have taken them in adoption, by the names of Scoticus, Civicus, and Britannicus. In the frontispiece of the old Bealam Diurnal, like the contents of the chapter, sits the House of Commons judging the twelve tribes of Israel. You may call them the kingdom's anatomy, before the weekly calender: for such is a diurnal, the day of the month, with the weather in the commonwealth; it is taken for the pulse in the body politic; and the empyric divines of the assembly, those spiritual dragooners, thumb it accordingly. Indeed, it is a pretty synopsis, and those grave rabbies (though in point of divinity) trade in no larger authors. The country carrier, when he buys it for their vicar, miscals it the *Urinal,* yet properly enough; for it casts the water of the state, ever since it staled blood. It differs from an aulicus as the devil and his exorcist; as a black witch does from a white one, whose business is to unravel enchantments."

V. 22. *He did but count without his host.*] One of the numerous proverbial expressions which have their rise in a tavern reckoning.

V. 23-4. *And that a turnstile is more certain*
Than, in events of war, dame Fortune.] Of this opinion was Sancho Panza, who, wishing to console Don Quixote on his death-bed, told him, "That nothing was more common in errantry

books, than for knights every foot to be justled out of the saddle; that there was nothing but ups and downs in this world, and that he that's cast down to-day, may be cock-a-hoop to-morrow."

V. 31-2. *And most ignobly fought, to get*

The honour of his blood and sweat.] An illusion (Warburton says) to the ridiculous complaints of the Presbyterian commanders against the Independents, when the self-denying ordinance had brought in the one to the exclusion of the other.

V. 63-4. *And sell his hide and carcase at*

A price as high and desperate.] An allusion to the well-known proverbial saying of "selling the bear's skin."

V. 91-2. *Enraged thus, some in the rear*

Attack'd him, &c.] Butler in this passage, probably had his eye to the following lines in Spenser's Fairy Queen:

"Like dastard curs, that having at a bay
The savage beast, emboss'd in weary chace,
Dare not adventure on the stubborn prey,
Nor bite before, but roam from place to place
To get a snatch when turned is his face."

V. 95-6. *As Widdrington, in doleful dumps,*

Is said to fight upon his stumps.] Widdrington was a gallant squire of Northumberland, who fought under the earl Percy at the battle of Chevy Chace. His wonderful prowess is thus described in the well-known ballad of that name:

"With Widdrington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps,
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps."

V. 102. *As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot.*] Warburton is of opinion *long-filed* Parthians would be more proper, as the Parthians were ranged in long files, a disposition proper for their manner of fighting, which was by sudden retreats and sudden charges. Another critic thinks the following alteration of the line would be an improvement,

"As long-field-shafts, which Parthians shoot,"

which he thinks Plutarch's description of their bows and arrows, in the life of Crassus, makes good. And as Trulla was tall, the simile has a further beauty in it: the arrow does not only express

her swiftness, but the mind sees the length of the wench, in the length of the arrow as it flies.

V. 103-4. *But not so light as to be borne*
Upon the ears of standing corn.] This is a satirical stroke upon the character of Camilla, one of Virgil's heroines, who assisted Turnus in his war against Æneas, and who is thus described in Dryden's translation of the Æneid.

"Last from the Volscians fair Camilla came,
And led her warlike troops, a warriour dame;
Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd,
She chose the noble Pallas of the field.
Mix'd with the first, the fierce virago fought,
Sustain'd the toil of arms, the danger sought;
Out-stripp'd the winds in speed upon the plain,
Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain:
She swept the seas, and as she skipp'd along,
Her flying feet unbath'd, on billows hung.
Men, boys, and women, stupid with surprise,
Where'er she passes, fix their wond'ring eyes:
Longing they look, and gaping at the sight,
Devour her o'er and o'er with vast delight:
Her purple habit sits with such a grace
On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her face;
Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd,
And in a golden caul the curls are bound:
She shakes her myrtle jav'lin, and behind
Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind."

Butler has justly avoided all such monstrous improbabilities; nor will he attribute an incredible swiftness to Trulla, though there was an absolute call for extraordinary celerity under the present circumstances; no less occasion than to save the bear, who was to be the object of all the rabble's diversion.

V. 134. *First Trulla stav'd,* &c.] *Staving* and *tailing* are terms of art used in the bear-garden, and signify there only the parting of dogs and bears.

V. 137-8. *The worsted bear came off with store*
Of bloody wounds, but all before.] Wounds before

were always deemed honourable, and with great propriety, because they could only be received while facing the enemy. In the tragedy of Macbeth, old Siward, inquiring of his son's death, asks, "If Siward had all his wounds before?"

Roses. Ay, in the front.

Siward. Why then, God's soldier be he:
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death;
And so his knell is knoll'd."

V. 142. *All over, but the Pagan heel.*] An allusion to the fable of Achilles, who being dipped by his mother Thetis in the river Styx, had the whole of his body rendered invulnerable, except his heel, by which Thetis held him when she immersed him in the Styx. After having slain Hector before the walls of Troy, he was at length slain by Paris, being shot by him with a poisoned arrow in his heel.

V. 147. *For as an Austrian archduke once,* &c. The story alluded to is of Albert, Archduke of Austria, brother to the Emperor Rodolph II. who was defeated by Prince Maurice of Nassau, in the year 1598. Endeavouring to encourage his soldiers in battle, he pulled off his murrion, or head-piece, upon which he received a wound by the point of a spear.

V. 152. *Like scriv'ner newly crucify'd.*] The crime of forgery was formerly punished with standing in the pillory and loss of ears. Ben Jonson banters the scriveners upon this account in the following lines:

A crop-ear'd scrivener this,
Who, when he heard but the whis-
Per of monies to come down,
Fright got him out of town,
With all his bills and bonds
Of other men's in his hands;
It was not he that broke
Two i' th' hundred spoke;
Nor car'd he for the curse,
He could not hear much worse,
He had his ears in his purse."

In Pinkethman and Joe Miller's Jests, there is a story of a car-

man who had much ado to pass with a load of cheese at Temple Bar, where a stop was occasioned by a man's standing in the pillory. He, riding up close, asked "what it was that was written over the person's head?" They told him it was a paper to signify his crime, that he stood for forgery. "Ay," said he, "what is forgery?" They answered him, that it was counterfeiting another's hand with an intent to cheat people. To which the carman replied, looking at the offender; "Ah! pox, this comes of your writing and reading, you silly dog."

V. 153-4. *Or like the late corrected leathern*

Ears of the circumcised brethren.] Our poet here alludes to Pryn, Bastwick, and Burton, who had their ears cut off for their seditious writings. A merry satirist, in the reign of King James I. having composed some severe lines against the court, the work was brought to the King; and, as the passages were reading before him, he often said, "that if there were no more men in England, the rogue should hang for it:" at last, being come to the conclusion, which was, (after all his railing,)

"Now, God preserve the king, the queen, and peers,
And grant the author long may wear his ears;"

this pleased his majesty so well, that he broke out into a laughter, and said, "by my soul so thou shalt for me; thou art a bitter, but thou art a witty knave."

In the collection of loyal songs, reprinted 1731, there are the following lines:

"When your Smectymnus surplice wears,
Or tippet on his shoulders bears,
Rags of the whore;
When Burton, Pryn, and Bastwick dares,
With your good leave but show their ears,
They'll ask no more."

V. 184. *Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas.*] A beautiful youth, the servant of Hercules, who was drowned in the river Ascanius, and whose loss was exceedingly lamented by Hercules.

V. 192. *Than in small poets' splay-foot rhymes.*] Warburton, in a note upon this passage, says, "that our poet, in this place, seems to sneer at Sir Philip Sidney, who, in his Arcadia, has a long poem between the speaker and Echo." Why he calls the verses *splay-*

foot, may be seen from the following example, taken from the poem:

"Fair rocks, goodly rivers, sweet woods, when shall I see peace?—Peace, peace!—What barrs my tongue? who is it that comes me so nigh?—I—Oh! I do not know what guest I have met; it is Echo—'tis Echo.

"Well met, Echo; approach, then tell me thy will too—I will too."

Euripides, in his Andromeda, a tragedy now lost, had a foolish scene of the same kind, which Aristophanes makes sport with in his Feast of Ceres.

V. 255-6. *For my part, it shall ne'er be said*
I for the washing gave my head.] This phrase is used by Beaumont and Fletcher, Cupid's Revenge, act iv. where the citizens are talking that Lencippus was to be put to death.

"1*st Cit.* It holds, he dies this morning.

2*d Cit.* Then happy man be his fortune.

1*st Cit.* And so am I and forty more good fellows, that will not give their heads for the washing, I take it." It is imitated by the writer of the second part, that was spurious.

"On Agnes' eve they'd strictly fast,
And dream of those that kiss'd them last;
Or on Saint Quintin's watch all night
With smock hung up for lover's sight;
Some of the laundry were (no flashing)
That would not give their heads for washing."

V. 270. *To pull the devil by the beard.*] The being pulled by the beard in Spain is deemed as dishonorable as being kicked on the seat of honour in England. Don Sebastian de Cobarruvias, in his Treasury of the Italian Tongue, observes, that no man can do the Spaniards a greater disgrace than by pulling them by the beard; and in proof gives the following romantic account. "A noble gentleman of that nation dying, (his name Cid Rai Dios,) a Jew, who hated him much in his life-time, stole privately into the room where his body was newly laid out, and thinking to do what he never durst while he was living, stooped down to pluck him by the beard; at which the body started up, and drawing his

sword, which lay by him half way out, put the Jew into such a fright, that he run out of the room as if a thousand devils had been left behind him. This being done, the body lay down as before unto rest, and the Jew after that turned Christian."

V. 311-2. *By Cupid made, who took his stand*
Upon a widow's jointure-land.] We are here introduced to the Knight's mistress. The Spectator (No. 312) observes, that Cupid aimed well for the Knight's circumstances: for, in Walker's History of Independency, it is observed that the Knight's father, Sir Oliver Luke, was decayed in his estate, and so made colonel of horse; but we are still ignorant how much his hopeful son (the hero of this poem) advanced it by his beneficial places of colonel, committee-man, justice, scout-master, and governor of Newport-pagnel. He sighs for his widow's jointure, which was two hundred pounds a year: but very unluckily met with fatal obstacles in the course of his amours; for she was a mere coquet, and, what was worse for one of the Knight's principles, a royalist. —Sir Roger L'Estrange says, that she was the widow of one Wilmot, an independent; but this must be a mistake, for Butler, who certainly knew her, observes, that her name was Tomson, and, in his poem entitled Hudibras's Elegy, thus humorously expatiates upon our Knight's unsuccessful amour:

"Ill has he read, that never heard
How he with widow Tomson far'd;
And what hard conflict was between
Our Knight and that insulting queen:
Sure captive Knight ne'er took more pains
For rhymes for his melodious strains;
Nor bet his brains, nor made more faces,
To get into a jilt's good graces,
Than did Sir Hudibras to get
Into this subtle gipsey's net."

All which is agreeable to her behaviour in this poem; and it is further hinted in the Elegy, that she was of a loose and common character, and yet continued inexorable to the Knight, and, in short, was the cause of his death.

V. 325-6. ——————— *and ants' eggs,*
Had almost brought him off his legs.] It was a vulgar

notion in Butler's time, that ant-eggs were strong provocatives, and they were prescribed medicinally for the same purposes as cantharides.

V. 328-9. *That old Pyg—(what d' ye call him)—malion,*
That cut his mistress out of stone.] Pygmalion, the son of Cilex, according to the heathen mythology, fell in love with a marble statue of his own workmanship, which Venus, at his entreaty, turning into a young woman, he begot of her Paphus. Their amour is thus spoken of in Ovid's Metamorphoses:

" The Cyprian prince, with joy-expressing words,
To pleasure-giving Venus thanks affords.
His lips to her's he joins, which seem to melt;
The virgin blushing, now his kisses felt,
And fearfully erecting her fair eyes,
Together with the light, her lover spies.
Venus the marriage bless'd which she had made,
And when nine crescents had at full display'd
Their joining horns, replete with borrow'd flame,
She Paphus bore, who gave that isle a name."

V. 343-4. *He that gets her by heart must say her*
The back way, like a witch's prayer.] The Spectator, No. 61, speaking of an epigram called the *Witch's Prayer*, says, " it fell into verse when it was read either backwards or forwards, excepting only that it cursed one way, and blessed another."

V. 348. *Her ignorance is his devotion.*] Alluding to the doctrine of the Romish church, that ignorance is the mother of devotion.

V. 349-50. *Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed*
Rides with his face to rump of steed.] A mode of punishment common in Spain and other countries. But Butler probably meant here, more particularly, to allude to the punishment of Robert Ward, Thomas Watson, Simon Graunt, George Jellis, and William Sawyer, members of the army, who, upon the 6th of March, 1648, in the New Palace-yard, Westminster, were forced to ride with their faces towards their horses' tails, had their swords broken over their heads, and were cashiered, for petitioning the Rump for relief of the oppressed commonwealth.

V. 373-4. ——————— *and ope*
A door to discontinu'd hope.] " A canting phrase (says

Warburton) used by the sectaries when they entered on any new mischief."

V. 395. *Fortune th' audacious doth juvare.*] Alluding to the passage in Terence's Phormio, " *Fortes fortuna adjuvat,*" fortune favours the bold.

V. 403-4. *And as an owl, that in a barn*
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn.] This simile should not pass by unregarded, because it is both just and natural. The Knight's present case is not much different from the owl's; their figures are equally ludicrous, and they seem to be pretty much in the same design: if the Knight's mouth waters at the widow, so does the owl's at the mouse; and the Knight starts up with as much briskness at the widow, as the owl does to secure his prey. This simile, therefore, exactly answers the business of one, which is to illustrate one thing by comparing it with another. If it be objected that it is drawn from a low subject, it may be replied, that similes are not always to be drawn from noble and lofty themes; for, if they were, how would those similes of boys surrounding an ass in Homer, Iliad XI. and of whipping a top in Virgil, Æn. VII. be defended. If such are allowable in epic poetry, how much more are they in burlesque. In Phillips' Splendid Shilling there is a happy imitation of this simile:

" ——— So poets sing
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye,
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin.———"

V. 422. ——— *onslaught.*] A storming or fierce attack upon a place.

V. 445. *The foe appear'd drawn up and drill'd.*] In Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy of Thierry, King of France, Protuldy, a coward, speaking of his soldiers to the King, says, " It appears they have been drilled, nay, very prettily drilled; for many of them can discharge their musquets without the danger of throwing off their heads."

V. 477-8. *This said, his courage to inflame,*
He call'd upon his mistress' name.] This was accord-

ing to the practice of Don Quixote, who, whenever he was about to engage in any adventure, always recommended himself to his mistress, as, when he was going to encounter the Biscayan, he cried out aloud, "O lady of my soul, Dulcinea, flower of all beauty, vouchsafe to succour your champion in this dangerous combat, undertaken to set forth your worth!"

V. 493-4. *As that which Diomed did maul*

Æneas on the bum withal.] Here is another evidence of that air of truth and probability which is kept up by Butler throughout this poem: he would by no means have his readers fancy the same strength and activity in Orsin which Homer ascribes to Diomed; for which reason he alludes to the following passage, Iliad V. l. 304, &c.

"Then fierce Tydides stoops, and from the fields
Heav'd with vast force, a rocky fragment wields;
Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,
Such men as live in these degen'rate days.
He swung it round, and gathering strength to throw,
Discharg'd the pond'rous ruin at the foe;
Where to the hip the inserted thigh unites,
Full on the bone the pointed marble lights,
Through both the tendons broke the rugged stone,
And stripp'd the skin, and crack'd the solid bone;
Sunk on his knees, and stagg'ring with his pains,
His falling bulk his bended arm sustains;
Lost in a dirty mist the warrior lies,
A sudden cloud comes swimming o'er his eyes."

V. 498. —— *saints twice dipp'd*, &c.] These were the Anabaptists, some of whom, not satisfied with being dipped once, had the ceremony performed upon them a second time.

V. 509-10. *But prudently forebore to fire,*

Till breast to breast he had got nigher.] Butler is supposed here to allude to Oliver Cromwell's prudent management in this respect, who seldom suffered his soldiers to fire till they were near enough to do execution upon the enemy.

V. 533-4. —— *The shot let fly*

At random 'mong the enemy.] Our Knight's pistol

was out of order, as has been before observed; and it is certain that he was not so expert a marksman as the Scotch Douglas, whom the Prince of Wales, in Shakspeare's Henry IV. calls, "He that rides at high speed, and with a pistol kills a sparrow flying;" or Prince Rupert, who at Stafford, in the time of the rebellion, standing in Captain Richard Sneyd's garden, at about sixty yards distance, made a shot at the weather-cock upon the steeple of the collegiate church of St. Mary, with a screwed horse-pistol, and a single bullet, which pierced its tail, the hole plainly appearing to all that were below; which the King presently judging as a casualty only, the Prince presently proved the contrary by a second shot to the same effect.—*Plot's Staffordshire.*

V. 535. ——— *gaberdine*, &c.] A word often used by romance writers, which signifies a coarse frock or coat. Shylock, the Jew, speaking to Antonio, says,

"You call'd me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is my own."

V. 537. *Lodg'd in Magnano's brass habergeon.*] A little coat of mail, or only sleeves and gorget of mail.

V. 569-70. *For if but half so well ye knew*
To use your victory as subdue.] This is meant as a stroke upon the character of Prince Rupert, the Nephew of Charles I. who was a commander of great bravery, but his impetuosity often carried him farther than prudence allowed. At the battle of Marston Moor, the wing of the royal army which he commanded charged General Fairfax's forces with so much fury and resolution, that he broke them and the Scotch reserve; but pursuing them too far, the enemy in their turn rallied, and throwing his troops into confusion, retrieved the fortunes of the day.

V. 573-4. *But from so formidable a soldier*
Had fled like crows when they smell powder.] Dr. Plot seems to have been of opinion, that crows smell powder at some distance. In his Natural History of Oxfordshire, he says, "If crows are towards harvest any thing mischievous, destroying the corn in the outward limits of the fields, they dig a hole, narrow at the bottom, and broad at the top, in the green sward near the

corn, wherein they put dust and cinders, mixed with a little gunpowder, and about the holes stick crows' feathers, which they find about Burton to have good success."

V. 617. *As a man may say*, &c.] A sneer upon those persons who are copious in the use of expletives, such as *this here, that there*, &c. in common conversation. Mr. Gayton, in banter of Sancho Panza's expletives, (see his Notes upon Don Quixote,) produces a remarkable instance of a reverend judge who was to give a charge at an assize, which was performed with great gravity, had it not been interlarded with *in that kind*: as, "Gentlemen of the jury, you ought to inquire after recusants in that kind, and such as do not frequent the church in that kind; but, above all, such as haunt alehouses in that kind, notorious whoremasters in that kind, drunkards and blasphemers in that kind, and all notorious offenders in that kind, are to be presented in that kind, and, as the laws in that kind direct, must be proceeded against in that kind."—A gentleman being asked, after the court rose, how he liked the judge's charge? answered, that it was the best *of that kind* that he ever heard.

V. 638. ——— *and happy man be's dole.*] Skakspeare often uses this expression; as Slender, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, speaking to Mrs. Ann Page, says, "Truly, for my own part, I would little or nothing with you; your father and my uncle have made motions; if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man's be's dole."

V. 651-2. *Bearing the tough Squire like a sack,*
Or stout King Richard, on his back.] Alluding to the treatment of the dead body of Richard III. after the battle of Bosworth. Echard, speaking of it, says, "his body was carried to Leicester in a most ignominious manner, like a slain deer, laid across his horse's back, his head and arms hanging on one side, and his legs on the other, stark naked, and besmeared with blood, mire, and dirt."—The brave Prince of Condé, who was killed at the battle of Brissac, was used by the Catholics in as ignominious a manner, they carrying his body in glorious triumph upon a poor packhorse.

V. 693-4. ——— *for Orsin, griev'd*
At th' wound that Cerdon had receiv'd.] Dr. Grey, in

his note upon this passage, says, that "had Cerdon been killed by this undesigned blow, it is probable he would have come to the bear-garden's case; see L'Estrange's Reflections on the fable of the Inconsolable Widow. When a bull had tossed a poor fellow that went to save his dog, there was a mighty bustle about him, with brandy and other cordials to bring him to himself again; but when the college found there was no good to be done, 'Well, go thy way, Jaques, (says a jolly member of that society,) there is the best back-sword's-man of the field gone; come, let us play another dog.'"

V. 705-6. *But he was quick, and had already*
Unto the part apply'd remedy.] Butler does not inform us what was the remedy which Orsin applied to Cerdon's wound; but his case, it is plain, was not so bad as to require the application of Don Quixote's Balsam of Fierabras, concerning the use of which he gives Sancho Panza the following directions: "If, at any time," says he, "thou happenest to see my body cut in two by some unlucky back-stroke, as it is common among us knights-errant, thou hast no more to do, than to take up nicely that half of me which is fallen to the ground, and clap it exactly on the other half on the saddle, before the blood is congealed, always taking care to lay it just in its proper place; then thou shalt give me two draughts of that balsam, and thou shalt see me become whole, and sound as an apple." Dr. Grey mentions an elixir of this kind, one Walthe Van Clutterbank's Balsam of Balsams, which he calls Nature's Palladium, or Health's Magazine, and observes of it as follows: "Should you chance to have your brains knocked out, or your head chopped off, two drops of this, seasonably applied, will recal the fleeting spirits, reinthrone the deposed archeus, cement the discontinuity of parts, and in six minutes time, restore the lifeless trunk to all its pristine functions, vital, rational, and animal."

V. 733-7. *Cæsar himself could never say*
He got two vict'ries in a day,
As I have done, that can say, Twice I
In one day, Veni, vidi, vici.] The Knight exults too soon, for Trulla soon spoils his imaginary victory. How vain is he in preferring himself to Cæsar! It may be proper to mention

to the reader the occasion that gave rise to this memorable saying of Cæsar, in order to discover the vanity of the Knight in applying it to his own ridiculous actions. Cæsar, after some stay in Syria, made Sextus Cæsar, his kinsman, president of that province, and then hastened northward towards Pharnaces; on his arrival where the enemy was, he, without giving any respite either to himself or them, immediately fell on, and gained an absolute victory over them, on account whereof he wrote to his friend Amintius at Rome, in these three words, *Veni, vidi, vici*, I came, I saw, I overcame: which short expression of his success very aptly setting forth the speed whereby he obtained it, he affected so much, that afterwards, when he triumphed for this victory, he caused these three words to be writ on a table, and carried aloft before him in that pompous show."

V. 750. *Advent'ring to fetch off your arms.*] Many instances of bravery of this kind occur in the History of the Civil War; and Whitelock, in his Memorials, mentions, among others, the bravery of Sir Philip Stapleton's groom, "who, attending his master on a charge, had his mare shot under him. To some of his company he complained, that he had forgot to take his saddle and bridle from his mare, and to bring them away with him; and said, that they were a new saddle and bridle, and that the cavaliers should not get so much by him, but he would go again and fetch them. His master and friends persuaded him not to engage in so rash an adventure, the mare lying dead close to the enemy, who would maul him if he came so near them; and his master promised to give him another new saddle and bridle. But all this would not persuade the groom to leave his saddle and bridle to the cavaliers, but he went again to fetch them, and staid to pull off the saddle and bridle, whilst hundreds of bullets flew about his ears; and brought them back again with him, and had no hurt at all."

V. 759-60. ——— *servare*

Civem, &c.] According to the Roman laws it was more honorable to preserve the life of a citizen than to slay an enemy: whence the civic crown was esteemed the most honorable that could be voted to a Roman soldier.

V. 802. *With a feeble spinster matcht.*] Spinster is the legal addition usually given in formal deeds to all unmarried women under the rank of an earl's daughter.

V. 811. *Quarter thou can'st not have, nor grace.*] In the civil war, particularly in Scotland and Ireland, where greater barbarities were committed than in England, it frequently happened that no quarter was allowed.

V. 815. *Clapping her hand,* &c.] Dr. Grey, in his note upon this line, says, "Trulla discovered more courage than good manners in this instance; though her behaviour was no less polite than that of Captain Rodrigo del Rio to Philip II. King of Spain, whom he met with incog. and telling him that he was going to wait on the King to beg a reward on account of his services, with his many wounds and scars about him, the King asked him what he would say, provided the King did not reward him according to his expectation. The Captain answered, "*Volo a dios qui rese mi mula en culo,* if he will not, let him kiss my mule in the tail.' Thereupon the King, with a smile, asked him his name, and told him, if he brought proper certificates of his services, he would procure him admittance to the King and Council, by giving the doorkeeper his name before-hand: the next day the Captain being let in, and seeing the King, with the Council bare about him, the King said, 'Well, Captain, do you remember what you said yesterday, and what the King should do to your mule, if he gave you no extraordinary reward?' The Captain, not being daunted, said, 'Truly, Sir, my mule is ready at the court-gate, if there be occasion.' The King liking the stoutness of the man, ordered four hundred crowns to be given to him, and four thousand reals for a pension for life."

V. 825. *Of blows so fierce, and press'd so home.*] Spenser expresses himself much in this manner, in the following lines, Fairy Queen, Book iv. Canto iii. Stan. 26.

"Much was Cambello daunted with his blows,
So thick they fell and forcibly were sent,
That he was forc'd, from danger of the throws,
Back to retire, and somewhat to relent,
Till the heat of his fierce fury he had spent."

V. 865-6. *Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,*
To make me 'gainst my will take quarter.] Butler, or whoever was the author of the Pindaric ode to the memory of Du Vall the highwayman, (see Butler's Remains,) thus explains the phrase of *catching a Tartar:*

" To this stern foe* he oft gave quarter,
But as the Scotchman did to a Tartar,
That he in time to come
Might in return receive his fatal doom."

Peck, in his Memoirs of Milton, explains it in a different manner. " Bajazet," says he, " was taken prisoner by Tamerlane, who, when he first saw him, generously asked, ' Now, Sir, if you had taken me prisoner, as I have you, I pray tell what you would have done with me?'—' If I had taken you prisoner,' said the foolish Turk, ' I would have thrust you under the table when I did eat, to gather up the crumbs with the dogs: when I rode out, I would have made your neck a horsing block; and when I travelled, you also should have been carried along with me, for every fool to hoot and shout at.'—' I thought to have used you better,' said the gallant Tamerlane; ' but since you intended to have served me thus, you have (*caught a Tartar*, for hence I reckon came that proverb) justly pronounced your doom.' " Purchase, in his Pilgrims, observes, " That the Tartars are a people remarkable for their invincible courage, and that in battle it is their characteristic to die rather than yield." From this character of a Tartar (Dr. Grey says) the proverb was probably taken, *you have caught a Tartar*; that is, you have caught a man that will never yield to you.

V. 877-8. *I am not now in Fortune's power;*
He that's cast down can fall no lower.] A parody on the Latin adage, *qui jacet in terram, non habet unde cadat*, he who lies on the ground cannot fall lower. There is the same thought put into the month of a cavalier; see Collection of Loyal Songs, Vol. I. p. 200.

" Our money shall never indite us,
Nor drag us to Goldsmith's Hall,
No pirates nor wrecks can affright us;
We that have no estates,
Fear no plunder nor rates,
We can sleep with open gates;
He that lies on the ground cannot fall."

* The Sessions Court.

V. 893. *Are mine by military law.*] In duels, the fees of the marshal were all horses, pieces of broken armour, and other furniture that fell to the ground after the combatants entered the lists, as well from the challenger as the defender; but all the rest appertained to the party victorious, whether he was challenger or defender.

V. 910. *Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pound.*] Shakspeare, in King Lear, introduces the Earl of Kent, threatening the Steward with Lipsbury Pinfold. Upon this line, Dr. Grey says, the following incident, communicated by a friend, though it could not give rise to the expression, was an humorous application of it. "Mr. Lob was preacher among the dissenters, when their conventicles were under what they called persecution; the house he preached in was so contrived, that he could, upon occasion, slip out of his pulpit through a trap-door, and escape clear off. Once finding himself beset, he instantly vanished this way, and the pursuivants, who had a full view of their game, made a shift to find out which way he had burrowed, and followed through certain subterraneous passages, till they got into such a dark cell as made their further pursuit vain, and their own retreat almost desperate; in which dismal place, whilst they were groping about in great perplexity, one of them swore, that lob had got them into his pound. Lob signifies a boor or clown, who commonly, when he has a man in his power, uses him with too much rigour and severity."

V. 913-4. ——— *Thy carcase shall redeem,*
And serve to be exchang'd for him.] This was but an equitable retalliation, though very disgraceful to one of the Knight's station. "Is not the poet," Dr. Grey says, "to be blamed for bringing his hero to such a direful condition, and for representing him as stripped and degraded by a trull?" No, certainly; it was her right by the law of arms (which the poet must observe) to use her captive at her pleasure; Trulla acted more honorably by him than he expected, and generously screened him from a threatening storm, ready to be poured on him by her comrades. With what pomp and solemnity does this famous heroine lead the captive in triumph to the stocks, to the eternal honor of her sex.

V. 923-4. *And as the French we conquer'd once*
Now give us laws for pantaloons.] French fashions

were much followed, and much complained of, in those days, as well as in more modorn times. The author of a satire, entitled the Chimney Scuffle, printed in 1663, says,

"Be not these courtly coy ducks, whose repute
Swoln with ambition of a gaudy suit,
Or some outlandish gimp-thigh'd pantaloon,
A garb since Adam's time was scarcely known."

V. 929-30. *Meanwhile the other champions, yerst,*
In hurry of the fight disperst.] Erst, or yerst, in old English, signifies *in earnest;* thus Chaucer has,

"But now at erst will I begin
To expone you the pith within."

V. 1001-2. *And in the self-same limbo put*
The Knight and Squire, where he was shut.] This is strictly conformable to the rules of justice. The Knight and Squire, in their turn, having experienced the mutability of fortune, are incarcerated in the same prison where they had shut up Crowdero. Nothing are more common in revolutions than such vicissitudes of fortune. When the rebels were triumphant, their prisons were filled with royalists; and when the regal party was restored, they in their turn, filled the gaols with their enemies. It must, however, be confessed, that the commonwealth men shewed much more moderation when they were in power, than the royal party did after the restoration.

V. 1003. —— *Hockley-i'-th'-hole.*] A noted place in those times for bear-baiting and other boisterous sports.

V. 1013-4. *Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind,*
Is, sui juris, unconfin'd.] The body may be imprisoned, but the mind cannot. In the beautiful sonnet, by Colonel Lovelace, addressed to Althea, during his confinement in the Gatehouse, Westminster, is the same thought:

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty."

Butler, however, probably borrowed his thought from the reasoning of Justice Adam Overdo, in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, who, like Hudibras, was also set in the stocks:

"*Just.* I do not feel it, I do not think of it: it is a thing without me.

Adam. Thou art above these batteries, these contumelies, "Inte manea ruit fortuna;" as thy friend Horace says, "thou art one," "Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent," and, therefore, as another friend of thine says, (I think it be thy friend Persius,) "Nec te quæsiveris extra."

Mr. Byron (one of the commentators upon our poet) observes upon this passage, that "the Knight seems to have had a great share of the stoic in him, though we are not told so in his character. His stoicism supported him in this his first direful mishap; and he relies wholly upon that virtue, which the stoics say is a sufficient fund for happiness. What makes the principle more apparent in him, is the argument he urges against pain to the widow upon her visit to him; which is conformable to the stoic system. Such reflections wonderfully abate the anguish and indignation that would have naturally risen in his mind at such bad fortune."

V. 1021-2. *The whole world was not half so wide*
To Alexander, when he cry'd.] Alexander, disputing with Anaxagoras, the philospher, concerning a plurality of worlds, which doctrine Anaxagoras maintained, is said to have wept, because, out of so many worlds as the philosopher had argued there were, it was possible for him only to conquer one.

"One world suffic'd not Alexander's mind;
Coop'd up he seemed in earth and sea confin'd,
And struggling, stretch'd his restless limbs about
The narrow globe, to find a passage out."

Walker, in his Panegyric on the Lord Protector, says,

"When for more worlds the Macedonian cry'd,
He wist not Thetis in her lap to hide
Another yet, a world reserv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did subdue."

V. 1039. *Though we with blacks and blues are suggill'd.*] A word coined from the Latin verb sugillo, which signifies to beat black and blue.

V. 1061-2. *As gifted brethren, preaching by*
A carnal hour-glass, &c.] In the days of puritanism there was always an hour-glass stood by the pulpit, in a frame of iron made on purpose for it, and fastened to the board on which the cushion lay, that it might be visible to the whole congregation; who, if the sermon did not hold till the glass was out, (which was turned up as soon as the text was taken,) would say, that the preacher was lazy; and, if he held out much longer, would yawn and stretch, and by those signs signify to the preacher, that they began to be weary of his discourse, and wanted to be dismissed. In some country churches the stands on which these hour-glasses were placed remained till very lately, and perhaps remain still. In some parts of Holland they were used so late as the year 1800. Sir Roger L'Estrange, in his Fables, makes mention of a tedious holder-forth, that was three-quarters through his second glass, the congregation quite tired out, and starving, and no hope of a deliverance yet appearing; these things considered, a good charitable sexton took compassion upon the auditory, and procured them their deliverance only by a short hint out of the aisle: "Pray, Sir," said he, "be pleased when you have done, to leave the key under the door;" and so the sexton departed, and the teacher followed him soon after. In the tract entitled The Reformado, precisely characterised by a modern churchwarden, it is proposed, that the hour-glass should be turned out of doors, "for our extemporal preachers," says he, "may not keep time with a clock or glass; and so when they are out, (which is not very seldom), they can take leisure to come in again; whereas they that measure their meditations by the hour, are often gravelled, by complying with the sand."

V. 1072. *For Presbyterian zeal and wit.*] Ralpho was an Independent, the Knight a Presbyterian. However our poet may laugh equally at Presbyterians and Independents, the Independents certainly were the party who had the good of their country truly at heart, and laboured zealously to secure general liberty and freedom of conscience. The Presbyterians were a set of narrow-minded, gloomy, sour fanatics, who, in all their designs, had principally their own interest in view, and hated the very name of toleration when they had the power of persecution: the Independ-

ents, on the other hand, were friends of toleration, and could reckon among their number some of the most enlightened and virtuous patriots that this, or any other country, ever produced.

V. 1091. *That has but any guts in 's brains.*] Sancho Panza expresses himself in the same manner to his master, Don Quixote, upon his mistaking the barber's bason for Membrino's helmet. "Who the devil," says he, "can hear a man call a barber's bason a helmet, and stand to it, and vouch it for days together, and not think him that says it stark mad, or without guts in his brains."

V. 1122. *By him that baited the Pope's bull.*] A learned divine, in King James's time, wrote a polemic work against the Pope, and gave it the title of the Pope's Bull baited.

V. 1129-30. *And then set heathen officers,*
Instead of dogs, about their ears.] The tyranny which the Presbyterian party exercised when they were in power, is here satirised with the most pointed severity. Mrs. Hutchinson, in her excellent Memoirs of the Life of her Husband, Colonel Hutchinson, Governor of Nottingham Castle, speaking of the Presbyterian government, says, "And now it grew to a sad wonder, that the most zealous promoters of the cause were more spitefully carried against their own faithful armies, than against the vanquished foe; whose restitution they henceforth secretly endeavoured, by all the arts of treacherous and dissembling policy, only that they might throw down those whom God had exalted in glory and power to resist their tyrannical impositions. At that time, and long after, they prevailed not, till that pious people too began to admire themselves for what God had done by them, and to set up themselves above their brethren, and then the Lord humbled them again beneath their conquered vassals."

V. 1139. *To make Presbytery supreme.*] In the Elegy on King Charles I. are the following lines:

"Whilst blind ambition, by successes fed,
Hath you beyond the bounds of subjects led;
Who, tasting once the sweets of royal sway,
Resolved now no longer to obey:
For Presbyterian pride contests as high,
As doth the Popedom, for supremacy."

V. 1140. *And kings themselves submit to them.*] When Charles

II. was in Scotland, previous to the battle of Worcester, many of his council and servants were dismissed, and their places supplied with rigid covenanters. "He was surrounded," Smollet says, "and incessantly importuned by their clergy, who came to instruct him in religion; obliged to give constant attendance at their long sermons and prayers, which generally turned upon the tyranny of the idolatry of his mother, and his own malignant disposition. They insisted upon his observing Sunday as the most rigorous fast of a Jewish sabbath; they kept a strict watch upon his looks and gestures; and, if ever he chanced to smile during this religious mummery, he underwent a severe reprimand for his profanity." Cartwright, one of their ecclesiastical writers, says, "that princes must remember to subject themselves to the church; yea, to lick the dust of the feet of the church." This is requiring of princes of a Protestant communion as much as the tribunal of the Inquisition requires of the King of Spain, who, before his coronation, subjects himself, and all his dominions, by a special oath, to the jurisdiction of the most holy tribunal of the Inquisition."

V. 1145. *When pious frauds*, &c.] An allusion to the pious frauds of the Romish church, in which they were resembled by the Presbyterian fanatics; witness their dreams, prophecies, revelations, &c. with which they deluded the common people, and persuaded them into a belief of the peculiar sanctity of their cause.

V. 1152. *Of scribes, commissioners, and triers.*] The Presbyterians had particular persons commissioned, by order of the two Houses, to try such persons as were to be chosen ruling elders in every congregation; and in an ordinance of the Lords and Commons in Parliament, dated Die Veneris, 26th of September, 1646, there was a list of the names of such persons as were to be triers and judges of the integrity and abilities of such as were to be chosen elders within the province of London, and the dueness of their election: the scribes registered the acts of the classes. There is nothing in this ordinance concerning the trial of such as were to be made ministers, because, a month before, there was an ordinance, whereby it was ordained, that the several and respective classical Presbyteries, within the several respective bounds, may, and shall appear, examine and ordain Presbyters, according to

the directory for ordination, and rules for examination, which rules are set down in this ordinance of the directory.—Dr. Pocock, the learned orientalist and traveller, was called before these triars some time after, as Dr. Twells observes in his Life, for an insufficiency of learning, and after a long attendance was dismissed. This is confirmed by Dr. Owen, in a letter to Secretary Thurlow. "One thing," says he, "I must needs trouble you with: there are in Berkshire some men of mean quality and condition, rash, heady, enemies of tythes, who are the commissioners for ejecting of ministers: they alone sit and act, and are at this time casting out, on very slight and trivial pretences, very worthy men; one in special they intend next week to eject, whose name is Pocock, a man of as unblemished a conversation as any that I know living; of repute for learning throughout the world, being the professor of Hebrew and Arabic in our university; so that they exceedingly exasperate all men, and provoke them to the height." Dr. South, in one of his sermons, says, "That they were most properly called Cromwell's Inquisition; and that they would pretend to know men's hearts, and inward bent of their spirits (as their word was) by their very looks: but the truth is, as the chief pretence of these triers was to enquire into men's gifts, so if they found them to be well gifted in the hand, they never looked any further; for a full and free hand was with them an abundant demonstration of a gracious heart, a word in great request in those times."

V. 1155. *To find, in lines of beard and face.*] Dr. Echard says, "Then it was that they would scarce let a round-faced man go to heaven. If he had but a little blood in his cheeks, his condition was accounted very dangerous; and it was almost an infallible sign of reprobation: and I will assure you, a very honest man, of a sanguine complexion, if he chanced to come nigh an officious zealot's house, might be set in the stocks, only for looking fresh in a frosty morning." And Walker, in his History of Independency, observes of them, "That in those days there was a close inquisition of godly cut-throats, which used so much foul play, as to accuse men upon the character of their clothes and persons."

V. 1156. *The physiognomy of grace.*] These triers pretended to great skill in this respect; and if they disliked the beard or face of a man, they would for that reason alone refuse to admit him,

unless he had some powerful friend to support him. The questions that these men put to the persons to be examined, were not respecting abilities and learning, but grace in their hearts, and that with so bold and scrutinizing an inquisition, that some men's spirits trembled at their interrogatories; they phrasing it so as if (as was said at the Council of Trent) they had the Holy Ghost in a cloak-bag.—Their questions generally were these, (or such like,) "When were you converted? Where did you begin to feel the motions of the spirit? In what year? In what month? In what day? In what hour of the day had you the secret call, or motion of the spirit to undertake and labour in the ministry? What work of grace has God wrought upon your soul?" And a great many other questions about regeneration, predestination, and the like. Let any one look into the writings of the modern sectaries, particularly into accounts of the conversion of any of their eminent members, and they will be astonished at the close analogy which exists between them and their great precursors, the Puritans, in the time of the civil war.

V. 1161. *By black caps underlaid with white.*] George Fox, the quaker, observes in his Journal, "That the priests in those times had on their heads two caps, one of black, and a white one." And Petyt, speaking of their preachers, Visions of the Reformation, says, "The white border upon his black cap made him look like a black-jack tipped with silver." In a satire against Hypocrites is the following passage:

"Now what a whetstone was it to devotion,
To see the pace, the look, and ev'ry motion
O' th' Sunday Levite, when up stairs he march'd;
And first, behold his little band stiff starch'd,
Two caps he had, and turns up that within,
You'd think he were a black pot tip'd with tin."

V. 1163. *Which sergeants at the gospel wear.*] Alluding to the coif which the sergeants-at-law wear.

V. 1166. *Canonical cravat of Smeck.*] Smectymnus was a club of five parliamentary holders-forth, the characters of whose names and talents were by themselves expressed in that senseless and insignificant word: they wore handkerchiefs about their necks for a mark of distinction, (as the officers of the Parliament army then

did,) which afterwards degenerated into cravats. About the beginning of the Long Parliament, in the year 1641, these five wrote a book against episcopacy and the common prayer, to which they all subscribed their names, being Stephen Marshal, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Mathew Newcommon, William Spurstow, and from thence they and their followers were called Smectymnuans.

V. 1183. *For they, poor knaves, were glad to cheat.*] Overton, in his Arraignment of Persecution, says, "The great gorbellied idol, called the Assembly of Divines, is not ashamed, in this time of state necessity, to guzzle down and devour daily more at an ordinary meal than would make a feast for Bell and the Dragon; for besides their fat benefices forsooth, they must have their four shillings a day for sitting in constollidation."

V. 1191. *When butchers were the only clerks.*] This is an allusion to the heathen priesthood, who when sacrifices of beasts were offered to the deities, officiated at the altars, and slaughtered the victims.

V. 1203-4. *A commonwealth of popery,*
Where every village is a see.] The resemblance of the Papists and Presbyterians, under the names of Peter and Jack, is humorously set forth by the author of a Tale of a Tub: "It was," said he, "among the great misfortunes of Jack, to bear a huge personal resemblance with his brother Peter; their humour and disposition was not only the same, but there was a close analogy in their shapes, their sizes and their mien; insomuch, that nothing was more frequent than for a bailiff to seize Jack by the shoulder, and to cry, 'Mr. Peter, you are the king's prisoner;' or at other times for one of Peter's nearest friends to accost Jack, with open arms, 'Dear Peter, am glad to see thee, pray send me one of your best medicines for the worms.'"—Overton says, "To subject ourselves to an assembly, raze out episcopacy, and set up Presbyterian prelacy, what is more prelatical than such presumption? You have so played the Jesuits, that, it seems, we have only put down the men, not the function; caught the shadow, and let go the substance."

A long-winded Lay Lecture, printed in 1647, says,

"For whereas but few of them did flourish,
Now here's a bishop o'er every parish:

Those bishops did by proxy exercise,
These by their elders rule, and their own eyes."

And in the poem entitled "Sir John Birkenhead revived,"

"The pox, the plague, and each disease
Are cur'd, though they invade us;
But never look for health nor peace,
If once Presbytery jade us.
When every priest becomes a pope,
When tinkers and sow-gelders
May, if they can but 'scape the rope,
Be princes and lay-elders."

Likewise in Cowley's Puritan and Papist:

"Nay, all your preachers, women, boys, and men,
From Master Calamy to Mrs. Ven,
Are perfect popes in their own parish grown;
For, to undo the story of Pope Joan,
Your women preach too, and are like to be,
The whore of Babylon as much as she."

V. 1208. *Commands the key for cheese and bacon.*] "It is well known," says Dr. Grey, "what influence dissenting teachers of all sects and denominations have had over the purses of the female part of their flocks; though few of them, (continues he,) have been masters of Daniel Burgess's address, who, dining or supping with a gentlewoman of his congregation, and a large uncut Cheshire cheese being brought upon the table, asked, where he should cut it? she replied, where you please, Mr. Burgess: upon which he gave it to a servant in waiting, bid him carry it to his house, and he would cut it at home:"

Mr. Selden, in his story of the Keeper of the Clink Prison, makes this observation. "He had," says he, "priests of all sorts sent unto him. As they came in, he asked them who they were. 'Who are you?' said he to the first. '*I am a priest of the church of Rome.*'—'You are welcome,' says the keeper, 'there are those who will take care of you. And who are you?'—'*A silenced minister.*'—'You are welcome too, I shall fare the better for you. And who are you?'—'*A minister of the church of England.*'—'Oh! God bless me,' quoth the keeper, 'I shall get nothing by you, I am

sure! you may lie and starve, and rot, before any body will look after you.' "

V. 1211-2. *More haughty and severe in 's place*

Than Gregory, &c.] Gregory VII. called Hildebrand, before his elevation to the pontifical dignity, was a Tuscan by nation, and the son of a smith. Whilst he was but a lad in his father's shop, and ignorant of letters, he by mere accident framed these words out of little bits of wood: "His dominion shall be from one sea to the other." This is told of him by Brietius, as a prognostic of his future greatness. In 1073, he was consecrated Pope. He was a man of a fierce and haughty spirit, governed by nothing but pride and ambition, the fury and scourge of the age he lived in, and the most insolent tyrant of the Christian world. All his thoughts were occupied with schemes for enlarging the power and dominions of the church, by the addition of sceptres and diadems; and in this respect he may be said to be the first Roman pontiff that ever made an attempt upon the rights of princes, however unsuccessfully his example was afterwards followed.

Ib. —— *or Boniface.*] Boniface was elected Pope in the year 1294. His haughty behaviour to crowned heads was insupportable, for he arrogated to himself not only the supremacy in spirituals, but claimed the right of disposing of temporal kingdoms. This is plain from the claim he laid to Scotland, as appears from his letter sent to our King Edward I. He sent it to Robert Archbishop of Canterbury, obliging him, upon pain of suspension *ab officio et beneficio*, to deliver it to the king. It was said of this pope, that he crept into the papacy like a fox, ruled like a lion, and died like a dog.

V. 1249-50. *So cardinals, they say, do grope*

At th' other end the new-made Pope.] This relates to the well-known story of Pope Joan, who was called to the papal chair by the name of John VIII. Platina says she was of English extraction, but born at Mentz; who, having disguised herself like a man, travelled with her paramour to Athens, where she made such progress in learning, that, coming to Rome, she met with few that could equal her; so that, on the death of Pope Leo IV. she was chosen to succeed him; but being got with child by one of

her domestics, her travail came upon her between the Colossian theatre and St. Clements, as she was going to the Lateran church, and she died upon the place, having sat two years, one month, and four days, and was buried there without any pomp. He owns, that for the shame of this, the Popes decline going through this street to the Lateran; and that, to avoid the like error, when any Pope is placed in the porphyry chair, his genitals are felt by the youngest deacon, through a hole made for that purpose; but he supposes the reason of that to be, to put him in mind that he is a man, and obnoxious to the necessities of nature: whence he will have that seat to be called, *sedes stercoraria.*

V. 1253. *Festina, lentè, not too fast.*] This is equivalent to the English proverb, *slow and sure;* or, *the more haste the worst speed.*

V. 1262. *To leave your vitilitigation.*] Arguing like a calf or blockhead. "Vitilitigation," Dr. Grey says, "is a word the Knight was passionately in love with, and never failed to use it on all possible occasions, and therefore to omit it when it fell in the way, had argued too great a neglect of his parts and learning, though it means no more than a perverse humour of wrangling." The author of a tract entitled The Simple Cobbler of Agawam, in America, speaking of the sectaries of those times, says, "It is a most toilsome task to run the wild goose chase after a well-breathed opinionist, they delight in vitilitigation," &c.

V. 1264. *And argue dialecticos.*] That is, according to the rules of logic.

V. 1272. —— *tantundem dat tantidem.*] So much gives so much.

V. 1307-8. *Whelp'd without form, until the dam*
Has lickt it into shape and frame.] An allusion to the vulgar opinion, that bears when they are born, are nothing but a shapeless mass of flesh, until they are licked into forms by their dams. Pope, in his Dunciad, says,

"So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear."

V. 1317-8. *A strange chimera of beasts and men,*
Made up of pieces het'rogene.] Butler alludes to the Chimæra in the heathen mythology, which was a monster that had the head and breast of a lion, the belly of a goat, and the tail of a dragon; and vomited forth fire.

V. 1329. *And is the same that ranter said.*] One of the numerous sects which sprung up in those fanatical times, were denominated Ranters: probably most of them deserved the appellation.

V. 1337-8. ——— *Nothing but th' abuse*
Of human learning, &c.] The Independents and Anabaptists of those times exclaimed much against human learning: and it is remarkable (Dr. Grey says,) that Mr. D——, Master of Caius College, Cambridge, preached a sermon in St. Mary's church, against it; for which he was notably girded by Mr. John Sedgwick, Fellow of Christ's College, in a tract entitled Learning's Necessity to an able Minister of the Gospel, published 1653. To such we may apply the pun made by Mr. Knight, Assize Sermon at Northampton, March 30, 1682, "That such men shew their heads, like those upon clipped money, without letters." And it was a pity that such illiterate creatures were not treated in the way that the truant scholar was, who, upon a time, when he came home to visit his friends, was asked by his father what was Latin for bread, answered bredibus, and for beer, beeribus, and the like of all other things he asked him, only adding a termination of *bus* to the plain English word of every one of them; which his father perceiving and (though ignorant of Latin) perfectly apprehending, that the mysteries his son had learned defrayed not the expense of keeping him at school, bid him put off immediately his *hosibus* and *shoesibus*, and fall to his old trade of treading *morteribus*." Dr. South makes the following observations upon that reforming age: "That all learning was then cried down; so that with them the best preachers were such as could not read, and the best divines such as could not write. In all their preachings they so highly pretended to the spirit, that some of them could hardly spell a letter: for to be blind with them was a proper qualification of a spiritual guide, and to be book-learned, as they called it, and to be irreligious, were almost terms convertible: so that none were thought fit for the ministry but tradesmen and mechanics, because none else were allowed to have the spirit: and those only were accounted like St. Paul, who could work with their hands, and in a literal sense drive the nail home, and be able to make a pulpit before they preached in it." In another discourse, entitled the

Christian Pentecost, the same eminent divine says, "that Latin unto them was a mortal crime; and Greek, instead of being owned to be the language of the Holy Ghost (as in the New Testament it is) was looked upon as the sin against it; so that in a word, they had all the confusion of Babel amongst them, without the diversity of tongues."

"What's Latin but the language of the beast?
Hebrew and Greek is not enough a feast:
Ha'n't we the word in English, which at ease
We can convert to any sense we please?
Let them urge the original, if we
Say 't was first writ in English, so 't shall be.
For we'll have our own way, be 't wrong or right;
And say, by strength of faith, the crow is white."

V. 1339. *Learning, that cobweb of the brain.*] Butler makes Ralpho argue almost precisely in the same manner, that Shakspeare makes Cade argue with the Lord Say, before he ordered his head to be cut off. "I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art: thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas before our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally; thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a *noun* and a *verb*, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear." A writer of those times, railing at literature, says, "I tell you wicked books do as much wound us as the swords of our adversaries; for this manner of learning is superfluous and costly. Many tongues and languages are only confusion, and only wit, reason, understanding, and scholarship are the main means that oppose us, and hinder our cause; therefore, if ever we have the fortune to get the upper hand, we will down with all law and learning, and have no other rule but the carpenter's, nor any writing or reading but the score and the tally."

"We'll down with all the 'versities,
Where learning is profess'd,

Because they practise and maintain
The language of the beast:
We'll drive the doctors out of doors,
And parts whate'er they be,
We'll cry all parts and learning down,
And high then up go we."

Oliver Cromwell would have established an university at Durham, for the advantage of the northern parts of the kingdom, but he was so warmly opposed by George Fox, and other fanatics, that he relinquished his design.

V. 1357-8. *As if rules were not in the schools*
Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.] Warburton says upon this passage, "that this observation is very just. The logicians have run into strange absurdities of this kind. Peter Ramus, the best of them, in his logic, rejects a very just argument of Cicero's as sophistical, because it did not jump right with his rules."

V. 1373. *Mere disparata*, &c.] Disparata are things separate and unlike, from the Latin word *disparo*. Dr. Brett says, "that the English Presbyterians of those times, as the Knight observes, had little human learning among them, though many of them made pretences to it: but having seen their boasted arguments, and all the doctrines wherein they differed from the church of England, baffled by the learned divines of that church, they found without more learning they should not maintain the ground they had left, notwithstanding their toleration; therefore about the time of the revolution, they began to think it very proper, instead of Calvin's Institutions, and a Dutch system or two, with Blondel, Daille, and Salmasius, to help them to arguments against episcopacy, to read and study more polite books. It is certain that the dissenting ministers have, since that time, both preached and wrote more politely than they did in the reign of King Charles II. in whose time the clergy of the church of England wrote and published most learned and excellent discourses, such as have been exceeded by none that have appeared since. And it is likely enough the dissenting ministers have studied their works, imitated their language, and improved much by them."

V. 1381-2. *And rest our weary'd bones a while,*
Already tir'd with other toil.] This is only a hypocritical shift of the Knight's; his fund of argument had been exhausted, and so he was glad to find any pretence to discontinue the argument. Dryden, in his tale of the Hind and Panther, has some lines somewhat to the same purpose.

" Thus did the gentle hind her fable end,
Nor would the panther blame it, nor commend:
But with affected yawning at the close,
Seem'd to require her natural repose."

PART II.—CANTO I.

The Argument.

The Knight, by damnable Magician,
Being cast illegally in prison,
Love brings his action on the case,
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the Lady's visit,
And cunningly solicits his suit,
Which she defers; yet, on parole,
Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.

But now, t' observe Romantique method,
Let bloody steel a while be sheathed,
And all those harsh and rugged sounds
Of bastinadoes, cuts, and wounds,
Exchang'd to Love's more gentle style,
To let our reader breathe a while.
In which, that we may be as brief as
Is possible, by way of preface;
Is 't not enough to make one strange,
That some men's fancies should ne'er change,

But make all people do and say
The same things still the self-same way ?
Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,
And knights pursuing like a whirlwind :
Others make all their knights, in fits
Of jealousy, to lose their wits;
Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,
They're forthwith cur'd of their capriches.
Some always thrive in their amours,
By pulling plaisters off their sores,
As cripples do to get an alms,
Just so do they, and win their dames.
Some force whole regions, in despite
O' geography, to change their site;
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before come after.
But those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think 's sufficient at one time.
 But we forget in what sad plight
We whilom left the captiv'd Knight
And pensive Squire, both bruis'd in body,
And conjur'd into safe custody.

Tir'd with dispute, and speaking Latin,
As well as basting and Bear-baiting,
And desperate of any course
To free himself by wit or force,
His only solace was, that now
His dog-bolt fortune was so low,
That either it must quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend;
In which he found th' event, no less
Than other times, beside his guess.

There is a tall long-sided dame,
(But wond'rous light) ycleped Fame,
That like a thin cameleon boards
Herself on air, and eats her words;
Upon her shoulders wings she wears
Like hanging sleeves, lin'd through with ears,
And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,
Made good by deep mythologist:
With these she through the welkin flies,
And sometimes carries truth, oft lies;
With letters hung, like eastern pigeons,
And Mercuries of furthest regions;
Diurnals writ for regulation
Of lying, to inform the nation,

And by their public use to bring down
The rate of whetstones in the kingdom.
About her neck a packet-mail,
Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale;
Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
And cows of monsters brought to bed;
Of hailstones big as pullets' eggs,
And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs;
A blazing star seen in the west,
By six or seven men at least.
Two trumpets she does sound at once,
But both of clean contrary tones:
But whether both with the same wind,
Or one before and one behind,
We know not, only this can tell,
The one sounds vilely, th' other well;
And therefore vulgar authors name
Th' one Good, the other evil Fame.
 This tattling gossip knew too well
What mischief Hudibras befel;
And straight the spiteful tidings bears
Of all, t' th' unkind Widow's ears.
Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud
To see bawds carted through the crowd,

Or funerals, with stately pomp,
March slowly on in solemn dump,
As she laugh'd out, until her back,
As well as sides, was like to crack.
She vow'd she would go see the sight,
And visit the distressed Knight;
To do the office of a neighbour,
And be a gossip at his labour;
And from his wooden jail, the stocks,
To set at large his fetter-locks;
And by exchange, parole, or ransom,
To free him from th' enchanted mansion.
This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood
And usher, implements abroad
Which ladies wear, beside a slender
Young waiting damsel to attend her.
All which appearing, on she went
To find the Knight, in limbo pent;
And 'twas not long before she found
Him and his stout Squire in the pound,
Both coupled in enchanted tether,
By further leg behind together.
For as he sat upon his rump,
His head, like one in doleful dump,

Between his knees, his hands apply'd
Unto his ears on either side,
And by him in another hole
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl,
She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle, on the sudden,
As spirits do t' a conjurer,
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.
No sooner did the Knight perceive her,
But straight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with disgrace
To be seen by' her in such a place;
Which made him hang his head, and scowl,
And wink, and goggle like an owl:
He felt his brains begin to swim,
When thus the Dame accosted him.
This place (quoth she) they say's enchanted,
And with delinquent spirits haunted,
That here are ty'd in chains, and scourg'd
Until their guilty crimes be purg'd:
Look, there are two of them appear
Like persons I have seen somewhere.
Some have mistaken blocks and posts
For spectres, apparitions, ghosts,

With saucer-eyes, and horns; and some
Have heard the devil beat a drum;
But, if our eyes are not false glasses
That give a wrong account of faces,
That beard and I should be acquainted
Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted;
For, though it be disfigur'd somewhat,
As if 't had lately been in combat,
It did belong to a worthy Knight,
Howe'er this goblin is come by 't.

When Hudibras the Lady heard
Discoursing thus upon his beard,
And speak with such respect and honour
Both of the beard and the beard's owner,
He thought it best to set as good
A face upon it as he cou'd;
And thus he spoke: Lady, your bright
And radiant eyes are in the right;
The beard's th' identique beard you knew,
The same numerically true;
Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But its proprietor himself.

O heavens! quoth she, can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you;

Not by your individual whiskers,
But by your dialect and discourse,
That never spoke to man or beast
In notions vulgarly exprest:
But what malignant star, alas!
Has brought you both to this sad pass?
 Quoth he, The fortune of the war,
Which I am less afflicted for
Than to be seen with beard and face
By you in such a homely case.
 Quoth she, Those need not be asham'd
For being honourably maim'd:
If he that is in battle conquer'd
Have any title to his own beard,
Though yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,
It does your visage more adorn
Than if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd, and lander'd,
And cut square by the Russian standard.
A torn beard's like a tatter'd ensign;
That's bravest which there are most rents in.
That petticoat about your shoulders
Does not so well become a soldier's;
And I'm afraid they are worse handled,
Although i' th' rear your beard the van led;

And those uneasy bruises make
My heart for company to ake,
To see so worshipful a friend
I th' pillory set, at the wrong end.
Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd Pain
Is (as the learned Stoicks maintain)
Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good,
But merely as 'tis understood.
Sense is deceitful, and may feign
As well in counterfeiting pain
As other gross *phenomenas*,
In which it oft mistakes the case.
But since th' immortal intellect
(That's free from errour and defect,
Whose objects still persist the same)
Is free from outward bruise or maim,
Which nought external can expose
To gross material bangs or blows,
It follows we can ne'er be sure
Whether we pain or not endure;
And just so far are sore and griev'd
As by the fancy is believ'd.
Some have been wounded with conceit,
And dy'd of mere opinion straight;

Others, though wounded sore in reason,
Felt no contusion nor discretion.
A Saxon duke did grow so fat
That mice (as histories relate)
Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in
His postique parts, without his feeling;
Then how is 't possible a kick
Should e'er reach that way to the quick?
 Quoth she, I grant it is vain
For one that's basted to feel pain,
Because the pangs his bones endure
Contribute nothing to the cure;
Yet honour hurt is wont to rage
With pain no med'cine can assuage.
 Quoth he, That honour's very squeamish
That takes a basting for a blemish;
For what's more hon'rable than scars,
Or skin to tatters rent in wars?
Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow;
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather;
And yet have met, after long running,
With some whom they have taught that cunning.

The furthest way about t' o'ercome,
In th' end does prove the nearest home.
By laws of learned duellists,
They that are bruis'd with wood or fists,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are cowards and poltroons;
But if they dare engage t' a second,
They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.
Th' old Romans freedom did bestow,
Our princes worship with a blow.
King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenetick
And testy courtiers with a kick.
The Negus, when some mighty lord
Or potentate's to be restor'd,
And pardon'd for some great offence
With which he's willing to dispense,
First has him laid upon his belly,
Then beaten back and side t' a jelly:
That done, he rises, humbly bows,
And gives thanks for the princely blows;
Departs not meanly proud, and boasting
Of his magnificent rib-roasting.
The beaten soldier proves most manful,
That, like his sword, endures the anvil;

And justly 's held more formidable,
The more his valour 's malleable:
But he that fears a bastinado,
Will run away from his own shadow.
And though I'm now in durance fast,
By our own party basely cast,
Ransom, exchange, parole refus'd,
And worse than by the en'my us'd;
In close *catasta* shut, past hope
Of wit or valour to elope;
As beards, the nearer that they tend
To th' earth, still grow more reverend,
And cannons shoot the higher pitches
The lower we let down their breeches,
I'll make this low dejected fate
Advance me to a greater height.
Quoth she, You've almost made me' in love
With that which did my pity move.
Great wits and valours, like great states,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights:
Th' extremes of glory and of shame,
Like east and west, become the same:
No Indian prince has to his palace
More foll'wers than a thief to th' gallows.

But if a beating seem so brave,
What glories must a whipping have?
Such great achievements cannot fail
To cast salt on a woman's tail:
For if I thought your nat'ral talent
Of passive courage were so gallant,
As you strain hard to have it thought,
I could grow amorous and dote.
 When Hudibras this language heard,
He prick'd up's ears, and strok'd his beard;
Thought he, This is the lucky hour,
Wines work when vines are in the flow'r:
This crisis then I'll set my rest on,
And put her boldly to the quest'on,
 Madam, what you would seem to doubt
Shall be to all the world made out;
How I've been drubb'd, and with what spirit
And magnanimity I bear it:
And if you doubt it to be true,
I'll stake myself down against you;
And if I fail in love or troth,
Be you the winner and take both.
 Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers
Say, fools for arguments use wagers;

And, though I prais'd your valour, yet
I did not mean to baulk your wit;
Which if you have, you must needs know
What I have told you before now,
And you b' experiment have prov'd;
I cannot love where I'm belov'd.
 Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich
Beyond th' infliction of a witch;
So cheats to play with those still aim
That do not understand the game.
Love in your heart as idly burns
As fire in antique Roman urns
To warm the dead, and vainly light
Those only that see nothing by 't.
Have you not power to entertain,
And render love for love again;
As no man can draw in his breath
At once, and force out air beneath?
Or do you love yourself so much,
To bear all rivals else a grutch?
What fate can lay a greater curse
Than you upon yourself would force?
For wedlock without love, some say,
Is but a lock without a key.

It is a kind of rape to marry
One that neglects or cares not for ye:
For what does make it ravishment
But b'ing against the mind's consent?
A rape that is the more inhuman,
For being acted by a woman.
Why are you fair, but to entice us
To love you, that you may despise us?
But though you cannot love, you say,
Out of your own fanatick way,
Why should you not at least allow
Those that love you to do so too?
For, as you fly me, and pursue
Love more averse, so I do you;
And am by your own doctrine taught
To practise what you call a fault.
 Quoth she, If what you say is true,
You must fly me as I do you;
But 'tis not what we do, but say,
In love and preaching, that must sway.
 Quoth he, To bid me not to love
Is to forbid my pulse to move,
My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,
Or, when I'm in a fit, to hiccup.

Command me to piss out the moon,
And 'twill as easily be done.
Love's pow'r 's too great to be withstood
By feeble human flesh and blood.
'Twas he that brought upon his knees
The hect'ring kill-cow Hercules,
Transform'd his leager lion's skin
T' a petticoat, and made him spin;
Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle
T' a feeble distaff and a spindle:
'Twas he that made Emp'rours gallants,
To their own sisters and their aunts;
Set Popes and Cardinals agog,
To play with pages at leap-frog:
'Twas he that gave our Senate purges,
And fluxt the House of many a burgess;
Made those that represent the nation
Submit, and suffer amputation;
And all the Grandees o' th' Cabal
Adjourn to tubs at spring and fall.
He mounted Synod-men, and rode 'em
To Dirty-Lane and Little Sodom;
Made 'em curvet like Spanish Jenets,
And take the ring at Madam ——'s.

'Twas he that made Saint Francis do
More than the devil could tempt him to,
In cold and frosty weather grow
Enamour'd of a wife of snow;
And though she were of rigid temper,
With melting flames accost and tempt her;
Which after in enjoyment quenching,
He hung a garland on his engine.
 Quoth she, If love have these effects,
Why is it not forbid our sex?
Why is 't not damn'd and interdicted
For diabolical and wicked?
And sung, as out of tune, against,
As Turk and Pope are by the Saints?
I find I've greater reason for it,
Than I believ'd before, t' abhor it.
 Quoth Hudibras, These sad effects
Spring from your heathenish neglects
Of Love's great pow'r, which he returns
Upon yourselves with equal scorns,
And those who worthy lovers slight,
Plagues with prepost'rous appetite:
This made the beauteous Queen of Crete
To take a town-bull for her sweet;

And from her greatness stoop so low,
To be the rival of a cow:
Others to prostitute their great hearts,
To be baboons' and monkeys' sweethearts:
Some with the dev'l himself in league grow,
By 's representative, a Negro.
'Twas this made Vestal maid love-sick,
And venture to be bury'd quick:
Some by their fathers and their brothers
To be made mistresses and mothers.
'Tis this that proudest dames enamours
On lacquies and *valets des chambres;*
Their haughty stomachs overcomes,
And makes them stoop to dirty grooms;
To slight the world, and to disparage
Claps, issue, infamy, and marriage.
 Quoth she, These judgments are severe,
Yet such as I should rather bear
Than trust men with their oaths, or prove
Their faith and secrecy in love.
 Says he, There is as weighty reason
For secrecy in love as treason.
Love is a burglarer, a felon,
That at the windore eye does steal in,

To rob the heart, and with his prey
Steals out again a closer way,
Which whosoever can discover,
He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.
Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
In men as nat'rally as in charcoals,
Which sooty chemists stop in holes
When out of wood they extract coals;
So lovers should their passions choke,
That though they burn, they may not smoke.
'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole
And dragg'd beasts backward into 's hole;
So love does lovers, and us men
Draws by the tails into his den,
That no impression may discover
And trace t' his cave the wary lover.
But if you doubt I should reveal
What you intrust me under seal,
I'll prove myself as close and virtuous
As your own secretary' Albertus.
 Quoth she, I grant you may be close
In hiding what your aims propose:
Love-passions are like parables,
By which men still mean something else:

Though love be all the world's pretence,
Money's the mythologic sense,
The real substance of the shadow,
Which all address and courtship's made to.
Thought he, I understand your play,
And how to quit you your own way:
He that will win his dame must do
As Love does when he bends his bow;
With one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.
I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great
Provocative to am'rous heat:
It is all philtres and high diet
That makes love rampant and to fly out:
'Tis beauty always in the flower,
That buds and blossoms at fourscore:
'Tis that by which the sun and moon
At their own weapons are outdone:
That makes knights-errant fall in trances,
And lay about 'em in romances:
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
That men divine and sacred call;
For what is worth in any thing
But so much money as 'twill bring?

Or what but riches is there known
Which man can solely call his own,
In which no creature goes his half,
Unless it be to squint and laugh?
I do confess, with goods and land,
I'd have a wife at second-hand;
And such you are: nor is 't your person
My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on,
But 'tis (your better part) your riches
That my enamour'd heart bewitches:
Let me your fortune but possess,
And settle your person how you please;
Or make it o'er in trust to th' devil,
You'll find me reasonable and civil.
Quoth she, I like this plainness better
Than false mock-passion, speech, or letter,
Or any feat of qualm or sowning,
But hanging of yourself or drowning;
Your only way with me to break
Your mind is breaking of your neck:
For as when merchants break, o'erthrown
Like nine-pins, they strike others down,
So that would break my heart; which done,
My tempting fortune is your own.

These are but trifles; ev'ry lover
Will damn himself over and over,
And greater matters undertake,
For a less worthy mistress' sake:
Yet they're the only ways to prove
Th' unfeign'd realities of love;
For he that hangs, or beat's out's brains,
The devil's in him if he feigns.
Quoth Hudibras, This way's too rough
For mere experiment, and proof;
It is no jesting trivial matter
To swing i' th' air, or douse in water,
And like a water-witch try love;
That's to destroy, and not to prove:
As if a man should be dissected,
To find what part is disaffected:
Your better way is to make over,
In trust, your fortune to your lover.
Trust is a trial; if it break,
'Tis not so desp'rate as a neck:
Beside, th' experiment's more certain;
Men venture necks to gain a fortune:
The soldier does it ev'ry day
(Eight to the week) for sixpence pay;

Your pettifoggers damn their souls,
To share with knaves in cheating fools;
And merchants, vent'ring through the main,
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain.
This is the way I advise you to;
Trust me, and see what I will do.
 Quoth she, I should be loth to run
Myself all th' hazard, and you none;
Which must be done, unless some deed
Of yours aforesaid do precede:
Give but yourself one gentle swing
For trial, and I'll cut the string;
Or give that rev'rend head a maul,
Or two or three, against a wall,
To shew you are a man of metal,
And I'll engage myself to settle.
 Quoth he, My head's not made of brass,
As Friar Bacon's noddle was,
Nor (like the Indian's scull) so tough
That, authors say, 'twas musket-proof;
As it had need to be, to enter
As yet on any new adventure.
You see what bangs it has endur'd,
That would, before new feats, be cur'd:

But if that's all you stand upon,
Here strike me, Luck, it shall be done.
 Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone
As you suppose; two words t' a bargain:
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given downright proof:
And yet 'tis no fantastic pique
I have to love, nor coy dislike;
'Tis no implicit nice aversion
T' your conversation, mien, or person;
But a just fear lest you should prove
False and perfidious in love:
For, if I thought you could be true,
I could love twice as much as you.
 Quoth he, My faith as adamantin
As chains of Destiny I'll maintain;
True as Apollo ever spoke,
Or oracle from heart of oak:
And if you'll give my flame but vent,
Now in close hugger-mugger pent,
And shine upon me but benignly
With that one and that other pigsney,
The sun and day shall sooner part
Than love or you shake off my heart;

The sun, that shall no more dispense
His own, but your bright influence.
I'll carve your name on barks of trees
With true love-knots and flourishes,
That shall infuse eternal spring
And everlasting flourishing;
Drink ev'ry letter on 't in stum,
And make it brisk Champaign become.
Where'er you tread, your foot shall set
The primrose and the violet;
All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,
Shall borrow from your breath their odours;
Nature her charter shall renew,
And take all lives of things from you;
The world depend upon your eye,
And, when you frown upon it, die:
Only our loves shall still survive,
New worlds and Natures to outlive,
And like to heralds' moons remain
All crescents, without change or wane.
 Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this;
Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss;
For you will find it a hard chapter
To catch me with poetic rapture,

In which your Mastery of Art
Doth shew itself, and not your heart;
Nor will you raise in mine combustion
By dint of high heroic fustian.
She that with poetry is won
Is but a desk to write upon;
And what men say of her, they mean
No more than on the thing they lean.
Some with Arabian spices strive
T' embalm her cruelly alive;
Or season her, as French cooks use
Their *haut-gousts*, *boullies*, or *ragousts*;
Use her so barbarously ill
To grind her lips upon a mill,
Until the *facet doublet* doth
Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth;
Her mouth, compar'd t' an oyster's, with
A row of pearl in't 'stead of teeth.
Others make posies of her cheeks,
Where red and whitest colours mix;
In which the lily and the rose
For Indian lake and ceruse goes.
The sun and moon, by her bright eyes
Eclips'd, and darken'd in the skies,

Are but black patches that she wears
Cut into suns, and moons, and stars;
By which astrologers, as well
As those in heav'n above, can tell
What strange events they do foreshow
Unto her under-world below.
Her voice the music of the spheres,
So loud it deafens mortals' ears,
As wise philosophers have thought,
And that's the cause we hear it not.
This has been done by some, who those
Th' ador'd in rhyme would kick in prose;
And in those ribands would have hung
Of which melodiously they sung.
That have the hard fate to write best
Of those still that deserve it least:
It matters not how false or forc'd,
So the best things be said o' th' worst;
It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
Only the arrow's drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a swan or goose
They level at: so shepherds use
To set the same mark on the hip
Both of their sound and rotten sheep:

For wits that carry low or wide,
Must be aim'd higher, or beside
The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh
But when they take their aim awry.
But I do wonder you should choose
This way t' attack me with your Muse,
As one cut out to pass your tricks on,
With Fulhams of poetic fiction.
I rather hop'd I should no more
Hear from you o' th' gallanting score;
For hard dry bastings us'd to prove
The readiest remedies of love
Next a dry diet: but if those fail,
Yet this uneasy loop-hol'd jail,
In which y' are hamper'd by the fetlock,
Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock;
Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,
If that may serve you for a cooler
T' allay your mettle, all agog
Upon a wife, the heavier clog:
Nor rather thank your gentler fate,
That for a bruis'd or broken pate
Has freed you from those knobs that grow
Much harder on the marry'd brow.

But if no dread can cool your courage
From vent'ring on that dragon, marriage;
Yet give me quarter, and advance
To nobler aims your puissance;
Level at beauty and at wit,
The fairest mark is easiest hit.
 Quoth Hudibras, I'm beforehand
In that already with your command;
For where does beauty and high wit
But in your Constellation meet?
 Quoth she, What does a match imply
But likeness and equality?
I know you cannot think me fit
To be th' yokefellow of your wit;
Nor take one of so mean deserts
To be the partner of your parts;
A grace which, if I could believe,
I've not the conscience to receive.
 That conscience, quoth Hudibras,
Is misinform'd: I'll state the case.
A man may be a legal doner
Of any thing whereof he's owner,
And may confer it where he lists,
I' th' judgment of all casuists:

Then wit, and parts, and valour, may
Be ali'nated and made away
By those that are proprietors,
As I may give or sell my horse.
Quoth she, I grant the case is true
And proper 'twixt your horse and you:
But whether I may take, as well
As you may give away or sell?
Buyers, you know, are bid beware;
And worse than thieves receivers are.
How shall I answer Hue and Cry
For a Roan-gelding, twelve hands high,
All spurr'd and switch'd, a lock on's hoof,
A sorrel mane? Can I bring proof [for,
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold
And in the open market told for?
Or, should I take you for a stray,
You must be kept a year and day
(Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,
Where, if y' are sought, you may be found;
And in the meantime I must pay
For all your provender and hay.
Quoth he, It stands me much upon
T' enervate this objection,

And prove myself, by topic clear,
No gelding, as you would infer.
Loss of virility's averr'd
To be the cause of loss of beard,
That does (like embryo in the womb)
Abortive on the chin become:
This first a woman did invent
In envy of man's ornament,
Semiramis of Babylon,
Who first of all cut men o' th' stone
To mar their beards, and laid foundation
Of sow-geldering operation.
Look on this beard, and tell me whether
Eunuchs wear such, or geldings either?
Next it appears I am no horse,
That I can argue and discourse,
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.
 Quoth she, That nothing will avail;
For some philosophers of late here
Write men have four legs by Nature,
And that 'tis custom makes them go
Erroneously upon but two;
As 'twas in Germany made good
B' a boy that lost himself in a wood,

And growing down t' a man, was wont
With wolves upon all four to hunt.
As for your reasons drawn from tails,
We cannot say they're true or false,
Till you explain yourself, and show
B' experiment 'tis so or no.
 Quoth he, If you'll join issue on 't,
I'll give you sat'sfact'ry account;
So you will promise, if you lose,
To settle all and be my spouse.
 That never shall be done (quoth she)
To one that wants a tail, by me;
For tails by Nature sure were meant,
As well as beards, for ornament;
And though the vulgar count them homely,
In men or beast they are so comely,
So gentee, alamode, and handsome,
I'll never marry man that wants one:
And till you can demonstrate plain
You have one equal to your mane,
I'll be torn piecemeal by a horse
Ere I'll take you for better or worse.
The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,

Which makes him have so strong a breath
Each night he stinks a queen to death;
Yet I shall rather lie in's arms
Than yours, on any other terms.
 Quoth he, What Nature can afford
I shall produce, upon my word;
And if she ever gave that boon
To man, I'll prove that I have one;
I mean by postulate illation,
When you shall offer just occasion:
But since y' have yet deny'd to give
My heart, your pris'ner, a reprieve,
But made it sink down to my heel,
Let that at least your pity feel;
And, for the sufferings of your martyr,
Give its poor entertainer quarter;
And, by discharge or mainprize, grant
Deliv'ry from this base restraint.
 Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg
Stuck in a hole here like a peg;
And if I knew which way to do 't,
(Your honour safe) I'd let you out.
That dames by jail-delivery
Of errant knights have been set free,

When by enchantment they have been,
And sometimes for it too, laid in;
Is that which knights are bound to do
By order, oath, and honour too.
For what are they renown'd and famous else,
But aiding of distressed damosels?
But for a lady, no ways errant,
To free a knight, we have no warrant
In any authentical romance,
Or classic author yet of France;
And I'd be loth to have you break
An ancient custom for a freak,
Or innovation introduce
In place of things of antique use,
To free your heels by any course
That might b' unwholesome to your spurs:
Which, if I should consent unto,
It is not in my pow'r to do;
For 'tis a service must be done ye
With solemn previous ceremony,
Which always has been used t' untie
The charms of those who here do lie.
For as the Ancients heretofore
To Honour's temple had no door

But that which thorough Virtue's lay,
So from this dungeon there's no way
To honour'd freedom, but by passing
That other virtuous school of lashing;
Where knights are kept in narrow lists,
With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists;
In which they for a while are tenants,
And for their ladies suffer penance.
Whipping, that's Virtue's governess,
Tut'ress of arts and sciences,
That mends the gross mistakes of Nature,
And puts new life into dull matter;
That lays foundation for renown,
And all the honours of the gown.
This suffer'd, they are set at large,
And freed with hon'rable discharge:
Then, in their robes, the penitentials
Are straight presented with credentials,
And in their way attended on
By magistrates of ev'ry town;
And, all respect and charges paid,
They're to their ancient seats convey'd.
Now, if you'll venture, for my sake,
To try the toughness of your back,

And suffer, as the rest have done,
The laying of a whipping on;
(And may you prosper in your suit,
As you with equal vigour do't,)
I here engage myself to loose ye,
And free your heels from caperdewsie.
But since our sex's modesty
Will not allow I should be by,
Bring me on oath a fair account,
And honour too, when you have done 't;
And I'll admit you to the place
You claim as due in my good grace.
If matrimony and hanging go
By dest'ny, why not whipping too?
What med'cine else can cure the fits
Of lovers, when they lose their wits?
Love is a boy by poets styl'd,
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.
A Persian emp'rour whipp'd his grannam,
The sea, his mother Venus came on;
And hence some rev'rend men approve
Of rosemary in making love.
As skilful coopers hoop their tubs
With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs,

Why may not whipping have as good
A grace, perform'd in time and mood,
With comely movement, and by art
Raise passion in a lady's heart?
It is an easier way to make
Love by, than that which many take.
Who would not rather suffer whippin
Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbin?
Make wicked verses, treats, and faces,
And spell names over with beer-glasses?
Be under vows to hang and die
Love's sacrifice, and all a lie?
With china-oranges and tarts,
And whining plays, lays baits for hearts?
Bribe chambermaids with love and money
To break no roguish jests upon ye?
For lilies limn'd on cheeks and roses,
With painted perfumes hazard noses?
Or, vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
Do penance in a paper lantern?
All this you may compound for now,
By suff'ring what I offer you;
Which is no more than has been done
By knights for ladies long agone.

Did not the great La Mancha do so
For the Infanta Del Toboso?
Did not th' illustrious Bassa make
Himself a slave for Misse's sake,
And with bull's pizzle, for her love,
Was taw'd as gentle as a glove?
Was not young Florio sent (to cool
His flame for Biancafiore) to school,
Where pedant made his pathick bum
For her sake suffer martyrdom?
Did not a certain lady whip,
Of late, her husband's own lordship?
And though a grandee of the House,
Claw'd him with fundamental blows;
Ty'd him stark-naked to a bed-post,
And firk'd his hide as if sh' had rid post;
And after in the Sessions court,
Where whipping 's judg'd, had honour for't?
This swear you will perform, and then
I'll set you from th' enchanted den,
And the Magician's circle, clear.
 Quoth he, I do profess and swear,
And will perform what you enjoin,
Or may I never see you mine.

Amen (quoth she,) then turn'd about,
And bid her Squire let him out.
But ere an artist could be found
T' undo the charms another bound,
The sun grew low and left the skies,
Put down (some write) by ladies' eyes.
The moon pull'd off her veil of light,
That hides her face by day from sight
(Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
That's both her lustre and her shade,)
And in the lantern of the night
With shining horns hung out her light;
For darkness is the proper sphere
Where all false glories use t' appear.
The twinkling stars began to muster,
And glitter with their borrow'd luster,
While sleep the weary world reliev'd,
By counterfeiting death reviv'd.
His whipping penance till the morn
Our vot'ry thought it best t' adjourn,
And not to carry on a work
Of such importance in the dark,

With erring haste, but rather stay,
And do 't in th' open face of day;
And in the mean-time go in quest
Of next retreat to take his rest.

NOTES,

HISTORICAL, CRITICAL, AND EXPLANATORY.

PART II. CANTO I.

V. 1. *But now, t' observe,* &c.] The beginning of this Second Part may, perhaps, seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know that it was written on purpose, in imitation of Virgil, who begins the fourth book of his Æneid in the very same manner.

V. 9. *Is 't not enough to make one strange.*] In the West of England, to make one strange implies to make one wonder.

V. 13-14. *Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,*
And knights pursuing like a whirlwind.] Alluding, probably, to Don Quixote's account of the enchanted Dulcinea's flying from him like a whirlwind in Montesino's Cave.

V. 17. *Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches.*] It was a vulgar opinion, that a witch could have no power over a person who had drawn her blood. To this Shakspeare alludes, in his Henry VI. Part 1. when Talbot, upon Pucelle's appearing, is made to speak as follows:

" Here, here, she comes: I'll have about with thee,
Devil, or devil's dam; I'll conjure thee,
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st."

And Cleveland, in his Rebel Scot, says,

" Scots are like witches, do but wet your pen,
Scratch till the blood come, they'll not hurt you then."

V. 23-4. *Some force whole regions, in despite*
O' geography, to change their site.] This is a satire

upon the dramatic poets for their frequent violations of the unities of time and place. The canon, in Don Quixote, makes this observation to the curate, in his dissertation upon plays: "What shall I say in regard to the time in which those actions they represent might or ought to have happened; having seen a play, in which the first act begins in Europe, the second in Asia, and the third ended in Africa; probably, if there had been another act, they had carried it to America."

V. 32. ——— *whilom.*] Formerly, or some time ago.

V. 46. ——— *ycleped Fame.*] Called or named. The word is often used by Chaucer and other old English writers.

"He may be ycleped a god for his miracles."

V. 47-8. *That like a thin cameleon boards*
Herself on air, &c.] According to the vulgar notion, in Butler's time, the cameleon was supposed to live on air, and this makes the simile very just:

"As the cameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own,
But borrows from his neighbour's hue,
His white or black, his green or blue." *Prior.*

So Fame represents herself, as black or white, false or true, as she is disposed. Gay, in his fable of the Spaniel and the Cameleon, has the following lines:

"——— different is thy case and mine;
With men at least you sup and dine,
Whilst I, condemn'd to thinnest fare,
Like those I flatter'd, live on air."

V. 48. ——— *and eats her words.*] The beauty of this, Warburton very accurately remarks, consists in the double meaning. The first alludes to Fame's living on report; the second is an insinuation, that if a report is narrowly inquired into, and traced up to the original author, it is made to contradict itself.

V. 49. *Upon her shoulders wings she wears.*] Alluding to Virgil's description of Fame, Æneid IV.

"Swift in her walk, more swift her winged haste,
A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast,
As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight:

Millions of opening mouths to Fame belong,
And every mouth is furnish'd with a tongue,
And round with list'ning ears the plague is hung."

V. 53. —— *Welkin.*] Sky.

V. 55. *With letters hung, like eastern pigeons.*] Dr. Heylin, speaking of the caravans of Bagdad, observes, "That to communicate the success of their business to the place from whence they came, they make use of young pigeons, which is done after this manner: when the hen pigeon sitteth, or hath any young, they take the cock, and set him in an open cage: when they have travelled a day's journey, they let him go at liberty, and he straight flieth home to his mate; when they have trained him from one place to another, and there be occasion to send any advertisements, they tie a letter about one of their necks, which at their return is taken off by some of the house, advertised thereby of the state of the caravan. The like also is used betwixt Ormus and Balsora."

V. 64. *And cows of monsters brought to bed.*] The Diurnals, Mercuries, and other newspapers of the times, abounded in marvellous relations of monstrous births and prodigies, which the vulgar were credulous enough to believe portended great changes in church and state, as if such deviations from the laws of nature were only peculiar to the times of civil convulsion.

V. 65. *Of hail-stones big as pullets' eggs.*] This probably was meant for an allusion to a memorable storm of hail in and about Loughborough, in Leicestershire, June 6, 1645, in which "some of the hail-stones were as big as small hen eggs, and the least as big as musket-bullets."

V. 77. *This tattling gossip.*] Cotton, in his Virgil Travestie, gives the following humorous description of Fame, which it is more than probable Butler had in his eye, when he composed his own.

"At this, a wench call'd Fame flew out,
To all the good towns round about;
This Fame was daughter to a crier,
That whilom liv'd in Carthageshire;
A little prating slut, no higher
When Dido first arriv'd at Tyre,

Than this —— but in a few years space
Grown up a lusty strapping lass:
A long and lazy queen, I ween,
Was not brought up to sew and spin,
Nor any kind of housewifery
To get an honest living by,
But saunter'd idly up and down,
From house to house, and town to town.
To spy and listen after news,
Which she so mischievously brews,
That still whate'er she sees or hears,
Sets folks together by the ears.
This baggage, that still took a pride to
Slander and backbite poor Queen Dido,
Because the queen once, in detection,
Sent her to the mansion of correction;
Glad she had got this tale by th' end,
Runs me about to foe and friend,
And tells 'em that a fellow came
From Troy, and such a one his name,
To Tyre, about a fortnight since,
Whom Dido feasted like a prince;
Was with him always day and night,
Nor could endure him from her sight;
And that 'twas thought she meant to marry him;
At this rate talk'd the foul-mouth'd carrion."

V. 81. *Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud.*] Democritus was a citizen of Abdera, and obtained the appellation of the laughing philosopher, from laughing at those who were too eager in the pursuit of riches and honor.

V. 95. —— *she call'd for hood.*] The hood was an article of female dress in Charles II. time, which came over the cap and head, and might, if occasion required, conceal the wearer's face.

V. 111-2. *She came upon him in his wooden*
Magician's circle, on the sudden.] A former commentator upon Hudibras observes upon this passage, "That there was never certainly a pleasanter scene imagined than this before us: it is the most diverting incident in the whole poem. The un-

lucky and unexpected visit of the lady, the attitude and surprise of the Knight, the confusion and blushes of the lover, and the satirical raillery of the mistress, are represented in lively colours, and conspire to make this interview wonderfully pleasing.

V. 119-20. ——— *and scowl,*

And wink, and goggle, like an owl.] In the first copy of Panegyric Verses upon T. Coryat and his Crudities, are the following lines, which may perhaps have suggested to our poet the thought of comparing his hero to the bird of Minerva:

"When ladies did him woo,
Though they did smile, he seem'd to scowl,
As doth the broad-fac'd fowl,
That sings to-whit, to-whoo."

V. 131-2. ——— *and some*

Have heard the devil beat a drum.] In Granvil's Sadducismus Triumphans, there is a narrative concerning the famed disturbances at the house of Thomas Mompesson, esq. at Tedworth, in Wilts, occasioned by its being haunted with evil spirits, and the beating of a drum invisibly every night from February, 1662, to the beginning of the year after. To this story, which made a considerable noise at the time, Oldham alludes in one of his satires upon the Jesuits, where, speaking of the Popish holy water, he says,

"One drop of this, if used, had power to fray
The legions from the hogs of Gadara:
This would have silenced quite the Wiltshire drum,
And made the prating fiend of Mascon dumb."

V. 169. *Tho' yours be sorely lugg'd and torn.*] It should be remembered that beards, in our Knight's time, were considered as a very grave and venerable ornament, and therefore any person coming into company with his beard disordered, would have made as bad, if not a worse appearance, than if one should now show himself with his wig awry.

V. 171. *Than if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd, and lander'd.*] The dressing of the beards, in our Knight's days, probably occupied as much time, or more, than is now bestowed on the head. Taylor, the water poet, thus humorously describes the great variety of beards in his time:

" Now a few lines to paper I will put,
Of men's beards strange and variable cut,
In which there's some that take as vain a pride
As almost in all other things beside;
Some are reap'd most substantial like a brush,
Which makes a nat'ral wit known by the bush;
And in my time of some men I have heard,
Whose wisdom have been only wealth and beard;
Many of these the proverb well doth fit,
Which says, Bush natural, more hair than wit:
Some seem as they were starched stiff and fine,
Like to the bristles of some angry swine;
And some, to set their love's desire on edge,
Are cut and prun'd, like to a quick-set hedge;
Some like a spade, some like a fork, some square,
Some round, some mow'd like stubble, some stark bare,
Some sharp, stiletto-fashion, dagger-like,
That may, with whispering, a man's eyes outpike;
Some with the hammer cut, or Roman T,
Their beards extravagant reform'd must be;
Some with the quadrate, some triangle-fashion,
Some circular, some oval in translation;
Some perpendicular in longitude,
Some like a thicket for their crassitude:
That heights, depth, breadths, triform, square, oval, round,
And rules geometrical in beards are found."

V. 172. *And cut square by the Russian standard.*] Previous to the reign of Czar Peter the Great, the Russians universally wore beards, and considered them as a great ornament to the face. But that monarch compelled them to part with their beards, sometimes by laying a heavy tax upon them, and at others by ordering those he found with beards to have them pulled up by the roots, or shaved with a blunt razor, which drew the skin after it; and by these means scarce a beard was left in the kingdom at his death: but such a veneration had the people for these ensigns of gravity, that many of them carefully preserved their beards in their cabinets, to be buried with them; imagining, perhaps, they should make but an odd figure in the grave with their naked chins.

V. 183-4-5-6. ——— *this thing call'd pain*
Is (as the learned Stoicks maintain)
Not bad simpliciter, *nor good,*
But merely as 'tis understood.] The Stoic philosophers maintained that pain is no real evil, but that a wise man is happy in the midst of tortures, is always the same, and is always joyful. Notwithstanding the banter which our poet attempts to put upon them here, the Stoics were, doubtless, the greatest philosophers of all antiquity. Less intent than other philosophers upon frivolous and often dangerous speculations, they devoted their studies to the clearing up of those great principles of morality which are the firmest supports of society; and, in consequence, they were held in high estimation by the primitive fathers of the church.

V. 201-2. *Some have been wounded with conceit,*
And died of mere opinion straight.] A very entertaining history might be written upon the force of the imagination, as exemplified in the remarkable effects both of fear and joy on different constitutions. In the Athenian Oracle it is related, that a trial of the former kind was made upon a condemned malefactor in the following manner: "A dog was by surgeons let blood, and suffered to bleed to death before him; the surgeons talking all the while, and describing the gradual loss of blood, and, of course, a gradual faintness of the dog, occasioned thereby: and just before the dog died, they said, unanimously, Now he is going to die. They told the malefactor, that he was to be bled to death in the same way; and, accordingly, blindfolded him, and tied up his arm; then one of them thrust a lancet into his arm, but purposely missed the vein: however, they soon began to describe the poor man's gradual loss of blood, and, of course, a gradual faintness occasioned thereby: and just before the supposed minute of his death, the surgeons said, unanimously, Now he dies. The malefactor thought all this real, and died by mere conceit, though he had not lost above twenty drops of blood."—Another story, to the same purpose, is thus related by Howell, in his Familiar Letters. "When the Duke of Alva went to Brussels, about the beginning of the tumults in the Netherlands, he had sat down before Hulst, in Flanders, and there was a provost-marshal in the army, who was a favorite of his, and this provost had put

some to death by secret commission from the duke. There was one Captain Bolea in the army, who was an intimate friend of the provost, and one evening late, he went to the said captain's tent, and brought with him a confessor and an executioner, as was his custom. He told the captain that he was come to execute his excellency's commission and martial law upon him; the captain started up suddenly, his hair standing an end, and being struck with amazement, asked him wherein he had offended the duke? The provost answered, Sir, I come not to expostulate with you, but to execute my commission; therefore, I pray, prepare yourself, for there is your ghostly father and executioner: so he fell upon his knees before the priest, and having done, the hangman going to put the halter about his neck, the provost threw it away, and breaking into a laughter, told him, There was no such thing, and that he had done this to try his courage, how he could bear the terror of death: the captain looked ghastly upon him, and said, Then, sir, get out of my tent, for you have done me a very ill office. The next morning the said Captain Bolea, though a young man of about thirty, had his hair all turned grey, to the astonishment of all the world, and the Duke of Alva himself, who questioned him about it, but he would confess nothing. The next year the duke was revoked, and in his journey to the court of Spain, he was to pass by Saragossa, and this Captain Bolea and the provost went along with him as his domestics. The duke being to repose some days in Saragossa, the young old Captain Bolea told him that there was a thing in that town worthy to be seen by his excellency, which was a *Casa de Locos*, a Bedlam-house; for there was not the like in Christendom. Well, said the duke, go and tell the warden I will be there to-morrow, in the afternoon, and wish him to be in the way. The captain having obtained this, went to the warden and told him that the duke would come to visit the house the next day, and the chiefest occasion that moved him to it was, that he had an unruly provost about him, who was subject oftentimes to fits of phrensy, and because he wished him well, he had tried divers means to cure him, but all would not do, therefore he would try whether keeping him close in Bedlam, for some days, would do him any good. The next day the duke came with a ruffling train of captains after him, amongst whom was the said provost, very

shining brave. Being entered into the house, about the duke's person, Captain Bolea told the warden (pointing at the provost) that's the man; so he took him aside into a dark lobby, where he had placed some of his men, who muffled him in his cloak, seized upon his gilt sword, with his hat and feather, and so hurried him down into a dungeon. The provost had lain there two nights and a day, and it afterwards happened that a gentleman coming out of curiosity to see the house, peeped in at a small grate where the provost was. The provost conjured him, as he was a Christian, to go and tell the Duke of Alva, that his provost was clapped up, nor could he imagine why. The gentleman did the errand, whereat the duke being astonished, sent for the warden, with his prisoner; so he brought the provost *en querpo*, madman like, full of straws and feathers, before the duke, who, at the sight of him, breaking out into laughter, asked the warden why he had made him his prisoner. Sir, said the warden, it was by virtue of your excellency's commission brought me by Captain Bolea. Bolea stepped forth, and told the duke, Sir, you have often asked me how these hairs of mine grew so suddenly grey; I have not revealed it yet to any soul breathing, but now I will tell it to your excellency, and so fell a relating the passage in Flanders. And sir, said he, I have been ever since beating my brains how to get an equal revenge of him, and I thought no revenge to be more equal or corresponding, now that you see he hath made me old before my time, than to make him mad if I could, and had he stayed some days longer close prisoner in the Bedlam-house, it might haply have wrought some impression on his *pericranium*. The duke was so well pleased with the story, and the wittiness of the revenge, that he made them both friends; and Captain Bolea afterwards lived to be upwards of ninety years of age."—*Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ*, Sect. iv. Lett. xxviii.

V. 205-6. *A Saxon Duke did grow so fat*

That mice, &c.] The story to which Butler here alludes, is that of Hatto, Bishop of Mentz, who, according to some chronicles, grew so fat that he was devoured by mice. In the Lollards' tower, at Lambeth, during the persecution of the Wickliffites, one of those unfortunate persons, confined in an underground dungeon, was devoured by rats.

V. 235-6. *Th' old Romans freedom did bestow,*
Our princes worship with a blow.] The old Romans had various methods of manumitting, or bestowing freedom on their slaves. The most common method was striking them with a rod called *vindicta*, and declaring them from that time free. The word *vindicta* was derived from Vindicius, a slave, who, discovering Junius Brutus' design of delivering up the gates of Rome to Sextus Tarquinius, was rewarded by the senate for his fidelity, and made free; and from him the rod laid upon the head of a slave, when made free, was called *vindicta*. "*Our princes worship with a blow.*" When the King confers the honour of knighthood, he lays his sword on the shoulder of the person to be knighted, and says, "Rise, Sir ———."

V. 237-8. *King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenetick*
And testy courtiers with a kick.] Pliny says, that Pyrrhus King of Epirus, cured the spleen with the touch of the toe of his right foot. A modern wit, in an epigram on the Dismission of a Lord of the Bed-chamber by his late majesty, who subseqently bestowed a pension upon him, has a similar thought:

"When a king gives a courtier a kick on the breech,
And bids him turn out for a son of a b—ch,
A kiss from his hand, with an office to boot,,
Will atone for the injury done by his foot;
Yet a kiss from his hand, unless honor's a farce,
Is a very odd cure for a kick on the a-se."

V. 239. *The Negus, when some mighty Lord.*] The Negus is one of the titles of the King of Ethiopia. Le Blanc, speaking of him in his Travels, part ii. chap iv. p. 190. edit. 1660, says, "If a nobleman is found guilty of a crime, the king leads him to his chamber, where being disrobed, prostrate on the ground, begging pardon, he receives from the king's own hand certain stripes, more or fewer, in proportion to the crime or services he hath done: which done, he revests, kisses the king's feet, and with all humility thanks him for the favor received."

V. 259. *In close catasta shut.*] A cage or prison in which the Romans locked up the slaves that were to be sold.

275-6. *But if a beating seem so brave,*
What glories must a whipping have.] The widow pro-

bably alluded to the whipping which Sancho was commanded to inflict upon himself, in order to procure the disenchantment of Dulcinea del Toboso, as described in Don Quixote, part ii. book iii. chap. iii.

" In order to recover and restore
Thy peerless mistress to her former state,
Sancho, thy faithful squire, must undergo
Three thousand and three hundred stripes, apply'd
To his posteriors, positively expos'd;
And he himself must wield the pliant scourge,
And start, and smart, and tingle with the pain.
Thus stands th' irrevocable doom pronounc'd
By the fell authors of her dire mischance."

V. 286. *Wines work when vines are in the flow'r.*] Sir Kenelm Digby, in his Discourse concerning the Cure of Wounds by Sympathy, confirms this observation. " The wine-merchants (says he) observe every where (where there is wine), that during the season that vines are in the flower, the wine in the cellar makes a kind of fermentation, and pushes forth a little white lee (which, I think, they call the mother of the wine) upon the surface of the wine; which continues in a kind of disorder till the flower of the vines be fallen, and then, this agitation being ceased, all the wine returns to the same state it was in before."

V. 297-8. *Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers*
Say, fools for argument lay wagers.] There is, perhaps, no line in Hudibras more quoted than the last, and none that better deserves that distinction. It is hard to decide whether the folly of laying wagers, or the impertinence of them, be the most objectionable. A collection of foolish wagers would make a voluminous and not unentertaining work. Some years ago, a gentleman of fortune in Ireland, travelled to Jerusalem for a wager of 20,000*l.* which he won; and a north country baronet (the late Sir G. H. Liddel) undertook a journey to Lapland for a wager, and brought over with him some rein-deer, and two of the natives of the country, which the writer of this note, then a youth, and a visitor at Sir Henry's house, remembers to have seen. Among other ludicrous wagers of modern date, was a very remarkable one of a man who undertook to walk from Hyde Park to Windsor, in four

days, stopping at every public-house within twenty yards of the road, and drinking half a pint of porter at each. It was computed that it would take him two days to get through Knightsbridge, and that he would have to drink about thirty gallons of porter a day. Whether the wager was ever decided has not come to the knowledge of the writer of this note.

V. 305. ——— *caprich.*] Caprice, written caprich, to expose the pedantry of the Knight, and for the sake of the metre.

V. 310-11. *As fire in antique Roman urns*
To warm the dead, &c.] A notion formerly prevailed that the Romans were acquainted with the secret of an incombustible oil, with which they supplied the lamps in their sepulchres, and which, when they were closed up, continued burning, until the air being admitted to them, extinguished them. Pancirollus gives the following remarkable account of the sepulchre of Tullia, Cicero's daughter. "The ancients," says he, "prepared an incombustible oil, which wasted not: of this we have had a proof n our age, under the pontificate of Paul III. for the sepulchre of Tullia, Cicero's daughter, being opened, there was found a lamp in it burning, but when the air got to it, it went out. However, it had burnt no less than 1550 years." What Pancirollus supposes to have been a lamp with incombustible oil, later philosophers have very satisfactorily accounted for, by supposing that the lambent appearance might have been produced by phosphoric or mephitic air, and that it would vanish on the introduction of the pure atmospheric air into the sepulchre.

V. 345-6. *My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,*
Or, when I'm in a fit, to hickup.] Our Knight tells his mistress, that she commands impossibilities; though such a thing as hickupping might have been prohibited in the Inquisition, as well as involuntary sneezing or coughing, of which Baker, the historian of that terrible tribunal, gives the following instance: "A prisoner," says he, "in the Inquisition coughed: the keepers came to him, and admonished him to forbear coughing, because it was unlawful to make a noise in that place: he answered, it was not in his power: however, they admonished him a second time to forbear it; and because he did not, they stripped him naked, and cruelly beat him. This increased his cough, for which

they beat him so often, that at last he died through the pain and anguish of the stripes.

V. 355-6. *Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle*
T' a feeble distaff and a spindle.] Alluding to Hercules's love for Omphale and Iole.

" Sly Hermes took Alcides in his toils,
Arm'd with a club and wrapt in lion's spoils:
The surly warrior Omphale obey'd,
Laid by his club, and with his distaff play'd."

V. 365-6. *And all the grandees o' th' cabal*
Adjourn to tubs at spring and fall.] The chiefs of the republican party, notwithstanding their pretensions to superior sanctity, were many of them very lewd and dissolute characters, and were sometimes obliged to absent themselves from public business, on account of disorders which they had contracted from their amours. Butler calls this adjourning to *tubs*, from the medical practice which prevailed in those days, of putting venereal patients in sweating-tubs.

V. 367-8. *He mounted synod-men, and rode 'em*
To Dirty-lane and Little Sodom.] One of the common reproaches of the Royalists against the Puritans was, that the latter were addicted to unnatural practices. This is alluded to in several songs which could be quoted, were not their contents unfit to meet a modest eye; and the accusation itself seems in no instance to have been fully proved, but rests solely on the authority of malicious and prejudiced Royalists.

V. 370. *And take the ring at Madam ——'s.*] Sir Roger L'Estrange informs us that the blank here should be filled up with the name of Stennet. " Her husband," says he, " was by profession a broom-man and lay-elder. She followed the laudable employment of a procuress, and managed several intrigues for those brothers and sisters whose purity consisted chiefly in the whiteness of their linen."

V. 371. *'Twas he that made St. Francis do.*] St. Francis was founder of the order of Franciscans in the church of Rome. The story of this saint, to which Butler alludes, is thus related by Wharton in his Enthusiasm of the Church of Rome. " The devil putting on one night a handsome face, peeps into St. Francis's cell,

and calls him out. The man of God presently knew, by revelation, that it was a trick of the devil, who by that artifice tempted him to lust; yet he could not hinder the effect of it, for immediately a grievous temptation of the flesh seized on him. To shake off this, he strips himself naked, and begins to whip himself fiercely with his rope. 'Ha! brother ass!' saith he, 'I will make you smart for your rebellious lust; I have taken from you my frock, because that is sacred, and must not be usurped by a lustful body: if you have a mind to go your ways in this naked condition, pray go.' Then, being animated by a wonderful fervour of spirit, he opens the door, runs out, and rolls his naked body in a great heap of snow. Next he makes seven snow-balls, and laying them before him, thus bespeaks his outward man. 'Look you, this great snow-ball is your wife, those four are your two sons and two daughters, the other two are a man and a maid, which you must keep to wait on them: make haste and clothe them all, for they die with cold; but if you cannot provide for them all, then lay aside all thoughts of marriage, and serve God alone.'" Now see the merit of rolling in the snow, saith Mr. Wharton. "The tempter, being conquered, departs, and the saint returns in triumph to his cell." The Cordeliers tell another story of their founder, St. Francis. "That as he passed the streets in the dusk of the evening, he discovered a young fellow with a maid in a corner; upon which the good man lifted up his hands to heaven, with a secret thanksgiving, that there was so much Christian charity in the world." The innocence of the saint made him mistake the kiss of a lover for the salute of Charity.

V. 393-4. *This made the beauteous Queen of Crete*
To take a town-bull for her sweet.] The ancient poets relate that Pasiphae, daughter of Sol, and wife of Minos, King of Crete, fell in love with a bull, and, by the help of an ingenious artist, named Dædalus, having obtained her desire, she brought forth the Minotaur, half a man and half a bull. The most reasonable solution of this fable is, that she fell in love with one Taurus, her servant; and by the means of Dædalus concealed her adultery.

V. 397. *Others to prostitute their great hearts,* &c.] This is another allusion to those unnatural appetites of which the Royalists

so frequently accused the Puritans, which Butler himself probably did not believe, but which he thought himself at liberty to allude to, from the example of other writers.

V. 399-400. *Some with the dev'l himself in league grow,*
By's representative, a negro.] Butler means a reflection here on marriages between people of different colours, which, though common enough in the American colonies, is certainly not a thing of very frequent occurrence in England. This kind of marriage is railed at by Iago, in the tragedy of Othello, who says to Brabantio, "Z——ds, Sir, you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have coursers for cousins, and jennets for Germans."

V. 401-2. *'Twas this made vestal maids love-sick,*
And venture to be buried quick.] The vestal virgins, if they broke their vow of chastity, were buried alive in a place without the city-wall, which, on that account, was called the *Campus Sceleratus.*

V. 403. *Some by their fathers,* &c.] Incestuous amours, like those of Myrrha and Cynaras, if we believe the Greek and Roman poets, were not unfrequent among the ancients, though many of their moralists and satirists wrote against them with all the severity that crimes of such turpitude deserve. In the eastern world, the Kings of Persia and other oriental princes frequently married their own daughters; and in Catholic countries, at the present day, the Pope exercises a power of dispensing with the marriages of persons of the degree of consanguinity of uncle and niece, or aunt and nephew.

V. 405-6. *'Tis this that proudest dames enamours*
On lacquies and valets des chambres.] Most of the preceding lines may be considered as a free translation or paraphrase upon some passages in Ovid's Art of Love, a work which never repays those who look into it for the purpose of furnishing themselves with voluptuous ideas, for the trouble of their search, and is considered as an innoxious book, merely because its dulness is a sure antidote for its want of morality.

V. 408. *And makes them stoop to dirty grooms.*] The following lines are assumed by Taylor, the water-poet, for the motto to his works:

" For, if Inconstancy doth keep the door,
Lust enters, and my lady proves a whore:
And so a bastard to the world may come,
Perhaps begotten by some stable groom,
Whom the fork-headed, her cornuted Knight,
May play and dandle with, with great delight."

V. 429-30. *'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole*
And dragg'd beasts backwards into 's hole.] Alluding to the story of Cacus, who stole the oxen of Hercules, and dragged them backward to his cave, that they might not be traced.

" Allur'd with hope of plunder, and intent
By force to rob, by fraud to circumvent,
The brutal Cacus, as by chance they stray'd,
Four oxen thence, and four fair kine convey'd;
And lest the printed footsteps might be seen,
He dragg'd them backwards to his rocky den:
The tracts averse a lying notice gave,
And led the searcher backwards from the cave."

V. 435-6. *But if you doubt I should reveal*
What you intrust me under seal.] Dr. Grey says, that our poet probably had here in view the 113th canon of 1603, by which it was enjoined, that secret sins confessed to the minister should not be revealed by him (unless they were such crimes as by the laws of this realm his own life might be called in question for concealing them,) under pain of irregularity, which was suspension from the execution of his office.

V. 438. *As your own secretary Albertus.*] Albertus Magnus was bishop of Ratisbon; he flourished about the year 1260; and Butler calls him the womens' secretary, on account of a book which he wrote entitled *De Secretis Mulierum.*

V. 444. *Money's the mythologic sense.*] Suitors talk of love while their only object is to obtain a fortune.

V. 460. *At their own weapons are outdone.*] " That is," says Warburton, " the splendour of gold and silver is more refulgent than the rays of those luminaries."

V. 465-6. *For what is worth in any thing*
But so much money as 'twill bring.] These lines, which are very shrewd and pointed, have obtained a sort of general cir-

culation by frequent quotation. "A covetous person," says the Tatler, No. 122, "in Seneca's Epistles, is represented as speaking the common sentiments of those who are possessed with that vice, in the following soliloquy: 'Let me be called a base man, so I am called a rich one. If a man is rich, who asks if he be good? The question is, How much we have? not from whence, nor by what means we have it? Every man has so much merit as he has wealth. For my part, let me be rich, O ye Gods! or let me die: the man dies happily who dies increasing his treasure: there is more pleasure in the possession of wealth, than in that of parents, children, wife, or friends.'"

V. 470. *Unless it be to squint and laugh.*] Pliny says, "that man is the only animal that squints;" and other philosophers affirm that man is the only animal that laughs.

V. 475. *But 'tis (your better part) your riches.*] Our Knight unbosoms himself with the utmost frankness to his mistress. In the Taming of the Shrew, Petruchio argues in the same manner: "Signor Hortensio," says he, "'twixt such friends as us few words suffice, and, therefore, if you know one rich enough to be Petruchio's wife, as wealth is the burthen of my wooing dance,

Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes at least
Affection's edge in me. Were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas,
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

"*Grumio.* Why give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses. Why nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal."

V. 497-8. *For he that hangs, or beats out 's brains,*
The devil's in him if he feigns.] These lines are frequently quoted, because the sentiment they convey is just and natural, and can be forcibly applied to many of the common transactions of life. No man would dream of offering any extra-

ordinary violence to his person unless he was really serious in the object of his pursuit.

V. 503. ——— *like a water-witch*, &c.] One mode of ordeal by which witches used to be tried, was by ducking them in water, their hands and feet being first secured. If the accused person floated on the water, she was deemed a witch; but if she sunk, she was considered innocent. In some parts of Scotland, and in some of England, it is to be feared, this superstition prevails to the present day.

V. 513-4. *The soldier does it every day*,

(Eight to the week) for sixpence pay.] Warburton says, "If a soldier received sixpence a day, he would receive seven sixpences for seven days, or one week's pay; but if sixpence per week of this money be kept back for shoes, stockings, &c. then the soldier must serve one day more, viz. eight to the week, before he will receive seven sixpences, or one week's pay clear."

V. 525. *Give but yourself one gentle swing*

For trial, and I'll cut the string.] Dr. Grey says, "It is plain, from Hudibras's refusal to comply with her request, that he would not have approved of that antique game invented by a people among the Thracians, who hung up one of their companions by a rope, and gave him a knife to cut himself down, which if he failed in, he was suffered to hang till he was dead."

V. 533-4. *Nor (like the Indian's skull) so tough,*

That authors say 'twas musket-proof.] Oviedo, in his General History of the Indians, observes, "that Indian skulls are four times as thick as other men's; so that coming to handy-strokes with them, it shall be requisite not to strike them on the heads with swords, for many swords have been broken on their heads, with little hurt done." It need scarcely here be mentioned, that this story of the thickness of Indian skulls is a mere fable, which, in an age like the present, would not have gained a moment's credit, so much better informed are we than our ancestors were, of the persons, manners, and customs, of foreign nations.

V. 540. *Here strike me, luck, it shall be done.*] A phrase borrowed from the cattle markets. Shakspeare, Part I. of Henry

VI. Act v. seems to ridicule, orrather to reprehend, this rude mode of courtship:

"So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, and horse;
But marriage is a matter of more worth."

V. 552. *I could love twice as much as you.*] A former commentator upon Hudibras observes upon this passage, "That the widow is practising coquetry and dissimulation in the highest perfection; she rallies and soothes the Knight, and, in short, plays all the arts of her sex upon him: he, alas! could not penetrate through the disguise; but the false hopes she gives him makes him joyous, and break out into rapturous asseverations of the sincerity of his love; and the ecstasy he seems to be in betrays him into gross inconsistencies. But this humour and flight in him may be excused, when we reflect, that there is no other way to be revenged of a coquet, but by retorting fallacies and coquetry.

V. 555-6. *True as Apollo ever spoke,*
Or oracle from heart of oak.] Alluding to the oracle of Apollo at Delphos, and Jupiter's oracle in Epirus, near the city of Dodona, which delivered its responses from the hollow of an oak tree.

V. 565. *I'll carve your name on barks of trees.*] So Orlando, in As You Like It, says:

"O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando! carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she."

V. 569. *Drink ev'ry letter on't in stum.*] A potent heady ale. It was formerly the custom of tossing gallants to drink as many cups or glasses to their mistress' health as there were letters in her name.

V. 575. *Nature her charter shall renew.*] All this is designed to ridicule the hyperbolical praises which are heaped on the heroines of novels and romances, where women are described rather as divinities than as human creatures.

V. 600. *To grind her lips upon a mill.*] Warburton says the

meaning of this is, that the poets used to call their mistress' lips polished rubies: now the ruby is polished by a mill.

V. 601. *Until the facet doublet*, &c.] The *facet doublet* signifies a false-coloured stone, cut in many faces or sides. The humour of this term is, in calling the rubies of the lips false stones.

V. 603-4. *Her mouth compar'd t' an oyster's, with*
A row of pearl in 't 'stead of teeth.] This description was probably borrowed in part from Don Quixote's account of his mistress. "The curling locks of her bright flowing hair (says the valorous Manchazan) of purest gold, her smooth forehead the Elysian plain, her brows are two celestial bows, her eyes two glorious suns, her cheeks two beds of roses, her lips are coral, her teeth are pearl, her neck is alabaster, her breasts marble, her hands ivory, and snow would lose its whiteness near her bosom." This piece of grimace in lovers is likewise exposed with great humour by John Taylor, the water-poet, in the following lines:

"To seek to merit ever-living bays,
For sordid stuff (like Ovid's lusty lays,)
With false bewitching verses to entice
Frail creatures from fair virtue to foul vice,
Whose flattery makes a whore to seem a saint,
That stinks like carrion with her pox and paint;
Comparing her (with false and odious lies)
To all that's in or underneath the skies;
Her eyes to suns, that do the sun eclipse,
Her cheeks are roses, rubies are her lips,
Her red and white, carnation mix'd with snow,
Her teeth to oriental pearls a row,
Her voice like music of the heavenly spheres,
Her hair like thrice-refined golden wires,
Her breath more sweet than aromatic drugs,
Like mounts of alabaster are her dugs:
Her bracelets, rings, her scarf, her fan, her chain,
Are subjects to inspire a poet's brain."

V. 608. *For Indian lake and ceruse.*] Lake is a crimson-coloured paint, similar to rouge; ceruse the preparation of lead, commonly called white lead.

V. 609-10. *The sun and moon, by her bright eyes*
Eclips'd and darken'd in the skies.] Shakspeare, in his Romeo and Juliet, has a thought similar to this.

Rom. " But soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun! and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick, and pale with grief,
That thou, fair maid, art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal liberty is but sick,
And nought but fools do wear it—cast it off.

V. 617. *Her voice the music of the spheres.*] Pythagorus was the first who taught the doctrine of the music of the spheres: he probably intended nothing more by it than to express by a metaphor, allowable in philosophy as well as poetry, the exquisite order and harmony of the celestial bodies. Apollo, the son of the Greeks, is the God of music as well as of day; and Christina, the Hindoo Apollo, is likewise the God of music as well as of astronomy. Milton applied the idea, with a sublime poetical, in the fifth book of his Paradise Lost.

" That day, as on other solemn days, he spent
In song and dance about the sacred hill;
Mystical dance! which yonder starry sphere
Of planets, and of fix'd, in all her wheels,
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolv'd; yet regular
Than most, when most irregular they seem:
And in their motions harmony divine
So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
Listens delighted.———"

V. 625-6. *That have the hard fate to write best*
Of those still that deserve it least.] Warburton (it is not safe to differ from the judgment of so accurate a critic) is of opinion that our author alludes to Waller's poem on Saccharissa. Another conjecture is, that he might likewise have had Waller's Panegyric on Oliver Cromwell in view, compared with his Poem to the King, upon his Majesty's happy return: the first of which was a nervous, animated piece, the last a dull and spiritless com-

position. When he presented his poem to the King, it is related that his Majesty said "he thought it much inferior to his Panegyric on Cromwell."—"Sir," replied Waller, with a great presence of mind, and happiness of thought, "we poets never succeed so well in writing truth as in fiction."

V. 642. *With fulhams of poetic fiction.*] *High* and *low fulhams* were cant words for false dice; the high fulhams being dice which always ran high, and the low fulhams those that ran low.

V. 693. *How shall I answer hue and cry.*] Hue and cry was the ancient and constitutional mode of raising the *posse comitatus* to pursue a felon; and Hudibras being incarcerated in the stocks by a body something like the *posse comitatus*, the lady demands how she durst venture to accept him, when found under such suspicious circumstances? without keeping this point in view, much of the humour of this and the following lines will be lost.

V. 694. *For a roan-gelding, twelve hands high.*] This is a double stroke at the Knight's person. If he was no more than twelve hands, the Knight's stature must have been about four feet high, a hand in the manege being four inches.

V. 695. —— *a lock on's hoof.*] Alluding to the Knight's durance vile in the stocks.

V. 696. *Sorrel-mane.*] Sandy, or red-coloured hair.

V. 699-700. *Or, should I take you for a stray,*
You must be kept a year and day.] Cattle that stray into another man's grounds, and are not soon owned, are proclaimed on two market-days, in two several market-towns next adjoining; and if the owner did not claim them within a year and a day, they became the property of the lord of the manor.

V. 715. *Semiramis of Babylon.*] Semiramis, Queen of Assyria, is said to have been the first that introduced eunuchs. She was, notwithstanding, a woman of a most amorous complexion.

V. 719-20. *Look on this beard, and tell me whether*
Eunuchs wear such, &c.] Hudibras stoutly appeals to his beard as a test of virility, which, according to common fame, is wanting in eunuchs. In a former part of this Canto (line 135 *et seq.*) there is much discourse of his beard; and from what there falls both from the lady and himself, it appears to have been

one of comely dimensions; no wonder, therefore, he should appeal to it in vindication of his insulted manhood.

V. 725-6. *For some philosophers of late here*
Write men have four legs by nature.] Had Butler lived to the times of Lord Monboddo, he would have seen a philosopher maintain, not only that men ought to go upon four legs, but that nature had originally furnished them with tails, which they would have continued to have worn to the present day, had they not been lost by some accident or deterioration of breed.

V. 729-30. *As 'twas in Germany made good,*
B' a boy that lost himself in a wood.] The story to which Butler alludes was that of "a boy in the country of Liege, who, when he was a child, flying with the people of his village upon the alarm of soldiers, lost himself in a wood, where he lived so long amongst wild beasts, that he was grown over with hair, and lost the use of his speech, and was taken for a satyr by those that discovered him." It seems to have been the common belief of the philosophers of Butler's age, particularly of those who were sceptically disposed, that a human being (if left to himself at an early period of life, and by any means preserved) would, when he grew up, walk upon his hands and feet in the manner of quadrupeds, instead of using his feet only. The tradition of the most remote ages, and the conformation of the human body, are decidedly against the speculations of these philosophers. The best authenticated account of a wild boy, found in the woods, and to all appearance brought up from a very early period in a state of nature, is that of the Savage of Aveyron, a wild youth who was found a few years ago in one of the southern departments of France. According to the memoirs of this extraordinary youth, published by a member of the National Institute, he made no difficulty in walking in the usual manner, and though he used his hands with surprising activity in climbing trees, they did not appear of the same use to him as the fore-legs of a quadruped. The accounts we have of Peter the wild boy, and others found under similar circumstances, are so vague and ill authenticated, that no just conclusion can be drawn from them.

V. 737. *Quoth he, If you'll join issue on 't.*] Joining issue generally signifies the point of matter issuing out of the allegations and

pleas of the plaintiff and defendant, in a cause to be tried by a jury.

V. 741-2. *That never shall be done (quoth she)*

To one that wants a tail, by me.] Dr. Grey, in a note upon these lines, says they were designed as "a sneer probably upon the old fabulous story of the Kentish long-tails, a name or family of men sometimes inhabiting Stroud, (saith Polydore,) who had tails clapped to their breeches by Thomas of Beckett, for revenge and punishment of a despite done him, by cutting off the tail of his horse." Ray says, (continuing Dr. Grey,) "That some found the proverb of Kentish long-tails upon a miracle of Austin the monk, who, preaching in an English village, and being himself and his associates beat and abused by the Pagans there, who opprobriously tied fish-tails to their backsides, in revenge thereof, such appendants grew to the hind parts of all the generation." All this is foreign to the purpose, and weakens the spirit of our author by excessive dilutation. The widow does not mean to have the Knight, but she does not choose to tell him so in express terms, and therefore she softens her denial, and at the same time indulges her satirical vein by proposing what she was certain he could not perform, namely, that if he could demonstrate he had a tail, she would consent to marry him. The humour of this is so palpable and pungent, and accords so well with the spirit of the preceding dialogue, and the situation and characters of the speakers, that it is surprising Dr. Grey should have gone so far out of his way as he has done, to give a laboured interpretation to the passage.

V. 753. *The Prince of Cambay's*, &c.] In Purchase's Pilgrims there is an account of "Macamut, Sultan of Cambaya, who ate poison from his cradle, and was of that poisonous nature, that when he determined to put any nobleman to death, he had him stripped naked, spit upon him, and he instantly died. He had four thousand concubines, and she with whom he lay was always found dead next morning; and if a fly did light upon his hand, it instantly died." The tales of one thousand and one nights were not known to the European world at the period when Butler wrote, or they would have proved a fertile source of allusion to his fertile and happy genius.

V. 763. —— *by postulate illation.*] That is, to draw an inference from a supposition. There is a *double entendre* in the following

line, which, however suitable to the age of Charles II. is not of a nature at the present day to bear annotation.

V. 765-6-7. *But since y' have yet denied to give*
My heart, your pris'ner, a reprieve,
But made it sink down to my heel.] The Knight, very characteristically, throughout the whole of this poem, shews self-interest to be his polar star. When he cannot prevail upon the widow to lend a favorable ear to his addresses, he determines to solicit her to extricate him from his bondage. He entreats her to compassionate his sufferings, and that if she will not take pity upon him as a mistress, at least she will exert her influence as a friend, to deliver him from his disgraceful bondage.

V. 771-2. *And, by discharge or mainprize, grant*
Deliv'ry from this base restraint.] That is, either by bailing him out, or by taking him into friendly custody (mainprize) he might be released from his ignominious prison.

One of Dr. Grey's critical coadjutors observes, "Why does the knight petition the widow to release him, when she was neither accessary to his imprisonment, nor appears to have had any power to put an end to it? This seeming incongruity may be solved, by supposing, that the usher that attended her was the constable of the place; so the knight might mean, that she would intercede with him to discharge him absolutely, or to be mainprise for him, that is, bail or surety. By this conduct she makes the hero's deliverance her own act and deed, after having brought him to a compliance with her terms, which were more shameful than the imprisonment itself."

V. 781-2. *Is that which Knights are bound to do*
By order, oath, and honour too.] Don Quixote, at the commencement of his adventures, accosting the two damsels who were taking the air before the door of the inn, where the blanketing adventure afterwards happened, says to them, "Fly not, ladies; nor dread the least affront; for it belongs not to the order of Knighthood, which I profess, to injure any mortal, much less such high-born damsels as your appearance declares you to be." The sixth article of the oath of a Knight, (see Selden's Titles of Honor,) runs thus, "Ye shall defend the just actions and querelles of all ladies of honour, of all true and friendless widows, orphelins, and maids of good fame."

V. 785-6. *But for a lady, no ways errant,*

To free a Knight, we have no warrant.] Butler is mistaken in his assertion here. In the old romances there are many instances of ladies engaging in adventures to procure the deliverance of their captive Knight. To avoid prolixity, it may be just sufficient to mention the mistress of Richard Cœur de Lion, who, while that prince was confined in one of the prisons of the Archduke of Austria, travelled over a great part of Europe in quest of him, disguised in the habit of a minstrel, and at length accidentally discovered him by playing, under the window of his prison, a ditty which the royal captive himself had composed.

V. 787-8. *In any authentical romance,*

Or classic author yet of France.] The French were the most famed of any nation (the Spaniards excepted) for romances; and indeed they were the first who naturalized that species of composition in Europe. The origin of romance is to be traced to the East, and there is great probability that it had its rise among the Hindoos, a learned, ingenious, and polished people, while the nations of Europe were yet immersed in the grossest barbarism.

V. 794. *That might be unwholesome to your spurs.*] One of the punishments of a Knight, convicted of offences against his order, is to have his spurs hacked off by the common executioner.

V. 801. *For as the ancients heretofore,* &c.] According to the ancient allegory, the way to the temple of Honour lay through the temple of Virtue, implying thereby, that those only could be properly honoured who deserved to be so on account of their virtuous actions.

V. 805. *To honor'd freedom,* &c.] The road to freedom, like that to honour, she tells him, is not to be got over without difficulty.

V. 807-8. *Where Knights are kept in narrow lists,*

With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists.] The widow alludes here to Bridewell and other houses of correction, where petty offenders are kept at hard labour, and sometimes punished with whipping previous to their discharge.

V. 811-2. *Whipping, that's Virtue's governess,*

Tut'ress of arts and sciences.] The disciplants of the Roman church scourge their bodies, in order to mortify the desires of the flesh. Of the long-acknowledged efficacy of *birch* in

facilitating the acquisition of the dead languages, there is not a school-boy in the kingdom who can be ignorant.

V. 819-20. *Then, in their robes, the penitentials*
Are straight presented with credentials.] The poet alludes in this place to different acts of parliament against rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars. By statute 39th of Elizabeth, which is the corner-stone of our present system of poor laws and settlement, it is enacted, That every vagabond, &c. shall be publicly whipped, and shall be sent from parish to parish, by the officers thereof, to the parish where he or she was born: or if that is not known, then to the parish where he or she dwelt for the space of one whole year before the punishment; and if that be not known, then to the parish through which he or she passed last without punishment. After which whipping, the same person shall have a testimonial, subscribed with the hand, and sealed with the seal of the said justice, &c. testifying that the said person has been punished according to this act, &c. Many of the severe enactments of this statute have since been modified or repealed.

V. 825-6. *Now, if you'll venture, for my sake,*
To try the toughness of your back.] The widow now proceeds to propose to the knight, that he should take the same means to obtain his liberty, that Sancho Panza was directed to employ in order to procure the disenchantment of the Dulcinea del Toboso.

V. 832. ——— *caperdewsie.*] A Scotch word for a pair of stocks.

V. 839-40. *If matrimony and hanging go*
By dest'ny, why not whipping too?] Butler is no where happier than in the humour of his allusions to old proverbs, and as matrimony and hanging are commonly said to go by destiny, she asks, why may not whipping too? It may be observed, that many of our old English proverbs tend to establish a belief in the doctrine of predestination. Of this kind is the proverb above alluded to, and another one of the same sort, that it is better to be born lucky than rich, or that one man is born with a wooden spoon in his mouth, and another with a silver one. It is to be noticed, however, that these proverbs are seldom appealed to in real life, except by those who have met with misfortunes in the world; for, as Swift well observes, the power of fortune is confessed only by

the miserable; for the happy impute all their success to prudence or merit.

V. 845-6. *A Persian emp'ror whipp'd his grannam,*

The sea, &c.] The bridge of the Hellespont, over which Xerxes marched his forces from Asia into Greece, being broken down by the violence of the waves, Xerxes commanded that arm of the sea to be lashed with chains, for not having shown proper respect to his pontoons.

Ibid. —— *his mother Venus came on.*] How Xerxes derived his descent from Venus it is not easy to conceive, unless we understand here by Venus, that universal principle without which the whole animal species must become extinct.

V. 847-8. *And hence some rev'rend men approve*

Of rosemary in making love.] As Venus was reported to have sprung from the foam of the sea, he intimates that rosemary (*rosmarinus* in Latin,) or sea-dew, as resembling in a morning the dew of the sea, was of use in making love.

V. 849-50. *As skilful coopers hoop their tubs*

With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs.] Whoever has observed coopers at work, must have perceived that they give one sharp and then two dull blows with the hammer on their hoops. The vibrations produced by these blows, Butler compares to Lydian and Phrygian measures; the first of which was soft and effeminate, and fit for feasting and good fellowship; the other, on the contrary, was masculine and spirited, proper to inspire courage and enthusiasm, and, therefore, used in war. Dr. Grey, in his note upon this passage, relates a pleasant story of a cooper of North Wales, "who, having spent a considerable quantity of lungs and leather in footing the country, and crying his goods to no purpose, took another method to bring in customers. He applied to a friend of his, a shrewd blade, who made almanacks twice a year, and by his advice was induced to alter his method. He looked over all his bundle of hoops, and chalked upon one *Orbis Lunæ*, upon another *Orbis Saturni*, upon a third *Cælum Crystallinum*, and so upon the largest, which he named *Primum Mobile;* and styling himself *Atlas*, he soon found custom in abundance: not a pipe nor hogshead but he had an orb to fit it; and so proportionably for smaller vortexes, as firkins and kilderkins. Such a way could not

fail of universal approbation; because every hostess in town cannot but know that the weather has great influence on beer and ale, and therefore it is good to scrape an acquaintance with Mars, Saturn, and their adherents."

V. 857-8. *Who would not rather suffer whippin,*

Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbin.] In Dr. Grey's edition of our poet, there is the following note on this passage. "The author of a tract, entitled a Character of France, 1659, p. 12, observes of the French gallants, 'that in their frolics, they spare not the ornaments of their madams, who cannot wear a piece of ferret ribbon, but they will cut it in pieces, and swallow it in urine, to celebrate their better fortune.' Happily this refinement of gallantry was never introduced into England. Howell, in his Familiar Letters, says, that when the English soldiers rifled the dead bodies of the French gentlemen, who were killed at the invasion of the Isle of Ree, 1627, they found that many of them had their mistress' favours tied about their genitories." *Epist. Ho-Elianæ*, Sect. v. Let. v.

V. 863. *With China oranges and tarts.*] Women, in all ages, have been gratified with little presents and attentions like those here mentioned.

V. 865-6. *Bribe chambermaids with love and money,*

To break no roguish jests upon ye.] This is likewise a piece of advice which Ovid gives in his first book of his Art of Love:—

"First gain the maid: by her thou shalt be sure
A free access, and easy to procure;
Who knows what to her office does belong,
Is in the secret, and can hold her tongue.
Bribe her with gifts, and promises, and prayers,
For her good word goes far in love affairs."

V. 870. *Do penance in a paper lantern.*] An allusion probably to the penitentiaries in the church of Rome, who do penance in white sheets, carrying wax tapers in their hands. Archbishop Arundel enjoined such as abjured the heresy of Wickliffe the following penance: "That, in the public prayers, and in the open market, they should go in procession only with their shirts on, carrying in one hand a burning taper, and in the other a crucifix;

and that they should fall thrice on their knees, and every time devoutly kiss it."

V. 875-6. *Did not the great La Mancha do so*
For the Infanta del Toboso?] Alluding to Don Quixote's penance in the Brown Mountains, in imitation of the renowned Beltenebros.

V. 877-8. *Did not th' illustrious Bassa make*
Himself a slave for Misse's sake?] Alluding to Madame Scudery's romance, entitled, Ibrahim the illustrious Bassa. Ibrahim, hearing that his mistress was married to the Prince of Masseron (a groundless report,) was determined to throw away his life in the wars; but was taken prisoner by Chairadan, King of Algiers, and by him presented to Sinan Bassa, by whose means he became a slave to Solyman the Magnificent.

V. 879-80. *And with bull's pizzle, for her love,*
Was taw'd as gentle as a glove.] Alluding to the emperor's ill usage of him on account of his mistress, with whom he was enamoured, and his design of taking away his life, notwithstanding his promise, that he should never be cut off during his own life; and yet though the Mufti's interpretation, at the instance of Roxalana, his favourite sultana, was, that as sleep was a resemblance of death, he might be safely put to death when the emperor was asleep; yet Solyman, (if we may believe Madame Scudery) got the better of his inclination, saved his life, and very honorably dismissed him and his mistress.

V. 883. ——— *pathick.*] Suffering, feeling, or sympathizing.

V. 885-6-7-8. *Did not a certain lady whip,*
Of late, her husband's own lordship?
And tho' a grandee of the house,
Claw'd him with fundamental blows?] Dr. Grey says, "that this was William Lord Monson, who lived at Bury St. Edmunds, of whom my friend Mr. Smith, of Harleston, had the following account from a gentleman of that place: That, notwithstanding he sat as one of the King's Judges, (but did not sign the warrant for his execution,) yet either by showing those favours, not allowable in those days of sanctity, to the unsanctified cavaliers, or some other act which discovered an inclination to

forsake the good old cause, he had so far lessened his credit with his brethren in iniquity, that they began to suspect, and to threaten that they would use him as a malignant. His lady, who was a woman of more refined politics, and of the true Disciplinarian spirit, to show her disapprobation of her lord's wavering disposition, and to disperse the gathering storm, did, by the help of her maids, tie his lordship stark naked to a bed-post, and, with rods, made him so sensible of his fault, that he promised, upon his honour, to behave well for the future, and to ask pardon of his superiors; for which salutary discipline she had thanks given her in open court." To this, or a whipping upon some other occasion, the old ballads allude.

" Lord M—n—n next, the bencher
Who waited with a trencher,
He there with the buffle head,
Is called Lord, and of the same house
Who (as I have heard it said)
Was chastised by his lady spouse:
Because he run at sheep,
She and her maids gave him the whip,
And beat his head so addle,
You'd think he had a knock in the cradle."

Of a very different character from this lady, was the lady of Lord Fairfax, who was also nominated one of the King's Judges. On the first day of the trial, the crier of the court called over the names of the commissioners; and nobody answering for Lord Fairfax, his name was repeated, when a female voice from the gallery exclaimed, " he has more wit than to be here." When the impeachment was read in the name of all the good people of England, " No, (replied the same voice, in a shriller tone,) nor the twentieth part of them." One of the officers ordered a file of musqueteers to fire at the place from whence this answer proceeded; but they soon discovered that the person who spoke was the Lady Fairfax, whom they persuaded to retire. Notwithstanding this attempt, (if attempt it may be called,) in favour of the unfortunate Charles, Lady Fairfax was a rigid Presbyterian, and on many public occasions showed that she had great influence over the ge-

neral her husband. Mrs. Hutchinson, in her admirable Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, speaking of the Lady Fairfax, says, "she was exceedingly kind to her husband's chaplaines, independent ministers, till the armie returned to be nearer London, and then the Presbyterian ministers quite changed the lady into such a bitter aversion against them, that they could not endure to come into the general's presence while she was there, and the general had an unquiett, unpleasant life with her, who drove away from him many of those friends in whose conversation he had found such sweetenesse."

V. 896. *Quoth he, I do profess and swear.*] "After all the fine encomiums bestowed upon love, (says one of the commentators upon Hudibras,) it must be mortifying to a man of sense, whether successful in it or not, to look back upon the infinite number of silly things and servile compliances he has been guilty of in the course of his amours. The widow has very frankly told the Knight, and in him all the world, what tortures, penances, and base condescensions, a lover must unavoidably undergo and comply with; to all which she artfully gives the preference to whipping, which was necessary for the designs she had in view: she cajoles the silly Knight with specious commendations of its practice, and alleges many instances of it, and particularly one, of which the Knight could not be ignorant; and on the other hand, has made the slavish parts of love so formidable, that it was no wonder he was frighted into a whipping resolution. Nothing can excuse him in this juncture, but the uneasiness of his present embarrasment, and an ardent desire of regaining that invaluable blessing, liberty."

V. 903. *The sun grew low, and left the skies,* &c.] The evening is here finely described: the greater poets were not more exact in describing times and seasons than our author. We may trace his hero's morning and night; and it should be observed, in the conclusion of this canto, conformable to the practice of the critics upon Homer and Virgil, that one day is only passed since the opening of the poem.

V. 905. *The moon pull'd off her veil of light.*] Sullen, in Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess, speaks thus of Amoret:

" Methought the beams of light that did appear
Were shot from her; methought the moon gave none
But what it had from her."

V. 907-8. *Mysterious veil of brightness made,*
That's both her lustre and her shade.] Warburton says, (and we perfectly concur with him,) " Extremely fine! the rays of the sun being the cause why we cannot see the moon by day, and why we can see it by night."

PART II.---CANTO II.

The Argument.

The Knight and Squire in hot dispute,
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange alarm and stranger sight;
With which advent'ring to stickle,
They're sent away in nasty pickle.

'Tis strange how some men's tempers suit
(Like bawd and brandy) with dispute;
That for their own opinions stand fast,
Only to have them claw'd and canvast;
That keep their consciences in cases,
As fiddlers do their crowds and bases,
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent
To play a fit for argument;
Make true and false, unjust and just,
Of no use but to be discust;

Dispute, and set a paradox
Like a strait boot upon the stocks,
And stretch it more unmercifully
Than Helmont, Montaigne, White, or Tully.
So th' ancient Stoics, in their porch,
With fierce dispute maintain'd their church,
Beat out their brains in fight and study,
To prove that virtue is a body,
That *bonum* is an animal
Made good with stout polemic brawl;
In which some hundreds on the place
Were slain outright, and many a face
Retrench'd of nose, and eyes, and beard,
To maintain what their sect averr'd.
All which the Knight and Squire, in wrath,
Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith;
Each striving to make good his own,
As by the sequel shall be shown.
 The sun had long since in the lap
Of Thetis taken out his nap,
And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn:
When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aking
'Twixt sleeping kept all night and waking,

Began to rub his drowsy eyes,
And from his couch prepar'd to rise,
Resolving to dispatch the deed
He vow'd to do, with trusty speed.
But first, with knocking loud, and bawling,
He rous'd the Squire, in truckle lolling:
And, after many circumstances,
Which vulgar authors in romances
Do use to spend their time and wits on,
To make impertinent description,
They got, with much ado, to horse,
And to the castle bent their course,
In which he to the dame before
To suffer whipping-duty swore:
Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,
To carry on the work in earnest,
He stopp'd, and paus'd upon the sudden,
And with a serious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new scruple in his head,
Which first he scratch'd, and after said:
Whether it be direct infringing
An oath, if I should wave this swinging,
And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,
And so b' equivocation swear:

Or whether 't be a lesser sin
To be foresworn than act the thing,
Are deep and subtle points, which must,
T' inform my Conscience, be discust;
In which to err a tittle, may
To errours infinite make way:
And therefore I desire to know
Thy judgment ere we further go.
 Quoth Ralpho, Since you do enjoin 't,
I shall enlarge upon the point;
And, for my own part, do not doubt
Th' affirmative may be made out.
But first, to state the case aright,
For best advantage of our light:
And thus 'tis; Whether 't be a sin
To claw and curry your own skin,
Greater or less than to forbear,
And that you are forsworn forswear.
But first o' th' first: The inward man,
And outward, like a clan and clan,
Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing:
Not that they really cuff or fence,
But in a spiritual mystic sense;

Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble,
In literal fray, 's abominable:
'Tis Heathenish, in frequent use
With Pagans and apostate Jews,
To offer sacrifice of Bridewells,
Like modern Indians, to their idols:
And mongrel Christians of our times,
That expiate less with greater crimes,
And call the foul abomination
Contrition and mortification.
Is 't not enough we're bruis'd and kicked
With sinful members of the Wicked;
Our vessels, that are sanctify'd,
Profan'd, and curry'd back and side;
But we must claw ourselves with shameful
And Heathen stripes by their example?
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
Is impious, because they did it.
This, therefore, may be justly reckon'd
A heinous sin. Now to the second:
That saints may claim a dispensation
To swear and forswear on occasion,
I doubt not but it will appear
With pregnant light; the point is clear.

Oaths are but words, and words but wind;
Too feeble implements to bind;
And hold with deeds proportion, so
As shadows to a substance do.
Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit
The weaker vessel should submit.
Although your Church be opposite
To ours as Blackfriars are to White,
In rule and order yet I grant
You are a Reformado saint;
And what the saints do claim as due,
You may pretend a title to.
But Saints, whom oaths and vows oblige,
Know little of their privilege;
Further (I mean) than carrying on
Some self-advantage of their own.
For if the devil, to serve his turn,
Can tell truth, why the saints should scorn,
When it serves theirs, to swear and lie,
I think there's little reason why:
Else he 'as a greater power than they
Which 'twere impiety to say.
We're not commanded to forbear,
Indefinitely, at all to swear;

But to swear idly, and in vain,
Without self-interest or gain.
For breaking of an oath, and lying,
Is but a kind of self-denying.
A saint-like virtue; and from hence
Some have broke oaths by Providence:
Some, to the Glory of the Lord,
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word;
And this the constant rule and practice
Of all our late apostles' acts is.
Was not the cause at first begun
With perjury, and carried on?
Was there an oath the Godly took,
But in due time and place they broke?
Did we not bring our oaths in first,
Before our plate, to have them burst,
And cast in fitter models for
The present use of Church and War?
Did not our Worthies of the House,
Before they broke the peace, break vows?
For, having freed us first from both
Th' Allegiance and Suprem'cy oath,
Did they not next compel the nation
To take, and break the Protestation?

To swear, and after to recant,
The Solemn League and Covenant?
To take th' Engagement, and disclaim it;
Enforc'd by those who first did frame it?
Did they not swear, at first, to fight
For the King's safety and his right;
And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with horse and foot;
But yet still had the confidence
To swear it was in his defence?
Did they not swear to live and die
With Essex, and straight laid him by?
If that were all, for some have swore
As false as they, if they did no more.
Did they not swear to maintain Law,
In which that swearing made a flaw?
For Protestant religion vow,
That did that vowing disallow?
For Privilege of Parliament,
In which that swearing made a rent?
And since, of all the three, not one
Is left in being, 'tis well known.
Did they not swear, in express words,
To prop and back the House of Lords;

And after turn'd out the whole houseful
Of Peers, as dang'rous and unuseful?
So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,
Swore all the Commons out o' th' House;
Vow'd that the Redcoats would disband,
Ay, marry would they, at their command;
And troll'd them on, and swore, and swore,
Till th' Army turn'd them out of door.
This tells us plainly what they thought,
That oaths and swearing go for nought,
And that by them th' were only meant
To serve for an expedient.
What was the Public Faith found out for,
But to slur men of what they fought for?
The Public Faith, which ev'ry one
Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why
Should Private Faith have such a tie?
Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,
To keep the Good and Just in awe,
But to confine the Bad and Sinful,
Like mortal cattle in a pinfold.
A Saint's of th' heav'nly realm a Peer;
And as no Peer is bound to swear

But on the Gospel of his Honour,
Of which he may dispose, as owner,
It follows, though the thing be forg'ry,
And false t' affirm it is no perj'ry,
But a mere ceremony, and a breach
Of nothing but a form of speech,
And goes for no more when 'tis took
Than mere saluting of the Book.
Suppose the scriptures are of force,
They're but commissions of course:
And saints have freedom to digress,
And vary from 'em, as they please;
Or misinterpret them, by private
Instructions, to all aims they drive at.
Then why should we ourselves abridge,
And curtail our own privilege?
Quakers (that, like to lanterns, bear
Their light within 'em) will not swear;
Their Gospel is an Accidence,
By which they construe Conscience,
And hold no sin so deeply red
As that of breaking Priscian's head
(The head and founder of their order,
That stirring hats held worse than murder).

These, thinking they're obliged to troth
In swearing, will not take an oath:
Like mules, who if they've not their will
To keep their own pace, stand stock still:
But they are weak, and little know
What free-born Consciences may do.
'Tis the temptation of the devil
That makes all human actions evil:
For Saints may do the same things by
The Spirit, in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's instance do;
And yet the actions be contrary,
Just as the Saints and Wicked vary.
For, as on land there is no beast
But in some fish at sea's exprest,
So in the Wicked there's no vice
Of which the Saints have not a spice;
And yet that thing that's pious in
The one, in th' other is a sin.
Is't not ridiculous and nonsense
A saint should be a slave to Conscience;
That ought to be above such fancies,
As far as above Ordinances?

She's of the wicked, as I guess
B' her looks, her language, and her dress:
And though like constables we search
For false wares one another's Church;
Yet all of us hold this for true,
No faith is to the Wicked due.
For truth is precious and divine;
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.
Quoth Hudibras, All this is true:
Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew
Those mysteries and revelations;
And therefore topical evasions
Of subtle turns and shifts of sense,
Serve best with th' Wicked for pretence:
Such as the learned Jesuits use,
And Presbyterians, for excuse
Against the Protestants, when th' happen
To find their Churches taking napping.
As thus: A breach of Oath is duple,
And either way admits a scruple,
And may be *ex parte* of the maker
More criminal, than the injur'd taker;
For he that strains too far a vow
Will break it, like an o'erbent bow:

And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it;
Not he that for Convenience took it.
A broken oath is, *quatenus* oath,
As sound t' all purposes of troth;
As broken laws are ne'er the worse:
Nay, till they're broken have no force.
What's justice to a man, or laws,
That never comes within their claws?
They have no pow'r but to admonish;
Cannot control, coerce, or punish,
Until they're broken, and then touch
Those only that do make 'em such.
Beside, no engagement is allow'd
By men in prison made for good;
For when they're set at liberty
They're from th' engagement too set free.
The Rabbins write, When any Jew
Did make to God or man a vow
Which afterwards he found untoward
And stubborn to be kept, or too hard,
Any three other Jews o' th' nation
Might free him from the obligation:
And have not two saints pow'r to use
A greater privilege than three Jews?

The court of Conscience, which in man
Should be supreme and soveran,
Is't fit should be subordinate
To ev'ry petty court i' th' state,
And have less power than the lesser,
To deal with perjury at pleasure?
Have its proceedings disallow'd, or
Allow'd, at fancy of pye-powder?
Tell all it does, or does not know,
For swearing *ex officio?*
Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
And pigs unring'd, at *vis. franc.* pledge?
Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,
Priests, witches, eaves-droppers, and nusance?
Tell who did play at games unlawful,
And who fill'd pots of ale but half-full?
And have no pow'r at all, nor shift,
To help itself at a dead lift?
Why should not Conscience have vacation
As well as other courts o' th' nation;
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance and return;
And make as nice distinction serve
To split a case, as those that carve,

Invoking cuckolds' names, hit joints?
Why should not tricks as slight do points?
Is not th' High-court of Justice sworn
To judge that law that serves their turn?
Make their own jealousies high-treason,
And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on?
Cannot the learned Counsel there
Make laws in any shape appear?
Mould 'em as witches do their clay,
When they make pictures to destroy;
And vex 'em into any form
That fits their purpose to do harm?
Rack 'em until they do confess,
Impeach of treason whom they please,
And most perfidiously condemn
Those that engage their lives for them;
And yet do nothing in their own sense,
But what they ought by Oath and Conscience;
Can they not juggle, and with slight
Conveyance play with wrong and right;
And sell their blasts of wind as dear,
As Lapland witches bottled air?
Will not Fear, Favour, Bribe, and Grudge,
The same case sev'ral ways adjudge;

As seamen with the self-same gale,
Will sev'ral diff'rent courses sail?
As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds,
Those banks and dams, that, like a screen,
Did keep it out, now keep it in;
So, when tyrannical usurpation
Invades the freedom of a nation,
The laws o' th' land, that were intended
To keep it out, are made defend it.
Does not in Chanc'ry every man swear
What makes best for him in his answer?
Is not the winding up witnesses,
And nicking, more than half the bus'ness?
For witnesses, like watches, go
Just as they're set, too fast or slow;
And, where in Conscicnce they're strait-lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that side is cast.
Do not your Juries give their verdict
As if they felt the cause, not heard it?
And, as they please, make matter o' fact
Run all one side as they're packt;
Nature has made man's breast no windores,
To publish what he does within dores;

Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
Unless his own rash folly blab it.
If Oaths can do a man no good
In his own bus'ness, why they should,
In other matters, do him hurt;
I think there's little reason for't.
He that imposes an Oath, makes it;
Not he that for Convenience takes it:
Then how can any man be said
To break an Oath he never made?
These reasons may perhaps look oddly
To th' Wicked, though they evince the Godly;
But if they will not serve to clear
My honour, I am ne'er the near.
Honour is like that glassy bubble
That finds philosophers such trouble,
Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,
And wits are crack'd to find out why.
Quoth Ralpho, Honour's but a word
To swear by only in a Lord:
In other men, 'tis but a huff
To vapour with, instead of proof;
That, like a wen, looks big and swells,
Is senseless, and just nothing else.

Let it (quoth he) be what it will,
It has the world's opinion still.
But as men are not wise that run
The slightest hazard they may shun,
There may a medium be found out
To clear to all the world the doubt;
And that is, if a man may do 't,
By proxy whipt, or substitute.
 Though nice and dark the point appear
(Quoth Ralph,) it may hold up and clear.
That Sinners may supply the place
Of suff'ring Saints, is a plain case.
Justice gives sentence many times
On one man for another's crimes.
Our Brethren of New England use
Choice Malefactors to excuse,
And hang the Guiltless in their stead,
Of whom the Churches have less need;
As lately 't happen'd: In a town
There liv'd a Cobbler, and but one,
That out of Doctrine could cut Use,
And mend men's lives as well as shoes.
This precious Brother having slain
In times of peace an Indian,

Not out of malice, but mere zeal
(Because he was an Infidel,)
The mighty Tottipottymoy
Sent to our Elders an Envoy,
Complaining sorely of the breach
Of league, held forth by Brother Patch,
Against the articles in force
Between both Churches, his and ours;
For which he crav'd the Saints to render
Into his hands, or hang, th' offender.
But they, maturely having weigh'd
They had no more but him o' th' trade
(A man that serv'd them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobble,)
Resolv'd to spare him; yet, to do
The Indian Hoghan Moghan too
Impartial justice, in his stead did
Hang an old Weaver that was bed-rid.
Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd,
And in your room another whipp'd?
For all philosophers, but the Sceptic,
Hold whipping may be sympathetic.
 It is enough, quoth Hudibras,
Thou hast resolv'd and clear'd the case;

And canst, in Conscience, not refuse
From thy own Doctrine to raise Use:
I know thou wilt not (for my sake)
Be tender-conscienc'd of thy back:
Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,
And give thy outward-fellow a ferking;
For when thy vessel is new hoop'd,
All leaks of sinning will be stopp'd.
 Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter;
For in all scruples of this nature
No man includes himself, nor turns
The point upon his own concerns.
As no man of his own self catches
The itch or amorous French aches;
So no man does himself convince,
By his own doctrine, of his sins:
And though all cry down self, none means
His own self in a literal sense.
Besides, it is not only foppish,
But vile, idolatrous, and Popish,
For one man out of his own skin
To frisk and whip another's sin;
As pedants out of school-boys' breeches
Do claw and curry their own itches.

But in this case it is profane,
And sinful too, because in vain;
For we must take our oaths upon it
You did the deed, when I have done it.
Quoth Hudibras, That's answer'd soon;
Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.
Quoth Ralpho, That we may swear true,
'Twere properer that I whipp'd you;
For when with your consent 'tis done
The act is really your own.
Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain
(I see) to argue 'gainst the grain;
Or, like the stars, incline men to
What they're averse themselves to do:
For when disputes are weary'd out,
'Tis int'rest still resolves the doubt.
But since no reason can confute ye,
I'll try to force you to your duty;
For so it is, howe'er you mince it,
As, e'er we part, I shall evince it;
And curry (if you stand out,) whether
You will or no, your stubborn leather.
Canst thou refuse to bear thy part
I' th' public Work, base as thou art?

To higgle thus for a few blows,
To gain thy Knight an op'lent spouse,
Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase
Merely for th' int'rest of the Churches?
And when he has it in his claws
Will not be hide-bound to the Cause;
Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgin
If thou dispatch it without grudging:
If not, resolve, before we go,
That you and I must pull a crow.

Y' had best (quoth Ralpho,) as the Ancients
Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,
And Look before you ere you leap;
For As you sow, y' are like to reap:
And were y' as good as George-a-Green,
I should make bold to turn again;
Nor am I doubtful of the issue
In a just quarrel, and mine is so.
Is't fitting for a man of honour
To whip the Saints, like Bishop Bonner?
A Knight t' usurp the Beadle's office,
For which y' are like to raise brave trophies?
But I advise you (not for fear,
But for your own sake) to forbear;

And for the Churches, which may chance
From hence to spring a variance,
And raise among themselves new scruples,
Whom common danger hardly couples.
Remember how in arms and politics
We still have worsted all your holy tricks;
Trepann'd your party with intrigue,
And took your Grandees down a peg;
New-modell'd th' army, and cashier'd
All that to Legion Smec adher'd;
Made a mere utensil o' your Church,
And after laid it in the lurch,
A scaffold to build up our own,
And when w' had done with 't pull'd it down;
Capoch'd your Rabbins of the Synod,
And snapp'd their Canons with a Why-not.
(Grave Synod-men, that were rever'd
For solid face and depth of beard;)
Their Classic model prov'd a maggot,
Their Direct'ry an Indian pagod;
And drown'd their Discipline like a kitten,
On which th' had been so long a-sitting;
Decry'd it as a holy cheat
Grown out of date and obsolete,

And all the Saints of the first grass
As castling foals of Balaam's ass.
At this the Knight grew high in chafe,
And, staring furiously on Ralph,
He trembled and look'd pale with ire,
Like ashes first, then red as fire.
Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in fight,
And for so many moons lain by 't,
And when all other means did fail
Have been exchang'd for tubs of ale
(Not but they thought me worth a ransom
Much more considerable and handsome,
But for their own sakes and for fear
They were not safe when I was there)
Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,
An upstart Sect'ry and a Mongrel,
Such as breed out of peccant humours
Of our own Church, like wens or tumours,
And, like a maggot in a sore,
Would that which gave it life devour?
It never shall be done or said.
With that he seiz'd upon his blade;
And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,
Upon his basket-hilt laid hold

With equal readiness, prepar'd
To draw and stand upon his guard:
When both were parted on the sudden
With hideous clamour and a loud one,
As if all sorts of noise had been
Contracted into one loud din;
Or that some member to be chosen
Had got the odds above a thousand,
And by the greatness of his noise
Prov'd fittest for his country's choice.
This strange surprisal put the Knight
And wrathful Squire into a fright;
And though they stood prepar'd, with fatal
Impetuous rancour, to join battle,
Both thought it was the wisest course
To wave the fight and mount to horse,
And to secure, by swift retreating,
Themselves from danger of worse beating:
Yet neither of them would disparage,
By utt'ring of his mind, his courage,
Which made them stoutly keep their ground,
With horror and disdain wind-bound.
And now the cause of all their fear
By slow degrees approach'd so near,

They might distinguish diff'rent noise
Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,
And kettle-drums, whose sullen dub
Sounds like the hooping of a tub.
But when the sight appear'd in view,
They found it was an antique shew;
A triumph, that for pomp and state
Did proudest Romans emulate.
For as the Aldermen of Rome,
Their foes at training overcome
(And not enlarging territory,
As some mistaken write in story,)
Being mounted in their best array
Upon a carre—and who but they?—
And follow'd with a world of tall lads,
That merry ditties troll'd and ballads,
Did ride with many a Good-morrow,
Crying, Hey for our town! through the Borough;
So when this triumph drew so nigh
They might particulars descry,
They never saw two things so pat
In all respects, as this and that.
First, he that led the cavalcate
Wore a sow-gelder's flagellate,

On which he blew as strong a levet
As well-feed lawyer on his brev'ate;
When over one another's heads
They charge (three ranks at once) like Swedes.
Next pans and kettles of all keys,
From trebles down to double base;
And after them, upon a nag
That might pass for a forehand stag,
A cornet rode, and on his staff
A smock display'd did proudly wave:
Then bagpipes of the loudest drones
With snuffling broken-winded tones,
Whose blasts of air, in pockets shut,
Sound filthier than from the gut,
And make a viler noise than swine
In windy weather when they whine.
Next one upon a pair of panniers,
Full fraught with that which for good manners
Shall here be nameless, mix'd with grains,
Which he dispens'd among the swains,
And busily upon the crowd
At random round about bestow'd.
Then, mounted on a horned horse,
One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,

Ty'd to the pummel of a long sword
He held revers'd, the point turn'd downward.
Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed,
The conqu'rour's Standard-bearer rid,
And bore aloft before the champion
A petticoat display'd, and rampant;
Near whom the Amazon triumphant
Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on't
Sat, face to tail, and bum to bum,
The warriour whilom overcome,
Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff,
Which as he rode, she made him twist off;
And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder
Chastis'd the reformado soldier.
Before the Dame, and round about,
March'd whifflers and staffiers on foot,
With lacquies, grooms, valets, and pages,
In fit and proper equipages;
Of whom some torches bore, some links,
Before the proud virago minx,
That was both Madam and a Don,
Like Nero's Sporus or Pope Joan;
And at fit periods the whole rout
Set up their throats with clam'rous shout.

The Knight transported, and the Squire,
Put up their weapons and their ire;
And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder
On such sights with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His an'madversions, for his heart.
Quoth he, In all my life till now
I ne'er saw so profane a show:
It is a Paganish invention
Which Heathen writers often mention;
And he who made it had read Goodwin,
Or Ross, or Cælius Rhodogine,
With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows
That best describe those ancient shows,
And has observ'd all fit decorums
We find describ'd by old historians.
For as the Roman conquerour
That put an end to foreign war,
Ent'ring the town in triumph for it,
Bore a slave with him in his chariot;
So this insulting female brave
Carries behind her here a slave:
And as the Ancients long ago,
When they in field defy'd the foe,

Hung out their mantles *della guerre*,
So her proud Standard-bearer here
Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner,
A Tyrian petticoat for banner.
Next links and torches, heretofore
Still borne before the emperour:
And, as in antique triumph eggs
Were borne for mystical intrigues,
There's one in truncheon, like a ladle,
That carries eggs too, fresh or addle;
And still at random as he goes,
Among the rabble-rout bestows.
Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter;
For all th' antiquity you smatter
Is but a riding us'd of course
When the grey mare's the better horse;
When o'er the breeches greedy women
Fight to extend their vast dominion,
And in the cause impatient Grizel
Has dubb'd her husband with bull's pizzle,
And brought him under Covert-baron,
To turn her vassal with a murrain;
When wives their sexes shift, like hares,
And ride their husbands, like night-mares,

And they in mortal battle vanquish'd,
Are of their charter disenfranchis'd,
And by the right of war, like gills,
Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels:
For when men by their wives are cow'd,
Their horns of course are understood.
Quoth Hudibras, Thou still giv'st sentence
Impertinently and against sense:
'Tis not the least disparagement
To be defeated by th' event,
Nor to be beaten by main force;
That does not make a man the worse,
Although his shoulders with battoon
Be claw'd and cudgel'd to some tune.
A tailor's prentice has no hard
Measure that's bang'd with a true yard;
But to turn tail or run away,
And without blows give up the day,
Or to surrender ere th' assault,
That's no man's fortune, but his fault;
And renders men of honour less
Than all th' adversity of success:
And only unto such this shew
Of horns and petticoats is due.

There is a lesser profanation,
Like that the Romans call'd Ovation:
For as ovation was allow'd
For conquest purchas'd without blood;
So men decree those lesser shows,
For vict'ry gotten without blows,
By dint of sharp hard words, which some
Give battle with, and overcome;
These mounted in a chair-curule,
Which moderns call a cuckling-stool,
March proudly to the river's side,
And o'er th' waves in triumph ride;
Like dukes of Venice, who are said
The Adriatic sea to wed;
And have a gentler wife than those
For whom the state decrees those shows.
But both are heathenish, and come
From the whores of Babylon and Rome;
And by the saints should be withstood,
As antichristian and lewd;
And we, as such, should now contribute
Our utmost strugglings to prohibit.
This said, they both advanc'd, and rode
A dog-trot through the bawling crowd,

T' attack the leader, and still prest,
Till they approach'd him breast to breast.
Then Hudibras with face and hand
Made signs for silence; which obtain'd:
What means (quoth he) this dev'l's procession
With men of orthodox profession?
'Tis ethnique and idolatrous,
From Heathenism deriv'd to us.
Does not the Whore of Bab'lon ride
Upon her horned Beast astride
Like this proud Dame, who either is
A type of her, or she of this?
Are things of superstitious function
Fit to be us'd in Gospel sunshine?
It is an antichristian opera,
Much us'd in midnight times of Popery;
Of running after self-inventions
Of wicked and profane intentions;
To scandalise that sex for scolding,
To whom the saints are so beholden.
Women, who were our first apostles,
Without whose aid we 'ad all been lost else;
Women, that left no stone unturn'd
In which the Cause might be concern'd;

Brought in their children's spoons and whistles
To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols;
Their husbands' cullies, and sweethearts,
To take the Saints' and Churches' parts;
Drew several Gifted Brethren in,
That for the Bishops would have been,
And fix'd 'em constant to the party
With motives powerful and hearty;
Their husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts
T' administer unto their Gifts
All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,
To scraps and ends of gold and silver;
Rubb'd down the Teachers, tir'd and spent
With holding forth for Parl'ament;
Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal
With marrow puddings many a meal;
Enabled them, with store of meat,
On controverted points to eat;
And cramm'd 'em till their guts did ake
With caudle, custard, and plum-cake.
What have they done or what left undone
That might advance the Cause at London?
March'd rank and file with drum and ensign,
T' intrench the City for defence in;

Rais'd rampiers with their own soft hands,
To put the Enemy to stands:
From ladies down to oyster wenches
Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,
Fall'n to their pickaxes and tools,
And help'd the men to dig like moles.
Have not the handmaids of the City
Chose of their Members a Committee,
For raising of a common purse,
Out of their wages to raise horse?
And do they not as Triers sit,
To judge what officers are fit?
Have they—At that an egg let fly
Hit him directly o'er the eye,
And, running down his cheek, besmear'd
With orange-tawny slime his beard;
But beard and slime being of one hue,
The wound the less appear'd in view.
Then he that on the panniers rode
Let fly on th' other side a load,
And, quickly charg'd again, gave fully
In Ralpho's face another volley.
The Knight was startled with the smell,
And for his sword began to feel;

And Ralpho, smother'd with the stink,
Grasp'd his, when one that bore a link
O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,
Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole;
And straight another with his flambeau
Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.
The beasts began to kick and fling,
And forc'd the rout to make a ring;
Through which they quickly broke their way,
And brought them off from further fray.
And though disorder'd in retreat,
Each of them stoutly kept his seat:
For quitting both their swords and reins,
They grasp'd with all their strength the manes,
And, to avoid the foe's pursuit,
With spurring put their cattle to 't;
And till all four were out of wind,
And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.
After they 'ad paus'd a while, supplying
Their spirits spent with fight and flying,
And Hudibras recruited force
Of lungs for action or discourse:
 Quoth he, That man is sure to lose
That fouls his hands with dirty foes:

For where no honour's to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd.
'Twas ill for us we had to do
With so dishon'rable a foe:
For though the law of arms doth bar
The use of venom'd shot in war,
Yet by the nauseous smell and noisom
Their case-shot savour strong of poison,
And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth
Of some that had a stinking breath;
Else when we put it to the push,
They had not given us such a brush.
But as those pultroons that fling dirt
Do but defile but cannot hurt;
So all the honour they have won,
Or we have lost, is much at one.
'Twas well we made so resolute
A brave retreat, without pursuit,
For if we had not we had sped
Much worse to be in triumph led;
Than which the ancients held no state
Of man's life more unfortunate.
But if this bold adventure e'er
Do chance to reach the widow's ear,

It may, being destin'd to assert
Her sex's honour, reach her heart:
And as such homely treats (they say)
Portend good fortune, so this may,
Vespasian being daub'd with dirt
Was destin'd to the empire for 't;
And from a scavenger did come
To be a mighty prince in Rome:
And why may not this foul address
Presage in love the same success?
Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds,
Advance in quest of nearest ponds;
And after (as we first design'd)
Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.

NOTES,

HISTORICAL, CRITICAL, AND EXPLANATORY.

PART II. CANTO II.

V. 1-2. *'Tis strange how some men's tempers suit*
(Like bawd and brandy) with dispute.] Butler means here that some men have tempers so hot and disputatious that they are never so well satisfied as when they are embroiled in troubles and controversies. Of this description of men, more particularly, were the Presbtyterians of Scotland, who, by an ordinance passed in 1638, directed that the ablest men in each parish should be provided to dispute the king's power in calling assemblies. An unbecoming propensity to speculate in matters of religious opinion, was one of the great faults of the age.

V. 15. *So th' ancient Stoics, in their porch.*] Middleton observes, Life of Cicero, "That the Stoics embraced all their doctrines as so many fixed and immutable truths, from which it was infamous to depart: and by making this their point of honour, held all their disciples in an invincible attachment to them."

V. 19. *That bonum is an animal.*] Dr. Grey says that "Bonum is such a kind of an animal as our modern virtuosi, from Don Quixote, will have windmills under sail to be. The same authors are of opinion, that all ships are fishes while they are afloat, but when they are run on ground, or laid up in the dock, become ships again."

V. 29-30. *The sun had long since, in the lap,*
Of Thetis, taken out his nap.] That is, it was now morning, and the sun had risen from the lap of the ocean.

V. 40. *He rous'd the Squire, in truckle lolling.*] Several of the

books of the Iliad and Odyssey begin with describing the morning; and so our poet takes care to let the world know at what time of the day these momentous actions of his hero were transacted. The morning's approach, the Knight's rising, and rousing up his Squire, are described with exquisite humour. In the latter particular, Butler seems to have had in his eye a similar passage in Don Quixote. "Scarce had the silver moon given bright Phœbus leave, with the ardour of his burning rays, to dry the liquid pearls on his golden locks, when Don Quixote, shaking off sloth from his drowsy members, rose up, and called Sancho, his Squire, who still lay snoring; which Don Quixote seeing, before he could wake him, he said, O happy thou above all that live upon the face of the earth! that, without envy, or being envied, sleepest with a quiet breast! neither persecuted by enchanters, nor frightened by enchantments."

V. 53. *Sprung a new scruple in his head.*] When we are in the highest expectation to see this desperate whipping performed by the Knight, behold! a new scruple arises in his head, whether he might not, forsooth, break his oath. This is exactly conformable to the Knight's character, and to be expected from one who merely pretended to a scrupulous and tender conscience.

V. 55-6. *Whether it be direct infringing*

An oath, if I should wave this swinging.] The following dialogue between Hudibras and Ralpho, sets before us, in the strongest manner, the hypocrisy and villany of the Puritan party in respect to oaths; what equivocations and evasions they made use of, to account for the many perjuries they were daily guilty of, and the several oaths they readily took, and as readily broke, merely as it suited their interest. Archbishop Bramhall, in the Preface to his Serpent's Salve, says, "That the hypocrites of those times, though they magnified the obligation of an oath, yet in their own case dispensed with all oath, civil, military, and religious. We are now told, says he, that the oaths we have taken are not to be examined according to the interpretation of men: No! How then? Surely according to the interpretation of devils."

V. 58. *And so b' equivocation swear*, &c.] Bishop Sanderson (Obligation of Promissory Oaths) censures them upon this head: "They rest secure, (says he) absolving themselves from all guilt and

fear of perjury, and they think they have excellently provided for themselves and consciences, if, during the act of swearing, they can make any shift to defend themselves, either as the Jesuits do, with some equivocation, or mental reservation, or by forcing upon the words some subtle interpretation; or, after they are sworn, they can find some loop-hole, or artificial evasion, whereby such art may be used with the oath, that, the words remaining, the meaning may be eluded with sophism, and the sense utterly lost." And Cowley, in his Puritan and Papist, says—

" With many a mental reservation,
You'll maintain liberty, reserv'd (your own)
For the public good: those sums rais'd you'll disburse,
Reserv'd (the greater part for your own purse.)
You'll root the cavaliers out, every man,
Faith, let it be reserv'd here (if you can.)
You'll make our gracious Charles a glorious king,
Reserv'd (in heav'n,) for thither you will bring
His royal head, the only secure room
For kings, where such as you will never come.
To keep th' estates of subjects you pretend,
Reserv'd (in your own trunks.) You will defend
The church of England, 'tis your protestation—
But that's New England, by small reservation."

V. 77-8. ——— *the inward man,*

And outward ———.] Nothing could be more perfectly ridiculous than the distinction which the precise Puritans were constantly setting up between the outward and inward man. Perhaps the description most suitable to men of this character, is that which was applied to the Puritans of a former age by HIM who spoke the words of everlasting truth, " That, without they were whited sepulchres, but within, nothing but rottenness and dead men's bones."

V. 95. *Our vessels, that are sanctify'd.*] The Squire argues, that he and the Knight are holy vessels, and that it would savour of profaneness if they treated their bodies with the same indignity with which Roman Catholics (whom they held in abhorrence) were accustomed to treat theirs.

V. 103-4. *That saints may claim a dispensation*
To swear and forswear on occasion.] The following lines occur in Cowley's Poem of the Puritan and Papist, before quoted:

" Power of dispensing oaths the Papists claim,
Case* hath got leave of God to do the same.
For you do hate all swearing to, that when
You've swore an oath, you break it straight again.
A curse upon you! which hurts more these nations,
Cavaliers swearing, or your protestations:
Nay, though by you oaths are so much abhor'd,
Y' allow G—d—n me in the Puritan lord." †.

V. 113. *Although your church be opposite.*] It is to be observed, that the Knight was a Presbyterian, the Squire an Independent, and therefore the latter very justly says to him, *although your church be as opposite to ours as black is to white*, yet I must acknowledge that you are a true reformado saint; and that whatever the saints can lay claim to, you have a fair claim to also.

V. 136. *Some have broke oaths by Providence.*] It is said in Walker's History of Independency, " That when it was first moved in the House of Commons to proceed capitally against the king, Cromwell stood up, and told them, " That if any man moved this with design, he should think him the greatest traitor in the world; but since Providence and necessity had cast them upon it, he should pray to God to bless their counsels." In some respects the Presbyterians resembled the sanctimonious pirate, in Shakspeare's Measure for Measure, who went to sea with the Ten Commandments in his pocket, but scraped out the eighth, " Thou shalt not steal." Camden says, that " when they went a stealing, they prayed to God for good fortune, and, if they got a good booty, used to return God thanks for assisting them in their villany, which they looked upon as the gift of God." Ralpho seems to have been in this way of thinking; see the piece in Butler's Remains, entitled Hudibras at Court:

* A Presbyterian.
† Earl of Pembroke.

" I well remember, food and firing,
Some years before I went a squiring,
Were both so dear, to save the life
Of my own self, my child, and wife,
I was constrained to make bold
With landlord's hedges and his fold.
God's goodness more than my desert
Did then, Sir, put into my heart
To choose this tree,* this blessed tree,
To be in need my sanctuary."

Taylor, the water poet, sneers at such profane hypocrites, in the following lines:

" 'Tis all one if a thief, a bawd, or witch,
Or a bribe-taker, should grow damned rich,
And with their trash, got with their hellish pranks,
The hypocritic slaves will give God thanks:
No, let the litter of such hell-hound whelps
Give thanks to th' devil, author of their helps:
To give God thanks, it is almost all one
To make him partner of extortion.
Thus, if men get their wealth by means that's evil,
Let them not give God thanks, but thank the devil."

V. 141-2. *Was not the cause at first begun*
With perjury, and carried on?] In civil wars it is always usual for the one party to accuse the other of having first commenced the troubles. Charles and the Puritans mutually accused each other of being the first to violate the public peace. There were, undoubtedly, great errors on both sides, but it seems now to be pretty generally admitted by all men who entertain a proper veneration for the constitution, that the arbitrary measures of the monarch justified the people in an appeal to arms. The people of England, at the present day, owe more to the struggles of their ancestors against the encroachments of Charles, than, perhaps, they have the virtue to acknowledge.

V. 143-4. *Was there an oath the godly took,*
But in due time and place they broke?] This, says Dr.

* To hide his stolen goods.

Grey, was designed as a ridicule upon the members of the assembly of divines, who had taken two several oaths to maintain that church government which the covenant obliged them to extirpate; namely, when they took their degrees in the university, and when they entered into holy orders; and some of them a third time, when they became members of cathedral churches.—It was Dr. Heylin's remark, "That it was no wonder the Presbyterians should impose new oaths, when they had broke all the old.' And our poet, in his Tale of the Cobbler and Vicar of Bray, makes the latter say:—

"I took so many oaths before,
That now, without remorse,
I take all oaths the state can make,
As merely things of course."

The multiplication of oaths is always injurious to public morals; and the only difference between those oaths which respect property and revenue, and those which relate to political or religious opinions, is, that the former are the most contemptible of the two, and the readier violated by low and vitiated minds. O! that religion, a concern so awful, so sublime, so consolatory, should ever be so debased as to come in contact with the tariff of the tax-gatherer, or to be moulded and shaped according to the conscience of a courtier.

V. 155-6. *To swear, and after to recant,*

The solemn league and covenant.] Sir Roger l'Estrange mentions a trimming clergyman, in the times of the solemn league and covenant, who said, "the oath went against his conscience, but yet if he did not swear, some varlet or other would swear, and get into his living." I have heard of another (says Dr. Grey) who declared to all his friends that he would not conform upon the Bartholomew Act, 1662, and yet did comply; and when taxed with his declaration, brought himself off with this salvo: I did, indeed, declare that I would not comply, but afterwards heard that such a one, who was my enemy, swore he would have my living; upon this, God forgive me, I swore he should not; and, to save my oath, I thought I was in conscience bound to conform."

V. 157-8. *To take th' engagement, and disclaim it,*

Enforc'd by those who first did frame it.] By the engagement every man was to swear, to be true and faithful to the government established, without a king or house of peers. This, it

is to be imagined, Butler insinuates the commonwealthmen forgot, when they submitted to the government of a single individual, in the person of Oliver Cromwell, and permitted him to establish a house of peers of his own.

V. 165-6. *Did they not swear to live and die*
With Essex, and straight laid him by?] The Elegy on the death of King Charles has the following lines:

" Now harden'd in revolt you next proceed
By pacts to strengthen each rebellious deed:
New oaths, and vows, and covenants advance,
All contradicting your allegiance;
Whose sacred knot you plainly did untie,
When you with Essex swore to live and die."

V. 175. *And since, of all the three,* &c.] That is, king, lords, and commons.

V. 179-80. *And after turn'd out the whole houseful*
Of Peers, as dang'rous and unuseful.] It might be his interest after the restoration to lament the downfal of the house of peers, but certainly a man of Butler's sagacious and penetrating mind could have no great reason to lament the loss of the titled legislators who formed the upper-house in the days of Charles I. with the exception of the Lord Viscount Falkland, (a name *omni exceptione major,*) Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, the Lord Digby, afterwards Earl of Bristol, (whose virtues and whose talents compensated for all his foibles and eccentricities,) and a few others, the house of peers might be regarded as a dead member; or, perhaps, something worse, as a putrescent member of the state.

V. 181-2-3-4. *So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,*
Swore all the Commons out o' th' House;
Vow'd that the redcoats would disband,
Ay, marry would they, at their command.] Cromwell has been taxed by a great variety of writers with profound dissimulation, and that, from the very commencement of the civil war, the object he laboured at was the possession of supreme power. This character of him, however, seems to have been founded in prejudice rather than truth. Cromwell's forte lay in watching and seizing opportunities, not in creating or inventing them. By the former method a man swims with the tide of human affairs, and is

assisted by it; by the latter he must stem and encounter it. Mrs. Hutchinson's portrait of the government of Cromwell is, perhaps, the best that has been drawn, and the freest from exaggeration and party malignity. "Cromwell and his army (says she) grew wanton with their power, and invented a thousand tricks of government, which, when nobody opposed, they themselves fell to dislike and vary every day. First, he calls a parliament out of his own pocket, himself naming a sort of godly men for every county, who meeting, and not agreeing, a part of them, in the name of the people, gave up the sovereignty to him: Shortly after, he makes up several sorts of mock parliaments, but not finding one of them absolutely for his turn, turned them off again. He soon quitted himself of his *triumvirs*, and first thrust out Harrison, and then took away Lambert's commission, and would have been king but for fear of quitting his generalship. He weeded, in a few months time, above a hundred and fifty godly officers out of the army, with whom many of the religious soldiers went off, and in their room abundance of the king's dissolute soldiers were entertained, and the army was almost changed from that godly religious army, whose valour God had crowned with triumph, into the dissolute army they had beaten, bearing yet a better name. His wife and children were setting up for principality, which suited no better with any of them, than scarlet on the ape; only to speak the truth of himself he had much natural greatness, and well became the place he had usurped. His daughter Fleetwood was humbled, and not exalted with these things, but the rest were insolent fools. Cleypoole, who married his daughter, and his son Henry, were two debauched ungodly cavaliers. Richard was a peasant in his nature, yet gentle and virtuous, but became not greatness. His court was full of sin and vanity, and the more abominable, because they had not yet quite cast away the name of God, but profaned it by taking it in vain upon them. True religion was now almost lost, even among the religious party, and hypocrisy became an epidemical disease, to the sad grief of all true-hearted christians and Englishmen. Almost all the ministers every where fell in and worshipped this beast, and courted and made addresses to him. So did the city of London, and many of the degenerate lords of the land, with the poor spirited gentry. The cavaliers, in policy, who saw that while Crom-

well reduced all the exercise of tyrannical power under another name, there was a door opened for the restoring of their party, fell much in with Cromwell, and heightened all his disorders. He at last exercised such an arbitary power that the whole land grew weary of him, while he set up a company of mean silly fellows, called major-generals, as governors in every county. These ruled, according to their wills, by no law but what seemed good in their own eyes, imprisoning men, obstructing the course of justice between man and man, preventing right through partiality, acquitting some that were guilty, and punishing some that were innocent as guilty. Then he exercised another project to raise money, by determination of the estates of all the king's party, of which action it is said Lambert was the instigator. At last he took upon him to make lords and knights, and wanted not many fools, both of the army and gentry, to accept of, and strut in his mock titles. Then the Earl of Warwick's grandchild, and the Lord Falconbridge married his two daughters: such pitiful slaves were the nobles of those days. At last, Lambert, perceiving himself to have been all this while deluded with hopes and promises of the succession, and seeing that Cromwell now intended to confirm the government in his own family, fell off from him, but behaved himself very pitifully and meanly, was turned out of all his places, and returned again to his house of Wimbleton, where he fell to dress his flowers in his garden, and work at the needle with his wife and his maids, while he was watching an opportunity to serve again his ambition, which had this difference from the projectors; the one was gallant and great, the other had nothing but an unworthy pride, most insolent in prosperity, and as abject and base in adversity."

V. 185-6. *And troll'd them on, and swore, and swore,*
Till th' army turn'd them out of door.] Before the trial of the king, ninety members were excluded from the house of commons. But Butler more particularly alludes to the dissolution of the parliament by Cromwell, at the head of a party of soldiers, as is thus related by Smollett. "Cromwell started up from the council, with marks of violent indignation in his countenance, and hastened to the house with a detachment of three hundred soldiers, whom he posted at the door, and in the lobby. He then entered,

and addressing himself to his friend St. John, told him, he was come to do that which, to his great grief of soul, the Lord had imposed upon him. After having sat some time to hear the debates, when the speaker was about to put the question, he suddenly rose up, and, in the most opprobrious terms, reviled them for their ambition, tyranny, extortion, and robbery of the public. After this torrent of general obloquy, he stamped upon the floor, and the soldiers entered the house; then addressing himself to the members, 'Get you gone,' said he, 'give place to honest men; you are no longer a parliament; I tell you, you are no longer a parliament; the Lord has done with you.' Sir Henry Vane rising up to remonstrate this outrage, Cromwell exclaimed, 'O Sir Harry Vane! Sir Harry Vane! the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!' He took hold of Martin by the cloak, saying, 'Thou art a whore-master.' Another he reproached as an adulterer; a third as a drunkard; and the fourth as an extortioner. 'It is you,' added he, 'that have forced me upon this. I have sought the Lord night and day, that he would rather slay me than put me upon this work.' Pointing to the mace, he bade a soldier 'Take away that bauble.' Then he turned out all the members, ordered the door to be locked, and putting the key in his pocket, retired to his lodging in Whitehall." Buonaparte's military dissolution of the Council of Five Hundred was the exact counterpart of this scene.

V. 210. *Than mere saluting of the book.*] "Many of the saints of those days," says Dr. Grey, "were of the mind of that man, who made a conscience both of an oath and a law-suit, yet had the wit to make a greater conscience of losing an estate for want of suing and swearing to defend it; so that, upon consulting the chapter of dispensation, he compounded the matter with certain salvos and reserves. 'Thou talks,' says he, to a friend of his, 'of suing and swearing; why for the one, it is my attorney sueth; and then, for the other, what signifies kissing a book with a calve's skin cover and a paste-board stiffening betwixt a man's lips and the text?'"

V. 211. *Suppose the Scriptures are of force.*] Walker, in his History of Independency, observes, "That they professed their consciences to be the rule and symbol both of their faith and doc-

trine. By this Lesbian rule they interpret, and to this they conform the Scriptures, not their conscience to the Scriptures, setting the sun-dial by the clock, not the clock by the sun-dial."

V. 212. *They're but commissioners of course.*] A satire on the liberty the parliament officers took of varying from their commissions, on pretence of private instructions; or upon the remarkable method of granting commissions in those times; for notwithstanding, at the trial of Colonel Morris, who pleaded that he acted by virtue of a commission from the Prince of Wales, they declared that the prince had no power to grant commissions; yet when a party of horse were ordered to be raised and listed under Skippon, to suppress the Earl of Holland and his forces, then in arms against them; by virtue of this order Skippon granted commissions to diverse schismatical apprentices, to raise men under hand, and authorised the said apprentices to grant commissions to other apprentices under them, for the like purpose.

V. 219-20. *Quakers (that, like to lanterns, bear*
Their light within 'em) will not swear.] Quakers refuse to swear, and in all cases, except criminal cases, their simple affirmation is held sufficient in a court of justice. Dryden, in his fable of the Hind and the Panther, says,

"Among the tim'rous kind, the quaking hare
Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear."

By inward light, our author means the gifts, revelations, workings of the spirit, and other enthusiastic fancies which distinguished the founders of this sect.

V. 221-2. *Their gospel is an accidence,*
By which they construe conscience.] Warburton says the meaning of this passage is, "that they interpret Scripture almost literally."

V. 223-4. *And hold no sin so deeply red,*
As that of breaking Priscian's head.] Alluding to their using the words *thee* and *thou* for you. Priscian was a famous grammarian, who flourished at Constantinople in the early part of the sixth century.

V. 225-6. *The head and founder of their order,*
That stirring hats held worse than murder.] One of the whimsical or senseless peculiarities of the Quakers is refusing

the civility of the hat. George Fox, who was founder of this order, tells us in his Journal, p. 24, "That when the Lord sent him into the world, he forbad him to pull off his hat to any, high or low; and that he was required to *thee and thou* all men and women, without any respect to rich or poor, great or small; and as he travelled up and down he was not to bid people good-morrow, and good-evening; neither might he bow or scrape with his leg to any one." Lesley, in his Snake in the Grass, thus observes upon their behaviour. "What an uncouth and preposterous piece of humility it is, to deny the title or civility of master, or of the hat, whilst at the same time they worship one another with divine honours, and bestow upon themselves titles far above what any angels but Lucifer durst pretend to, to be even equal with God, of the same substance, and of the same soul with him, and grudge not to apply all the attributes of God to the light within them." A story is related of William Penn, the celebrated founder of the colonies of Pennsylvania, which deserves to be mentioned in this place. Penn, once waiting upon King Charles II. kept on his hat: the king perceiving it, as a gentle rebuke for his ill-manners, put off his own. Upon which Penn said to him, "Friend Charles, why dost thou not keep on thy hat?" The king answered, "Friend Penn, it is the custom of this place, that never above one person shall be covered at a time."

V. 229-30. *Like mules, who, if they've not their will*
To keep their own pace, stand stock still.] Bishop Parker, in his History of his own Times, gives the following remarkable instance in proof of this assertion: "They scarce," says he, "accounted any act so religious as to resist human authority; therefore they met the oftener, because they were forbid, (viz. by the 35th of Queen Elizabeth, against the assemblies of fanatics,) nor could they by any force be drawn away from one another, till a merry fellow hit upon this stratagem. He proclaimed in the King's name that it should not be lawful for any one to depart without his leave; and he had scarcely done this, when they all went away, that it might not be said they obeyed any man."

V. 241-2. *For, as on land there is no beast*
But in some fish at sea's exprest.] Sir Thomas Browne reckons this among the Vulgar Errors, "That all animals of the

land are in their kind in the sea, although received as a principle, is a tenet very questionable, and will admit of restraint; for some in the seas are not to be matched by any inquiry at land, and hold those shapes which terrestrious forms approach not, as may be observed in the moon fish, or orthragoriscus, the several sorts of raias, torpedos, and oysters; and some are in the land which were never maintained to be in the sea, as panthers, hyænas, camels, sheep, mules, and others, which carry no name in icthyology, nor are to be found in the exact descriptions of Rondeletius, Gesner, or Aldrovandus."

V. 245-6. *And yet that thing that's pious in*
The one, in th' other is a sin.] It was a common doctrine of the Presbyterians, and some of the sectaries of the present day maintain it, That God sees no sin in his children, arrogating to themselves, in a peculiar manner, the title of the elect, or children of God. Pryn, a leader of great consequence among the saints, and in fact one of the patriarchs of the party, seems to have been precisely of this opinion. "Let any true saint of God," says he, "be taken away in the very act of sin, before it is possible for him to repent, I make no doubt or scruple of it, but he shall as surely be saved, as if he had lived to have repented of it—I say, that whenever God doth take away any of the saints in the very act of sin, he doth, in that very instant, give them such a particular and actual repentance as shall save their souls: for he hath predestinated them to everlasting life: therefore, having predestinated them to the end, he doth predestinate to the means to obtain it."

V. 250. *As far as above ordinances.*] The pretended saints of those times did many of them fancy themselves so much in the favour of God, as has been just observed, that, do what they would, they could not fail of salvation: and that others, who were not so regenerate or sanctified as themselves, stood in need of outward means and ordinances, to make their calling and election sure; such as prayers, hearing the word of God, receiving the sacrament, &c. but they were above all these low mean things, and needed none of them. Of this opinion was Sir Henry Vane, of whom Lord Clarendon observes, that he was a man above ordinances, unlimited and unrestrained by any rules or bounds prescribed to other men, by reason of his perfection.

V. 251-2. *She's of the wicked, as I guess*
B' her looks, her language, and her dress.] It may be collected from this passage, that the widow was a loyalist: for upon this supposition, the Squire argues, that the Knight may well evade the oath he had made to her. The judgment of our deep-sighted Squire is not disputed: and he seems to judge much like his name-sake Ralph, Knight of the Burning Pestle, when the lady courts him in the following words:

" For there have been great wars 'twixt us and you;
But truly, Ralph, it was not long of me.
Tell me then, Ralph, could you contented be
To wear a lady's favour in your shield?
Ralph. I am a Knight of a religious order,
And will not wear a favour of a lady's
That trusts in Antichrist and vain traditions;
Besides, there is a lady of my own
In merry England, for whose virtuous sake
I took these arms, and Susan is her name:
A cobbler's maid in Milk Street, whom I vow
Ne'er to forsake, whilst life and pestle last."

V. 255-6. *Yet all of us hold this for true,*
No faith is to the wicked due.] An allusion to the old popish doctrine, that no faith is to be kept with heretics. This abominable tenet of the Roman church is universally disclaimed by the Catholics of the present day.

V. 260-1. *Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew*
Those mysteries and revelations.] Butler here insinuates that the saints might be cautious in concealing their mysteries for the same reasons that the ancient Pagans concealed their Eleusinian and other mysteries, because they were so infamous that they were ashamed to make them public.

V. 275-6. *And he that made and forc'd it, broke it;*
Not he that for convenience took it.] That is, the parliament party, who forced the people to take certain oaths which they framed, were the authors of the perjury, rather than those who were compelled to submit to their mandates.

V. 291-6. *The Rabbins write, when any Jew*
Did make to God or man a vow,

Which afterwards he found untoward
And stubborn to be kept, or too hard,
Any three other Jews o' th' nation
Might free him from the obligation.] Dr. Grey, in his note upon this passage, says, "in the third part of Maimonides, there is a Treatise on Oaths, where he writes to this purpose: He who swears a rash or trifling oath, if he repents, and perceives his grief, will be very great should he keep his oath, and changes his former opinion; or any thing should happen which he did not think of when he swore, which will occasion his repentance of it; behold, let him consult one wise man, or three of the vulgar, and they shall free him from his oath."

V. 306. — *of pye-powder.*] More properly *pie-powder;* a court held in fairs for doing justice to buyers and sellers, and redressing disorders there committed. It is so called, as being most usually held in the summer, when the suitors to the court have dusty feet: and the promptitude with which justice was administered occasioned the saying, you shall have justice as quickly as you can shake the dust from your feet.

V. 310. —— *at Vis. Franc. Pledge.*] Franc. Pledge, in the common law, signifies a pledge or surety for the behaviour of freemen. According to the ancient custom of England, for the preservation of the public peace, every free born man, at the age of fourteen, except religious persons, clerks, knights, and their eldest sons, was obliged to give security for his truth and behaviour towards the king and his subjects, or else be imprisoned. Accordingly, a certain number of neighbours became interchangeably bound for each other, to see each person of their pledge forthcoming at all times, and to answer for the offence of any one gone away; so that whenever any person offended, it was presently inquired into what pledge he was; and then the persons bound, either produced the offender in thirty-one days, or made satisfaction for his offence.

V. 325. *Is not th' high court of justice sworn.*] The high court of justice which was erected for the trying Charles I. and which afterwards continued sitting for the trial of inferior offenders. Butler, in his poem of Dunstable Downs, speaking of this court, says,

" This court is independent on
All forms and methods, but its own,
And will not be directed by
The person they intend to try;
And I must tell you you're mistaken,
If you propose to save your bacon,
By pleading to your jurisdiction,
Which will admit of no restriction.
Here's no appeal, nor no demurrer,
Nor after judgment writ of error:
If you persist to quirk and quibble,
And on our terms of law to nibble,
The court's determin'd to proceed,
Whether you do or do not plead!"

V. 331. *Mould 'em as witches do their clay.*] According to the vulgar superstition, witches made images of wax or clay of the persons they wanted to destroy, and repeating certain ceremonies over them, the person so designed fell sick and wasted away, until they died. Dr. Heywood, in his Hierarchy of Angels, alludes to this kind of incantation:

" The school of Paris doth that art thus tax,
Whose images of metal or of wax,
Or other matter wheresoever sought,
Whether by certain constellations wrought,
Or whether they are figures that infer
Sculpture, or form of certain character;
Or whether that effigies be baptis'd,
Or else by incantation exercis'd,
Or consecrate (or rather execrate)
Observing punctually to imitate
Books of that nature; all we held to be
Errors in faith, and true astrology."

V. 335. *Rack 'em until they do confess.*] The rack was made use of in Ireland, in many instances, by the rebel party against the king's friends. Carte, in his life of the Duke of Ormond, says, " The lords' justices, wanting evidence, had recourse to the rack, a detestable expedient, forbidden by the laws of England. Sir John Read, a sworn servant of his Majesty, and a gentleman of

the privy chamber, was put to the torture. He had been lieutenant-colonel against the Scots. His crime was for undertaking to carry over the remonstrance from the gentlemen of the pale to the King: he made no secret of it, and had Sir William Parson's pass; but upon his going to Dublin, to the lords' justices, he was imprisoned, and racked at their instance, who were under the influence and direction of the rebel parliament in England." The merit or infamy of reviving the use of torture belongs also to the Irish government in 1798.

V. 337-8. *And most perfidiously condemn*
Those that engage their lives for them.] This the Puritans did in many instances. The most remarkable ones were those of Sir John Hotham and his son, 1644, who had shut the gates of Hull against the King, and were afterwards imprisoned by the parliament. The following lines occur in the Elegy of King Charles I.

" What strange dilemmas doth rebellion make!
'Tis mortal to deny, or to partake;
Some hang, who would not aid your trait'rous act,
Others engag'd, are hang'd if they retract:
So witches, who their contracts have foresworn,
By their own devils are in pieces torn."

V. 344 *As Lapland witches' bottled air.*] The pretences of the Laplanders in this respect are thus described by Dr. Heywood:

" The Finns and Laplands are acquainted well
With such like spirits, and winds to merchants sell;
Making their cov'nant, when and how they please,
They may with prosp'rous weather cross the seas.
As thus: they in handkerchief fast tie
Three knots, and loose the first, and by and by,
You find a gentle gale blow from the shore:
Open the second, it increaseth more.
To fill the sails when you the third untie,
Th' intemp'rate gusts grow vehement and high."

And Cleveland thus humorously alludes to the same subject:

" The Laplanders, when they would sell a wind,
Wafting to hell, bag up the phrase, and bind
It to the bark, which, at the voyage end
Shifts poop, and breeds the cholic in the fiend."

V. 357-8. *Does not in Chanc'ry every man swear*

What makes best for him in his answer?] This is probably an allusion to the fable of the Gentleman and his Lawyer, in Sir Roger L'Estrange. "A gentleman that had a suit in chancery was called upon by his counsel to put in his answer, for fear of incurring a contempt. 'Well,' says the cavalier, 'and why is not my answer put in then?—'How should I draw your answer,' saith the lawyer, 'without knowing what you can swear?' —'Pox on your scruples,' says the client again, 'pray do you the part of a lawyer, and let me alone to do the part of a gentleman, and swear it.'"

V. 369-70. *Nature has made man's breast no windores,*

To publish what he doth within dores.] Neptune, Vulcan, and Minerva (so the ancient fabulists relate) once contended which of them was the most skilful artificer; upon which Neptune made a bull, Minerva a house, and Vulcan a man. They appointed Momus judge between them, and he censured them all three. He accused Neptune of imprudence, because he had not placed the bull's horns in his forehead before his eyes; for then the bull might give a stronger and surer blow. He blamed Minerva, because her house was immoveable, so that it could not be carried away, if by chance it was placed among ill neighbours. But he said, that Vulcan was the most imprudent of them all, because he did not make a window in the man's breast, that he might see what his thoughts were, whether he designed some trick, or whether he intended what he spoke.

V. 377-8. *He that imposes an oath makes it,*

Not he that for convenience takes it.] The Knight is so fond of this false conceit, that he forgets he had asserted the same before, v. 275-6. The same observation may perhaps be applied to our present custom-house, excise, and other revenue oaths, which in nine cases out of ten cannot but be considered as so many provocatives to perjury, for which in a moral sense those that take them are less blameable than those that force them to be administered.

V. 385-6. *Honour is like that glassy bubble*

That finds philosophers such trouble.] A small glass tube, or globe, tapering at one end; they are commonly sold at the glass manufactories as a sort of toy, and being broken at the

point, crumble into a small powder with a pretty sharp explosion. To find out the cause of this gave the philosophers of Butler's day some trouble, and one or more papers appeared in the Philosophical Transactions on the subject. It is now known that their explosion is occasioned by the rarified air within them.

V. 409-10. *Our brethren of New England use*
Choice malefactors to excuse.] Butler probably borrowed the story which he relates, from Morton's English Canaan (*i. e.* the province of Massachusetts:) "An Englishman having stolen a small parcel of corn from the savage owner; upon complaint, the chief commander of the company called a parliament of his people, where it was determined, that, by the laws of England, it was felony, and for an example the person ought to be executed, to appease the savage: when straightways one arose, moved, as it were, with some compassion, and said, he could not well gainsay the former sentence, yet he had conceived within the compass of his brain an embryo, that was of special consequence to be delivered and cherished. He said it would most aptly serve to pacify the savage complainant, and save the life of one that might (if need should be) stand them in good stead, being young and strong, fit for resistance against an enemy, which might come unexpectedly for any thing they knew. The oration made was liked of every one, and he entreated to proceed, to show the means how this might be performed. Says he, "You all agree that one must die; and one shall die: this young man's clothes we will take off, and put upon one that is old and impotent, a sickly person, that cannot escape death—such is the disease confirmed on him, that die he must: put the young man's clothes on this man, and let the sick person be hanged in the other's stead. Amen, says one, and so many more. And the sentence had in this manner been executed, had it not been dissented from by one person, who exclaimed against it; and so they hanged up the real offender."

Dr. Grey quotes a letter from the committee of Stafford, to Lenthall, the Speaker, desiring "that Mr. Henry Steward, a soldier under the Governor of Hartleburgh castle, might be respited from execution, with an offer of two Irishmen to be executed in his stead." Sir Roger l'Estrange's case had like to have been of

this kind; for he observes (in his Apology) that when he was imprisoned for his unsuccessful attempt upon Lynn Regis, in Norfolk, in the year 1644, the lords commanded Mills, the judge advocate, to bring his charge upon Wednesday; he appeared accordingly, but with an excuse, that he wanted time to prepare it; however upon Friday it should be ready. It was then providentially demanded, whether they meant to hang me first, and then charge me; and if they intended to execute me in the interim? He told them, yes; for the Commons passed an order, that no reprieve should stand good without the consent of both Houses." And Howell says, "Nothing was so common at that time, as a charge without an accuser, a sentence without a judge, and condemnation without a hearing."

V. 419-20. *Not out of malice, but mere zeal,*
Because he was an infidel.] So the Mahometans professed to make war, not for the purpose of conquest, but to propagate the Koran. Howell, in his Letters, relates a story of a Puritan fanatic in Wales, to which Dr. Grey, in his note upon this passage, refers. "There lived, a few years before the Long Parliament, near Clun Castle, in Wales, a good old widow that had two sons grown to men's estate, who, having taken the holy Sacrament on a first Sunday in the month, at their return home they entered into a dispute touching their manner of receiving it. The eldest brother, who was an orthodox Protestant (with the mother,) held it was very fitting, it being the highest act of devotion, that it should be taken in the humblest posture that could be, upon the knees; the other, being a Puritan, opposed it, and the dispute grew high, but it ended without much heat. The next day both being come home to their dinner from their business abroad, the elder brother, as it was his custom, took a nap upon a cushion at the end of the table, that he might be the more fresh for labour: the Puritan brother, called Enoch Evans, spying his opportunity, fetched an axe which he had provided, it seems, on purpose, and stealing softly to the table, he chopped off his brother's head; the old woman hearing a noise came suddenly from the next room, and there found the body and head of the eldest son both asunder, and reeking in hot blood. 'O villain!' cried she, 'thou hast murdered thy brother!'—'Yes,' quoth he, 'and you shall

after him;' and so striking her down, he dragged her body to the threshold of the door, and there chopped off her head also, and put them both into a bag. But thinking to fly, he was apprehended and brought before the next justice of peace, who chanced to be Sir Robert Howard; so the murderer, the assize after, was condemned, and the law could but only hang him, though he had committed matricide and fratricide."

V. 421. *The mighty Tottipottymoy.*] This was probably some American chief, for Butler never uses names without authority. The modern Anglo-Americans have a pseudo-saint in their calender, called St. Tammony, whose anniversary they celebrate with the same sort of festivity that the Scotch and Irish do the festivals of their patron saints, St. Andrew and St. Patrick: whether Tottipottimoy was of St. Tammony's kindred, we have not the means of determining.

V. 439-40. *For all philosophers, but the sceptic,*
Hold whipping may be sympathetic.] "The Sceptics (says Dr. Middleton) observed a perfect neutrality towards all opinion; maintained all of them to be equally uncertain, and that we could not affirm any thing, that it was this or that, since there was as much reason for taking it for the other, or neither of them: thus they lived without engaging themselves on any side of the question."

V. 445-6. *I know thou wilt not, for my sake,*
Be tender-conscienc'd of thy back.] The knight's proposal here will not fail to remind the reader of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, and the memorable adventure of Sancho's whipping to procure the disenchantment of Dulcinea del Toboso. Indeed Butler seems to have taken the hint of this whipping adventure wholly from Cervantes.

V. 462. *But vile, idolatrous, and popish.*] In Catholic countries there are hired disciplinants, who will give themselves flagellation by way of penance, for other persons.

V. 485-6-7-8. *For so it is, howe'er you mince it,*
As, e'er we part, I shall evince it;
And curry, if you stand out, whether
You will or no, your stubborn leather.] This is a close imitation of a similar passage between Don Quixote and

Sancho Panza. "How now, opprobrious rascal, (says Don Quixote, vol. iv. chap 35,) stinking garlic-eater; Sirrah, I will take you, and tie your dog-ship to a tree, as naked as your mother bore you; and there I will not only give you three thousand three hundred lashes, but six thousand six hundred lashes, you varlet: and so smartly, that you shall feel it still, though you rub your backside three thousand times: answer me a word, you rogue, and I'll tear out your soul."

V. 491-2. *To higgle thus for a few blows,*

To gain thy Knight an op'lent spouse.] Don Quixote complains of Sancho Panza exactly in the same manner. "Oh, obdurate heart! oh, impious squire! oh, nourishment and favours ill-bestowed! Is this my reward for having got thee a government, and my good intentions to get thee an earldom, or an equivalent at least."

V. 497. — *curmurdgin.*] A covetous hunks, a niggard, a close-fisted fellow.

V. 500. — *pull a crow.*] A common saying, and which signifies that the two contending parties must have a trial of skill which is the best man, or which will overcome.

V. 502. — *have a care o' th' main chance.*] That is, have a care of what most concerns your own person.—"Ralpho (Dr. Grey says) is almost as fruitful in proverbs as Sancho Panza. In this and the whipping debates both the Squires appear superior in sense to their masters."

V. 505-6. *And were y' as good as George-a-Green,*

I should make bold to turn again.] George-a-Green was the famous Pinder of Wakefield, who fought with Robin Hood and Little John both together, and got the better of them.

V. 510. *To whip the saints, like Bishop Bonner.*] Bonner, the furious and bigoted Bishop of London, in the reign of Queen Mary, scourged several Protestants with his own hand, for their faithful adherence to the reformed religion.

V. 519. *Remember how in arms.*] For a long time the Presbyterians and Independents acted in perfect concert together against the king; but towards the conclusion of the war their mutual animosity began to appear. Oliver Cromwell, who possessed indefatigable resolution, unbounded ambition, and impenetrable dissi-

mulation, influenced the whole conduct of the independents. He gained a surprising ascendency over the spirit of General Fairfax, and filled the army with officers devoted to his interest, such as Rainsborough, Fleetwood, Lambert, and Harrison. The majority of the members of Parliament were Presbyterians, supported by the city of London: they dreaded the general officers, and wanted to disband the army. As it was necessary to send forces into Ireland, they formed a plan of enlisting private men for the service, and transporting them to that kingdom, under new officers in whom they could confide. Cromwell, knowing their design, opposed it with all his power; and found his task the more easy, as the Earl of Essex died in the preceding year. He seemed to approve the scheme of the Commons, feigned himself a rigid Presbyterian, talked in the language of scripture, and persuaded Fairfax that he had nothing in view but the glory of God, and the establishment of the true religion. At the same time he set his emissaries at work to excite a spirit of mutiny among the troops. The inferior officers had been so long accustomed to military license, that they could not bear the prospect of returning to their former occupations. The Commons understood they had prepared a petition to their general, for the perusal of the house, demanding an act of indemnity, the payment of their arrears, and an exemption from serving in Ireland against their own consent. Two colonels and two lieutenant-colonels, being examined at the bar of the House touching the nature of the petition, were commanded to suppress it, and all other such addresses as might be drawn up for the future. At the same time the general was directed to give orders that a declaration should be read at the head of each regiment, importing that the petition tended to excite discontents in the army; to impede the reduction of Ireland; and that the House would proceed against the authors of it as perturbators of the public peace. This expedient served only to inflame the resentment of the soldiers, who loudly complained that after they had shed their blood in defence of the liberties of the nation, they were now, by the most unsupportable tyranny, debarred the privilege of presenting a petition to their general; a right to which they were certainly entitled as free-born subjects of England. When the commissioners appointed by the parliament repaired to

the army, and caused the votes to be read aloud for new modelling the regiments, Colonel Lambert, in the name of all the officers, demanded the act of indemnity, the payment of arrears, security for their subsistence while in Ireland, and the names of generals under whom they should serve in that kingdom. They exclaimed aloud, they were ready to march under Fairfax, Cromwell, and Skippon: some of the general officers presented a declaration to the parliament, justifying their former petition, and insisting upon the same articles. The Commons voted that the army should be disbanded, and the soldiers receive six weeks' pay at their dismission. Then Skippon produced a petition from several regiments, specifying their reasons for not serving in Ireland, and complaining of the ill treatment they had received from the parliament. The Commons, alarmed at these signs of discontent, passed divers votes for giving satisfaction to the army; and ordered Cromwell, Skippon, Ireton, and Fleetwood, to signify their favourable intentions to the soldiery. It was on this occasion that the common soldiers elected agitators or deputies to discuss their affairs, and communicate their resolutions to a council composed of generals, field-officers, and captains. These were the instruments by which Cromwell and his associates managed the whole military machine. They were chosen from the private soldiers, or the lowest class of officers, for their reputed knowledge, and their spiritual gift of preaching and praying. The two Houses still persisting in their resolution to disband all the troops except those destined for Ireland, ordained that security should be given to the troops for their arrears; that the soldiers should not be compelled to serve in Ireland; and that provision should be made for the widows and orphans of those maimed in the service. Then they regulated the manner in which the regiments were to be disbanded, at different times and places. When the general, in a council of war, produced the votes of Commons, the officers said they did not believe the soldiers would be satisfied, because they would neither receive their full pay, nor security for their arrears; and without an act of amnesty, they might be prosecuted at law after their dismission. The soldiers themselves in a petition to the general, complained of these hardships, and desired that the army should be assembled in one place, where they might consider of means

to redress their grievances, before they should be disbanded; otherwise they should be obliged to take such measures as might be prevented by a compliance with their demands. The general, with the advice of the council of war, immediately contracted his quarters; and in a letter to the two Houses, begged they would concert measures for appeasing the army, and preventing a very dangerous rupture. The parliament, intimidated by this intelligence, resolved, if possible, to divide the forces. They offered a month's pay to those who should quit their regiments and engage in the Irish expedition. For the satisfaction of the army they voted that the subaltern officers and soldiers should receive the whole of their arrears, and a month's pay over and above; that the declaration of the two Houses against their petition, should be erased from their journals; and that an act of indemnity should be passed in their favour. But all these concessions could not satisfy the army. The directors of it were resolved that it should not be disbanded, but kept up as a balance to the Presbyterian interest. It was, by this time, converted to a kind of republic, in which the vote of a common soldier was equivalent to that of his colonel; and each separate brigade thought they had a right to take resolutions, which were executed in the name of the army; so that very little discipline or subordination remained.

V. 529. *Capoch'd your rabbins of thy synod.*] Dr. Grey says, that capoched signifies *hooded* or *blind-folded*: perhaps it is a phrase drawn from the game of picquet, where to capot signifies for one player to gain the advantage of forty tricks over his adversary, before the latter has gained one, which nearly decides the game: and in that case the loosing player is said to be capotted.

V. 535-6. *And drown'd their discipline like a kitten,*
On which th' had been so long a-sitting.] This was the church discipline, which the Assembly of Divines had been almost five years in framing, and which was laid aside as soon as the Independents got into power.

V. 539. *And all the saints of the first grass.*] The Presbyterians, because they were the first movers and fomenters of the rebellion.

V. 541. *At this the knight grew high in chafe.*] One of the anonymous commentators upon Butler, observes on this passage, that "whenever the Squire is provoked by the knight, he is sure to retaliate the affront by a very satirical harangue upon the Knight's party: thus, when he was put in the stocks with the Knight, he makes synods (for which the Knight had a profound veneration) the subject of his satire; and his revenge at this time, when the Knight would impose a whipping upon him, is grounded upon the Independents trepanning the Presbyterians."

V. 548. *Have been exchang'd*, &c.] The Knight was kept prisoner at Exeter, and after several exchanges proposed, but none accepted of, was at last released for a barrel of ale, as he often used on all occasions to declare.

V. 560. *With that he seis'd upon his blade.*] Dr. Grey compares this to the contest betwixt Brutus and Cassius, in Skakspeare's Julius Cæsar:

Cass. O gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?
Brutus. All this! ay more: fret till your proud heart break:
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondsmen tremble: must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish."

V. 565. *When both were parted on the sudden,*
With hideous clamour and a loud one.] The poet's contrivance at this critical juncture is wonderful: he has found out a way to cool his heroes very artfully, and to prevent a bloody encounter between them, without calling either their honour or courage in question. All this is happily accomplished by an antique procession, which gives the Knight a fresh opportunity of exerting the vigour of his arms for the service of his country.

V. 595. *For as the aldermen of Rome.*] Here we have a facetious example of our author's happy turn for ridicule, in making great things little; here we have the *Patres Conscripti*, the august fathers

of the Roman senate, degraded to corporation aldermen, a class of men whose very name designates something mean, contemptible, selfish, overbearing, insolent, and ignorant.

V. 613-4. *When over one another's heads*

They charge, three ranks at once, like Swedes.] The Swedes, under the great Gustavus Adolphus, had acquired a high degree of military reputation, and were supposed to be the best disciplined soldiers in Europe. Cleveland speaking of the authors of the Diurnal Works, says, "They write in the posture that the Swedes give fire in, over one another's heads."

V. 645-6. *Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff,*

Which, as he rode, she made him twist off.] The procession here described was called a skimmington. It was a mock heroic procession of rustics and clowns to celebrate the triumph of a virago of a wife over some hen-pecked husband.

V. 650. —— *march'd whifflers.*] Whifflers are fifers, who used to go before public processions.

V. 655-6. *That was both madam and a Don,*

Like Nero's Sporus or Pope Joan.] That is, was endowed with masculine rather than feminine qualities. Sporus was one of the catamites of Nero, and Suetonius says, was publicly espoused by him. For the history of Pope Joan see note on part I. canto iii. l. 1249-50.

V. 665-6. *Quoth he, In all my life till now*

I ne'er saw so profane a show.] One of the commentators on Butler says, "This procession (common in England) with its usual attendants, has been exactly set in view by the poet: but our trusty knight could call it strange and profane, and pretend to trace its origin from Paganism. On these frantic notions he founds a pretence, that he, as a saint and reformer, is necessitated to prohibit this diversion, notwithstanding all that Ralph can say to convince him of his error."

V. 669-70. —— *had read Goodwin,*

Or Ross, or Cælius Rhodogine.] Authors who treated of Roman and Grecian antiquities.

V. 671. —— *Speeds and Stows.*] Speed and Stow were antiquaries who flourished in the days of Elizabeth and James I. and

were very diligent to chronicle the public processions and shows of those reigns.

V. 683. *Hung out their mantles della guerra.*] Lipsius, the scholiast, in his commentaries on Tacitus, says, "That the day before an engagement took place, it was usual to hang a purple flag before the general's tent, as a warning or signal that a battle was to be fought."

V. 686. *A Tyrian petticoat, &c.*] Our author means nothing more here than a red petticoat, but as he likes to debase proud things, and to exalt humble, he calls it *Tyrian*. Dryden says,

"Costly apparel let the fair one fly,
Enriched with gold, or with the Tyrian dye."

V. 687. *Next links, &c.*] That the Roman emperors were wont to have torches borne before them by day in public appears from Herodian.

V. 689-90. *And as in antique triumph, eggs*
Were borne for mystical intrigues.] Both in the Pagan and Christian world the egg has been considered as a mysterious symbol; its rotundity expressing the figure of the earth, its fulness the bounty of nature, and the principle of animal life within it those powers of vivification which in the vegetable world, are called into action by the solar beams. The early christians compared the egg to the ark, and said the shape was conformable; that the yolk represented the living beings contained in the ark, and the white the sustenance on which Noah and his companions fed during their continuance on the waters.

V. 698. *When the grey mare's the better horse.*] An old English proverb, implying that the wife is master over the husband.

V. 699-700. *When o'er the breeches greedy women*
Fight, to extend their vast dominion.] In Rule a Wife and Have a Wife, Margarita speaks thus to Leon, to whom she was going to be married:

"You must not look to be my master, Sir,
Or talk i' th' house as though you wore the breeches,
No, nor command in any thing."

This was Patricio's wish; see Ben Jonson's Masque of the Metamorphosed Gipsies.

" From a woman true to no man,
Which is ugly, besides common,
A smock rampant, and the itches
To be putting on the breeches;
Wheresoe'er they have their being,
Bless the sov'reign, and his seeing."

A Jew Rabbi, in commenting upon the words of Adam, Gen. iii. 12, " She gave me of the tree, and I did eat," gives the following strange comment upon them: " By giving him of the tree is to be understood, a sound rib-roasting; that is to say, in plain English, Eve finding her husband unwilling to eat of the forbidden fruit, took a good crab-tree cudgel, and laboured his sides till he complied with her will."

V. 705. *When wives their sexes shift, like hares.*] This is one of the opinions which is properly exposed by Sir Thomas Browne in his Vulgar Errors. Fletcher alludes to it in his Faithful Shepherdess.

" Thus I charm thee from this place:
Snakes that cast their coats for new,
Cameleons that alter hue,
Hares that yearly sexes change,
Proteus alt'ring oft and strange," &c.

V. 733. *For as ovation was allow'd.*] Ovation, in the Roman antiquity, was a lesser triumph allowed to commanders for victories won without the effusion of much blood; or for defeating a mean and inconsiderable enemy. The show generally began at the Albanian mountain, whence the general, with his retinue, made his entry into the city on foot, with many flutes or pipes sounding in concert as he passed along, and wearing a garland of myrtle, as a token of peace. The term ovation, according to Servius, is derived from *ovis*, a sheep, because on this occasion the conqueror sacrificed a sheep, as in a triumph he sacrificed a bull.

V. 743-4. *Like Dukes of Venice, who are said*
The Adriatic sea to wed.] " Renowned Venice, (Howell says,) the most admired city in the world; a city that all Europe is bound unto, for she is her greatest rampart against that huge eastern tyrant the Turk by sea, else I believe he had overcome all Christendom by this time. Against him this city hath performed

notable exploits, and not only against him, but diverse others. She hath restored diverse emperors to their thrones, and popes to their chairs, and her gallies often preserved St. Peter's bark from sinking; for which, by way of reward, one of his successors espoused her to the sea; which marriage is solemnly renewed every year in a solemn procession by the Doge and all the Clarissimos, and a gold ring cast into the sea out of the great galeas, called the Bucentaur, wherein the first ceremony was performed by the Pope himself, above three hundred years since, and they say it is the self-same vessel still, though often put upon the careen and trimmed."

"This ceremony (Coryat observes) was first instituted by Pope Alexander III. in the year 1174. The pope gave the duke a gold ring from his finger, in token that the Venetians having made war upon the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, in defence of his quarrel, discomfited his fleet at Istria; and he commanded him, for his sake, to throw the like golden ring into the sea every year, upon Ascension-day, during his life, which custom has ever since been observed to this day."

V. 759. *What means, quoth he, this dev'l's procession.*] Here our knight acts just like Don Quixote, in the adventure of the dead body conveying to Segovia for interment, the attendants of which he took to be Lucifer's infernal crew.

V. 775. *Women, who were our first apostles.*] Women were early and zealous contributors to the good cause, as they called it. Howell observes, "That unusual voluntary collections were made both in town and country; the seamstress brought in her silver thimble, the chamber-maid her bodkin, the cook her silver spoon, into the common treasury of war; and some sorts of females were freer in their contributions, so far as to part with their rings and ear-rings, as if some golden calf were to be molten and set up to be idolized." The Parisian fishwomen, milliners, courtezans, &c. at the commencement of the French revolution, flocked in crowds to the bar of the National Convention with their trinkets and ornaments, by way of voluntary contribution.

V. 787-8. *Their husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts*
T' administer unto their gifts.] These holy sisters are thus described by Cowley in his Puritan and Papist:—

" She that can sit three sermons in a day,
And of those three scarce bear three words away;
She that can rob her husband to repair
A budget-priest that noses a long prayer;
She that with lamp-black purifies her shoes,
And with half eyes and bible softly goes;
She that her pocket with lay-gospel stuffs,
And edifies her looks with little ruffs;
She that loves sermons as she does the rest,
Still standing stiff, that longest are the best;
She that will lie, yet swears she hates a liar,
Except it be the man that will lie by her;
She that at Christmas thirsteth for more sack,
And draws the broadest handkerchief for cake:
She that sings psalms devoutly next the street,
And beats her maid i' th' kitchen, where none see't;
She that will sit in shop for five hours space,
And register the sins of all that pass;
Damn at first sight, and proudly dare to say,
That none can possibly be sav'd but they;
That hangs religion on a naked ear,
And judge men's hearts according to their hair;
That can afford to doubt who writes best sense,
Moses or Dodd, on the commandments;
She that can sigh, and cry Queen Elizabeth,
Rail at the pope, and scratch out sudden death;
And for all this can give no reason why:
This is a holy sister verily."

V. 791-2. *Rubb'd down the teachers, tir'd and spent*
With holding forth for parliament.] Dr. Echard confirms this, Observations upon the Answer to the Enquiry, &c. p. 112. " I know," says he, " that the small inconsiderable triflers, the coiners of new phrases, and drawers of long godly words, the thick pourers out of texts of Scripture, the mimical squeakers and bellowers, and the vain-glorious admirers only of themselves, and of those of their own fashioned face and gesture; I know that such as these shall with all possible zeal be followed and worshipped, shall have their bushel of China oranges, shall be solaced with all

manner of cordial essences and elixirs, and shall be rubbed down with holland of ten shillings an ell: whereas others of that party, much more sober and judicious, that can speak sense and understand the Scripture, but less confident, and less censorious, shall scarce be invited to the fire-side, or be presented with a couple of pippins, or a glass of small beer, with brown sugar."

V. 797-8. *And cramm'd 'em till their guts did ake,*
With caudle, custard, and plumb-cake.] In a satire against Hypocrites are the following lines:

" But now aloft the preacher 'gan to thunder,
When the poor women they sat trembling under;
And if he name Gehenah, or the Dragon,
Their faith, alas! was little then to brag on;
Or if he did relate what little wit
The foolish virgins had when do they sit
Weeping with wat'ry eyes, and making vows,
One to have preachers always in their house,
To dine with them, and breakfast them with jellies,
And caudle hot, to warm their wambling bellies;
And if the cash, where she could not unlock it,
Were close secur'd, to pick her husband's pocket:
Another, something a more thrifty sinner,
T' invite the parson twice a week to dinner:
The other vows a purple pulpit cloth,
With an embroider'd cushion, being loth
When the fierce priest his doctrine hard unbuckles,
That in the passion he should hurt his knuckles."

V. 801-4. *March'd rank and file with drum and ensign,*
T' entrench the city for defence in;
Rais'd rampiers with their own soft hands,
To put the enemy to stands.] Whitelock, in his Memorials, says, that " when the city, upon a false alarm, being ordered to be fortified, and the train-bands ordered out, it was wonderful to see how the women, children, and vast numbers of people, would come to work about digging, and carrying of earth to make the new fortifications: that the city good wives, and others, mindful of their husbands and friends, sent many cart-loads of provisions and wines and good things to Turnham Green, with

which the soldiers were refreshed and made merry; and the more when they understood that the King and his army were retreated." This account is confirmed by May in his History of the Parliament. "It was the custom," says he, "every day to go out by thousands to dig; all professions, trades, and occupations, taking their turns; and not only inferior tradesmen, but ladies and gentlemen themselves, for the encouragement of others, carrying spades, mattocks, and other instruments of digging; so that it became a pleasant sight in London to see them go out in such an order and number, with drums beating before them."

V. 809-10. *Have not the handmaids of the city*
Chose of their members a committee.] The women of London might be reckoned among some of the most active partisans of those times. They were at least equal to the men in fanaticism, and perhaps they were superior to them in zeal.

V. 813-4. *And do they not as triers sit,*
To judge what officers are fit.] In a humorous tract, entitled the Parliament of Ladies, or divers remarkable Passages of Ladies in Spring-garden, in Parliament assembled, there is the following passage: "The House considered, in the next place, that divers weak persons have crept into places beyond their abilities; and to the end that men of greater parts may be put into their rooms, they appointed the Lady Middlesex, Mrs. Dunch, the Lady Foster, and the Lady Ann Waller, by reason of their great experience in the soldiery of the kingdom, to be a committee of triers for the business."

V. 815-6. ——— *At that an egg let fly,*
Hit him directly o'er the eye.] "This," says a former commentator, "is as merry an adventure as that of the bear-baiting. Our heroes are sooner assaulted than they expected, even before the Knight had ended his eloquent speech. It was a great affront and breach of good manners in the rabble to use so worthy a personage in this manner: they had no Talgol to make a reply, but showed their contempt of authority by immediately falling into action with its representative. He indeed had little reason to look for better usage than he met with the day before on a like occasion; but he was of too obstinate a temper to learn any thing

from experience: this makes his case different from all other unfortunate heroes; for, instead of pitying, we laugh at him."

V. 818. *With orange-tawney slime his beard.*] Bottom, the weaver, in the Midsummer Night's Dream, asks in what beard he shall play the part of Pyramus, whether in a perfect yellow beard, or an orange-tawney beard, or a purple in grain beard?

V. 843-4. *And till all four were out of wind,*
And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.] This was probably designed as a sneer upon the Earl of Argyle, who more than once fled from Montrose, and never looked behind him till he was quite out of danger; as at Inverary, 1644, where he fled, (says Guthrie,) and never looked over his shoulder, until, after riding twenty miles, he reached the South Queen's Ferry, where he possessed himself again of his boat. Tom Coryat seems to have acted in a like manner on a similar occasion, as we may gather from Strangeway's Panegyric Verses prefixed to his Crudities:

"But thou that time, like many an errant knight,
Didst save thyself by virtue of thy flight;
Whence now in great request this adage stands,
One pair of legs is worth two pair of hands."

V. 859-60. *And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth*
Of some that had a stinking breath.] It is probable that Oldham had these lines in view when he wrote his Character of an Ugly Parson, "who, by his scent, might be winded by a good nose at twelve score. I durst have ventured," says he, "at first being in company, to have affirmed that he dieted on assafœtida."

V. 877-8. *And as such homely treats, they say,*
Portend good fortune ———.] Warburton says, "the origin of the coarse proverb here alluded to took its rise from the glorious battle of Agincourt, when the English were so afflicted with the dysentery, that most of them chose to fight naked from the girdle downward." In the collection of Loyal Songs, there is one called the Resurrection of the Rump, which says,

"There's another proverb gives the rump for his crest,
But Alderman Atkins made it a jest,
That, of all kinds of luck, sh—t—n luck is the best."

V. 879. *Vespasian being daub'd with dirt.*] An allusion to the mean origin of this emperor, who, in his early days, was a common soldier.

V. 887-8. *And after as we first design'd,*
Swear I've performed what she enjoin'd.] The Knight resolves to wash his face and dirty his conscience. This is perfectly agreeable to his politics, in which hypocrisy seems to be the predominant principle. He is no longer for reducing Ralpho to a whipping, but for deceiving the widow by forswearing himself; and by the sequel we find that he is as good as his word.

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